

DAVID LIVINGSTONE



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

THE WEAVER BOY

WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY.

BY

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I	
EARLY DAYS	I
CHAPTER II	
MARRIED, AND NEARLY KILLED	11
CHAPTER III	
AT CHONUANE AND KOLOBENG	22
CHAPTER IV	
ACROSS THE KALAHARI DESERT	33
CHAPTER V	
FROM LAKE NGAMI TO THE CHOBE	46
CHAPTER VI	
IN THE MAKOLOLO COUNTRY	56
CHAPTER VII	
AMID THE GREAT WATERS	65

	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII	
UP AND DOWN THE ZAMBESI	77
CHAPTER IX	
AWAY TO LOANDA	96
CHAPTER X	
UP THE LEEAMBYE	114
CHAPTER XI	
STILL WESTWARD HO!	131
CHAPTER XII	
AT LOANDA	146
CHAPTER XIII	
BACK TO LINYANTE	157
CHAPTER XIV	
AT THE GREAT FALLS	172
CHAPTER XV	
AWAY TO THE EAST COAST	185
CHAPTER XVI	
HOMeward BOUND	198
CHAPTER XVII	
BACK AGAIN TO AFRICA	211
CHAPTER XVIII	
ABOUT SENNA AND TETTE	221

Contents

v

	PAGE
CHAPTER XIX	
UP THE SHIRE	234
CHAPTER XX	
ON LAKE NYASSA	248
CHAPTER XXI	
TO THE MAKOLOLO COUNTRY AND BACK	260
CHAPTER XXII	
MISSIONARIES AND SLAVE-TRADERS	268
CHAPTER XXIII	
HOPES AND FEARS	283
CHAPTER XXIV.	
LOST AND FOUND	303
CHAPTER XXV	
THE LAST JOURNEY—DEATH.	326

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

AMONG the "factory hands" at the Blantyre Cotton Works, situated on the beautiful river Clyde, a little above Glasgow, was a lad who entered as "piecer" when about ten years old, and at the age of nineteen was still there, having advanced through the intermediate stages to the full dignity of a cotton-spinner! Davie, as his companions called him, was silent and thoughtful, even when a boy; and as he grew up to manhood he became more so, yet was he not sullen or morose; ever ready to do a good turn for any one, civil and obliging, he was generally liked, although he shared but little in the sports and pastimes of the lads with whom he worked at first, or in the amusements of the weavers, male and female, in whose society he afterwards had to pass his hours of labour, which were from six in the morning till eight at night, with short intervals for breakfast and dinner. This, with most young people, would have given little time for mental improvement; but the thirst for knowledge was strong in Davie, and he.

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managed to lay in a good store of information, by stealing hours from the night, and letting no odd moments pass by unimproved. There is an immense deal to be done by husbanding these odd moments; to many a poor lad they have been as staves of the ladder by which he has risen to fame and fortune, and in Scotland especially has this been the case. Our young "piecer" at the cotton works understood their value: with his first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin," which language he studied for several years at an evening school, between the hours of eight and ten. The school-master was partly paid by the company that owned the mill, so that he could give his instruction at a very low rate to his pupils. This was a plan adopted with great advantage by many Scottish employers, whose people are more ready to avail themselves of the means of improvement offered than are those of the southern manufacturing districts. Thus Davie was enabled to read many of the classical authors, and by the time he was sixteen knew Virgil and Horace as well as most youths educated in an English grammar-school. But he did not confine himself to these authors, nor to the dead languages; he read everything he could lay his hands on, except novels, for which he had no inclination, even if they had not been forbidden by his parents, who were strictly religious people and looked upon all fiction as trash, or something worse, as in that day (about thirty years since) did most of the piously educated

Scottish peasantry, and as many of them do still. Scientific works, and books of travel, were Davie's especial delight; and often at twelve o'clock at night had his mother to snatch the book out of his hands, and send him off to bed, from which he was to rise soon after five and hurry to the mill; and even there, amidst the ceaseless whirr of spindles, the thump, thump, thump, and other noises of machinery, and the clack of busy tongues, he was able sufficiently to abstract his mind to pursue his studies. Placing his book on a portion of the "spinning-jenny," casting his eye on it as he passed to and fro, he caught sentence after sentence, and linked them together in his memory, so as to imprint them there, and fix the lessons taught, or carry out the train of reasoning they were meant to illustrate and enforce.

Davie grew up to be a tall, slim young man, not over strong in appearance, but his face indicated great firmness and decision of character; the labour of cotton spinning to which he was now promoted was excessively severe; but then the pay was good, therefore he bore it gladly, for he was enabled, by working through the summer, to support himself, while attending medical, Greek, and divinity classes, at the Glasgow University in the winter. He had by this time quite determined to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery. Great pains had been taken by his parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into his mind at an early age, and his religious convictions became stronger and deeper as he grew older, till in

the glow of love that Christianity inspires he had come to this resolution, and it was to China that he turned as a field of missionary labour, in which he would find ample scope for the exercise of his energies and philanthropic desires. To minister to the temporal and spiritual wants of the benighted millions in that far land,—to heal the sick, as far as human means could do so,—and at the same time to direct them to the Great Physician who alone could cleanse them from the leprosy of sin,—this was the work which he had set before him, and to qualify him for which he was now pursuing the study of medicine and divinity. With a noble independence of spirit, he had resolved that he would himself earn the means for the acquisition of this knowledge; and he records afterwards that, “looking back now on that period of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education, and were I to begin life over again I should like to pass through the same hardy training.”

This was the kind of man who was likely to accomplish great things; of such stuff are true heroes made. We hope that those who read this book will admire such a character, and resolve to work as he did, for some good and noble object, not looking to others for help, but, as far as God has given them strength and ability, to help themselves, for by so doing they will be best preparing to help their fellow-creatures.

Our hero, Davie, had never received a farthing from any one but what he earned, and he would doubtless have accomplished his project of going to China as a medical missionary, by his own efforts, had not Providence ruled it otherwise. Some friends advised him to offer his services to the London Missionary Society, "which sends neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ, to the heathen," and which therefore exactly agreed with his ideas of what a missionary society ought to do ; but he hesitated to make this offer, because, as he said, it was not agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to be in a manner dependent on others. This feeling, however, was got over, and in accordance with a summons to that effect he presented himself in September, 1838, before the directors of the Society, to undergo the necessary examination, which, being satisfactory, he and another candidate for admission into the noble army of soldiers of the Cross, were sent to the Society's training college, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. There, in company with Drummond, Hay, Taylor, and others, who have since sounded the Gospel trumpet loudly in various parts of the heathen world, he remained for two years, completing the education for which he had laid so good a foundation in the Scottish village. There dwelt his poor, honest, God-fearing parents ; there he worked and studied early and late, with that one great object before him, and an earnest devotion that sanctified his every act and deed, and made his

life sublime: His ancestors were small farmers in Ulva, in the group of islands called the Hebrides, and one of them on his death-bed had called his children around him and said:—"I have searched carefully through all the traditions of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you should take to dishonest ways, it will not be, because it was in our blood. I leave this precept with you—be honest."

This was something like an heirloom to value and cherish, to hand down from father to son bright and unspotted—an honest name. Better than costly jewels, and massive plate, and great possessions, to be honest in word and deed, truthful and independent; honest in the fulfilment of all the high duties which devolve upon a Christian; serving God faithfully, and like a true brother helping fellow-men lovingly, tenderly. When the poet said,—

• "An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

he meant all this.

• "A prince can make a belted knight;"

but God only can make an honest man, like him who, clad in homely garb, worked for ten years and more in the Blantyre Cotton Factory, and made an early dedication of his whole mind and strength to the service of humanity; who lived frugally, indulged in no enervating excesses, did thoroughly whatever he undertook to do, and went straight on his way, led by

the light of a high resolve. Did this young student, when he sat up in the still night hours, in his humble lodgings at Glasgow, studying Greek or divinity,—when he climbed with willing feet the academic stair of Anderson's College, or mingled with his class-fellows,—ever think of the trials and dangers that awaited him; of the conquests he was to achieve over difficulties almost insurmountable; of the wild, wide regions, inhabited only by savage beasts or by barbarous tribes, as fierce and implacable, among whom the foot of civilized man had never trodden, to whom the glad tidings of salvation had never been proclaimed? Doubtless he did; and his spirit rose to the conflict with death and sin, his bowels of compassion yearned toward these poor benighted ones, and his missionary zeal was kindled to a brighter flame, as he mused upon these things; therefore he wrought, while young, to fit himself for the contest on which he was about to enter; and there can be no doubt that, but for the frugal and temperate habits which he acquired, and the severe discipline to which he subjected both mind and body, he never could have accomplished the terrible work which he afterwards had to do, and from which he shrunk not. Who would compare with the heroism of this man that of the warrior who, amid the heat and excitement of the battle, loses all sense of danger—all care for personal safety?

Such then is the missionary, devoted to the salvation of men; and such was David Livingstone, for it

is he of whom we have been writing, and whom we now find at the training establishment in Essex, pursuing his studies. He is described by his fellow-students as a pale, thin, modest, retiring young man, with a broad Scotch accent ; if you broke through the crust of his natural reserve, you found him open, frank, and most kind-hearted, ever ready for any good and useful work, not even excepting grinding the corn, necessary to make the brown bread in the establishment, chopping wood, and such like laborious, though healthful, occupations.

He was fond of long walks, and he and a friend used to traverse the Essex flats together, sometimes extending their peregrinations into the more romantic neighbouring counties. Twelve or sixteen miles were often thus traversed ; and the friends, as they passed along, enjoying the beauties of nature, indulged, we may be sure, in profitable conversation, anticipating, no doubt, the glories and triumphs of the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, and strengthening and encouraging each other to pursue the path of Christian duty with faith and earnestness of purpose. Even during these long walks the friends pursued their studies, assisting each other to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues. Livingstone exhibited considerable aptitude in the acquisition of languages ; but his chief characteristic then, as it proved to be all through his career, was indomitable resolution and perseverance. An incident which occurred at this period may serve to illustrate

this quality of his mind, and show what might be expected of him when he had to contend with dangers and difficulties.

On one of the coldest and most foggy mornings in 1838, he got up at three o'clock to walk to London, in the western suburb of which he had some business to transact for his father ; as he was returning, his energy, humanity, and the medical knowledge he had acquired at Glasgow were called into play. A lady was thrown out of a gig ; and Livingstone, without regard to the etiquette of the thing, at once offered his services, and instituted an examination, which resulted in the satisfactory assurance that there were no bones broken. He ought, of course, to have rendered what assistance he could in stopping the horse, picking up the lady, conveying her to a place of shelter, and so forth, leaving the rest to "the regular doctor." It was very improper to go beyond this ; but still it was very comforting to the poor lady, who warmly expressed her gratitude ; and it was *very like Livingstone*.

Having performed this good office for a fellow-creature in distress, our traveller trudged on his homeward way. Long ere he reached Stamford, about two miles from Ongar, it had become quite dark ; he was sadly wearied, and faint with hunger, having scarcely eaten any food all day, but he determined to push on, and did so. Presently, however, he found himself on strange ground, having evidently taken a wrong turning somewhere. Here

was a new perplexity ; his knees trembled under him, and he seemed almost constrained ~~to~~ lie down under the hedge, and make his bed there. But no, that would not do for Livingstone, whose motto was "Never give up!" So he braced up his energies for an effort, climbed a guidepost, and by the light of the stars, which were now shining clearly above, made out his whereabouts, and again pushed on for home, where he arrived, pale as a ghost, and sank into a seat, so exhausted, that for awhile he could not utter a word. After taking a little food, moistened with milk and water, he went to bed, and slept soundly till the middle of the next day, when he awoke perfectly refreshed and ready for another journey. He had walked upwards of fifty miles. Livingstone was a strong advocate for teetotalism ; when at Ongar, he and some other of the students drew up a pledge, which they severally signed. He did not, in his student days, shine as a speaker—his delivery was slow and hesitating. It is recollected that once he bestowed great pains on the composition of a sermon, which he intended to repeat from memory ; but, when he mounted the pulpit and attempted to do so, the whole had escaped him.

CHAPTER II

MARRIED, AND NEARLY KILLED

ABOUT seven hundred miles from Cape Town, in the country of the Bechuanas, is the missionary station called Kuruman, or Lattakoo, and it was here that Livingstone commenced his missionary work. He left England in 1840, landed at Cape Town after a three months' voyage, proceeded from thence to Algoa Bay, and then passed inland to the station above named. China, as we have already said, was the land towards which his desires pointed; but the opium war had for a while closed that vast empire to missionary enterprise, which had for a long time past been directed to South Africa, where many good men of various creeds and countries had devoted their lives to the service of Christ, doing their best to civilize and enlighten the barbarous tribes of that benighted quarter of the globe.

The station at Kuruman had been founded about thirty years by Messrs. Hamilton and Moffat, when Livingstone arrived there, and found in the shape of

mission-house and church built of stone, the well irrigated gardens, stocked with fruits and vegetables, and the general air of order and comfort which prevailed, a pleasing contrast to the wild and rugged scenes through which he had lately passed, and which were totally different from anything he had before been accustomed to. The rocky ravine, with its dried-up water-course, the tangled forest, and the desolate, arid waste, following shortly after a long sea voyage, could but have a depressing effect upon the thoughtful and sensitive mind of the young man, who, with a deep sense of the responsibility of his holy calling, had left home and friends to go forth into the desolate places of the earth, for the salvation of souls. Moffat received with joy his more youthful coadjutor, and with him and his family he spent a short time, preparing, in accordance with his instructions, to proceed beyond this, which was then the farthest inland station from the Cape. So, in company with another missionary, he proceeded northward to the Bakuena, or Bakwains, a tribe or section of the great Bechuana nation. These are, on the whole, a harmless, inoffensive people, very different from the Zulu Kaffirs and some other of the South Africans. They are divided into numerous tribes, such as the Bakatla, which means "they of the monkey;" Bakuena, "they of the alligator;" Batlapi, "they of the fish." This naming after certain living creatures would seem to indicate that they had been at one time animal-worshippers, like the

ancient Egyptians, although the only trace of such a custom which is now to be found among them is a superstitious dread entertained by each tribe of the animal after which they are named, which prevents their ever eating it, and in reference to killing it they use the term "ila," hate or dread. It appears likely that dancing was among their ancient religious rites, for if it is desired to ascertain what particular tribe an individual belongs to, the common question asked is, "What do you dance?"

At Kuruman Livingstone found a printing-press, worked by the original founders of the mission and those who had since entered into their labours; and through means of it, and the efforts of the teachers, the light of Christianity was being gradually diffused around. And here, too, he found that greatest of all earthly blessings, a good wife, who shared his labours and anxieties, and entered heart and soul into all his plans for the amelioration of the condition of the natives. But it was not immediately that he obtained this great treasure. Four years of African life he passed as a bachelor, before he ventured to put a very serious question to Moffat's eldest daughter, Mary, beneath one of the fruit trees in the garden. In 1844 his marriage took place, and ever after, until she was smitten down by fever, and he buried her beneath the baobab tree, on the banks of the Zambesi, at Shupanga, she was to him a true helpmeet. Born in the country, and therefore to some extent acclimatized, igured to the privations and dangers

of a missionary life, acquainted with the peculiarities of the people around, expert in household matters, she was, to use his own expression, "the best spoke in his wheel at home, and a great comfort and assistance to him in his travels abroad, when it was possible for her to bear him company."

Livingstone's visit to the Bakwains was not of long duration; he returned to Kuruman, where he remained for three months, and then went to a spot called Lepelole, from a cavern of that name; here he secluded himself from all European society, in order to study the native tongue, and obtain an insight into the habits, modes of thinking, and laws and manners of the Bechuanas. This course of study he found of inestimable advantage to him in his after intercourse with the wild tribes of South Africa, among all of whom there prevails a certain similarity in most respects, so that a knowledge of the peculiarities of one people, or tribe, affords a key for the comprehension of all.

While at this place, which is now called Litubaruba, he began to make preparations for a settlement; and when the work was well advanced, he went northwards to the Bakáa mountains, the only European visitor to which, who was a trader, had, with all his people, died of fever. Here dwelt the Bakáa, Bamangwato, and Makalaka tribes. The greater part of this journey had to be performed on foot, the draught oxen being sick; and the natives laughed at the idea of his being able to accomplish it in that

way. "See," said some of them, who did not know that he understood their language, "he is not strong, he is quite thin, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (meaning his trousers); he will soon knock up." They however changed their opinion when they found that he kept them at the top of their speed for days together.

Returning to Kuruman from this expedition, the news reached him that the friendly Bakwains, among whom he intended to settle, had been driven from Lepelole by the Barolongs, another tribe, who sought to deprive them of their cattle, the great staple of wealth, and the constant cause of wars between the South African tribes.

Setting out then in search of some other suitable spot for a settlement, he beheld a blazing comet, which awoke the superstitious fears of his followers and the people on his route. The last appearance of such a portent, in 1816, had been followed by an irruption of the Matabele, a tribe of Kaffirs, who had proved the most cruel enemies the Bechuanas had ever known; there was a general dread that this also might be a messenger of wrath. Having to restore some of the Bamangwato people to their chief, Sekómi, Livingstone again travelled northward some hundred miles, this time on ox-back. Returning towards Kuruman, he selected a beautiful valley called Mabtosa as the site of a missionary station, and thither he finally removed in 1843, the year before he took to wife Mary Moffat; and at this

time and place it was that his earthly career was nearly terminated.

In no part of the world is that king of beasts, the lion, so strong, and fierce, and daring, and plentiful, as in South Africa. In the thick jungle, or rocky glen, he generally crouches during the day; but at night he comes forth in search of food, and then all the wild creatures fly in terror at the sound of his roar reverberating like thunder over the wild karroo and the stony desert. Then too is heard the shrill cry of the jackals, that follow him to feast on the carcasses of the animals he kills and only deigns to take a portion of; the mocking laugh of the hyena, and the bark of the dingoes, or wild dogs, that pursue the zebras and antelopes across the desert and seldom fail to run them down. Though safe in their airy homes amid the branches, or far-up clefts of the rocks, the large apes, and smaller monkeys, chatter and scream with affright, when that hungry roar goes rolling over the waste, or swells up through the gorges of the mountains. The cameleopard stretches its slender neck forward, and strides along in a swift though awkward gallop; the quagga utters its shrill neigh, sniffs the tainted air, and with flying mane and tail bounds off with a speed only equalled by that of the ostrich, that, with short wings fluttering and long legs stretched out to their utmost extent, seems to outstrip the wind. Even the rhinoceros, in its impervious hide, and armed with a horn that would rip up in a moment any assailant, trembles to

hear that roar; and the mighty elephants, that have gone to slake their thirst at the sedgy pool, although not fearing an attack, stand aside to let their acknowledged monarch pass down and drink before them; while the hippopotamus retires farther into the reeds and river-mud, and lies with only his enormous snout projecting from the water. But the cattle in the kraals, as the native villages are called, are perhaps the most terrified of all at the approach of this their deadly enemy. The Hottentot herdsman, awakened by their lowings of fear, feels his flesh creep, as he thinks of friends and comrades borne off from beside the very watch-fires, to be found in the morning, a few crunched bones and mangled remains, in the blood-stained thicket. The Dutch boer, as well as the Kaffir chief, trembles for his most valuable possessions, his cattle, when he knows that a lion has approached the settlement or station; there must be no peace, no rest, until the unwelcome intruder be either killed or driven away far into the desert.

Mount! mount for the hustling! the lion is near!
The cattle and herdsman are quaking with fear.
Call the dogs! light the torches! away to the glen!
If needs be, we'll beard the fierce brute in his den.

By day he lies hidden in jungle and wood;
At night he comes roaring and thirsting for blood;
Crouching down on his belly, prepared for the spring,
While Dikkop and Carl by the watch-fires sing.

Ah! he'll spoil your singing, my boys, ere the night,
With its blackness and shadow, gives place to the light;

Tawny hide and black mane, and two red glowing eyes,
He'll be in and away with an ox for his prize.

Livingstone's friends, the Bakatla, were troubled by lions, which leaped into their cattle-pens by night, and had grown so bold that they even sometimes attacked the herds by day. In their superstitious ignorance, they believed that a neighbouring tribe had, by some spell of witchcraft, given them into the power of these fierce brutes; hence it was perhaps that their attacks upon the animals were faint and half-hearted, and therefore unsuccessful. It was only necessary to kill one of the troop that infested their village to induce the others to quit that part of the country, in accordance with the well-known habit of these creatures. But this they had not been able to accomplish; therefore it was that Livingstone went out with them, in one of their hunts, to assist and give them courage.

They discovered their game on a small tree-covered hill; the circle of hunters, at first loosely formed around the spot, gradually closed up, and became compact as they advanced towards it. Mebalwe, a native schoolmaster, who was with Livingstone, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring, fired, but missed him, the ball striking the rock by the feet of the animal, which, biting first at the spot struck, bounded away, broke through the circle, and escaped, the natives not having the courage to stand close and spear him in the attempt, as they should have done. The circle re-formed,

having yet within it two other lions, at which the pieces could not be fired, lest some of the men on the opposite side should be hit. Again there was a bound, and a roar, and yet again; and the natives scattered and fled, while the lions went forth free to continue their devastations. But they did not seem to have retreated far, for as the party was going round the end of a hill, on their way home to the village, there was one of the lordly brutes sitting upon a piece of rock, as though he had purposely planted himself there to enjoy their defeat and wish them "Good-day." It was about thirty yards from Livingstone, who, raising his gun, fired both barrels into the little bush behind which the creature was. "He is shot! He is shot!" is the joyful cry, and the people are about to rush in; but their friend warns them, for he sees the tail raised in anger. He is just in the act of ramming down his bullets for another fire, when he hears a shout of terror, and sees the lion in the act of springing on him. He is conscious only of a blow that makes him reel and fall to the ground, of two glaring eyes, and hot breath upon his face; a momentary anguish, as he is seized by the shoulder and shaken as a rat by a terrier; then comes a stupor, which was afterwards described as a sort of drowsiness, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, although there was a perfect consciousness of all that was happening. This condition is compared to that of patients under the influence of chloroform: they see the

operation, but do not feel the knife ; and Livingstone thinks that this is probably the state of all animals when being killed by the carnivora, which he opines is a merciful provision of the Creator for lessening the pain of death. We are glad to hope that it may be so ; if not, we may be sure that God does not inflict pain upon any of His creatures without some wise and good object. /

Being thus conscious, as one in a trance might be, Livingstone knew that the lion had one paw on the back of his head, and, turning round to relieve himself of the pressure, he saw the creature's eyes directed to Mebalwe, who, at a distance of ten or fifteen yards, was aiming his gun at him. It missed fire in both barrels, and immediately the native teacher was attacked by the brute and bitten in the thigh ; another man also, who attempted to spear the lion, was seized by the shoulder ; but then the bullets which he had received took effect, and, with a quiver through all his huge frame, the cattle-lifter rolled over on his side, dead. All this occurred in a few moments ; the death-blow had been inflicted by Livingstone before the lion sprang upon him in the blind fury of his dying efforts. No less than eleven of his teeth had penetrated the flesh of his assailant's arm, and crushed the bone ; it was long ere the wound was healed, and all through life the intrepid missionary bore the marks of this deadly encounter and felt its effects in the injured limb. The tartan jacket which he had on, wiped as he



IT MISTED FIRE IN BOTH BARRIS.

Married, and Nearly Killed 21

believed, the virus from the lion's teeth, and so preserved him from much after suffering, such as was experienced by the others who were bitten and had not this protection.

CHAPTER III

AT CHONUANE AND KOLOBENG

AFTER his marriage, which took place, as we have said, in 1844, Livingstone was carrying on his missionary operations at Chonuane, a station which he established among the Bakuena, or Bakwains, to which tribe he had especially attached himself, and whose chief, Sechele, was a man of great intelligence. He embraced Christianity, and expounded its doctrines to his people; he was very desirous of conforming to its practices, but found it most difficult to do so, as they were so different from those to which he and those around him had been accustomed. "Would," he exclaimed to the missionary, "you had come to our country before I was entangled in the meshes of our customs!" Being extremely anxious that his subjects should become converts, he proposed calling his head men together, and making them, with whips of rhinoceros hide, assist him to beat them into a new state of belief; but of this plan the white teacher did not approve. How could an

African chief, a great warrior, the owner of herds of cattle and a number of wives, for each of whom he had given so many horned heads, condescend to argue with his people? They must be whipped, and made to believe these new truths which he had embraced. More enlightened potentates than he have made the mistake that religion might be propagated by force, and tried the method; but it has always signally failed. However, Sechele really set his subjects a good example, and this was the best kind of teaching; he put away his superfluous wives, although he lost much worldly wealth and made many enemies by doing so; he learned to read, in order that he might study the Scriptures, and did all he could to help on the missionary work. Complaining of the paucity of those who attended family worship, which he established in his own house, he said:—"In former times, when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs, and became fond of hunting too; if he was fond of dancing or music, all showed a liking to these amusements too; if the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink: but in this case it is different; I love the word of God, but not one of my brethren will join me." How many good men in enlightened Christian communities might say the same! There are plenty ready to follow a leader into the pleasant paths of self-indulgence, but few into those of self-denial. When this chief was baptized, with his children, a great number of his people came to see

the ceremony; they were astonished to find that only water was used, having been told by enemies to Christianity that the converts would be made to drink dead men's brains. Old men cried, to see their father, as they called the chief, so far given up to the power of the white man, who they considered had bewitched and so made a slave of him. All the friends of the divorced wives became enemies to the new religion, and very few, beside the family of Sechele, continued to attend the mission church and school. Yet did they continue to treat the missionary with respectful kindness; whatever they might think of his religion, they could not doubt that he was their friend, for he had shown this in many ways. Over the people he never attempted to exercise any control, but by argument and gentle persuasion to lead them in the right way. In several instances, by his appeals to their reason, and that sense of right and wrong which he had endeavoured to awaken in their benighted hearts, war was averted; by purchasing of them the land required for a station, which was a proceeding altogether new and strange to them, and explaining that this was due as payment for something taken, which had been theirs, and to avoid future disputes, he convinced them of his desire to deal justly by them. Rude and uneducated as they were, deeply sunk in superstition and moral debasement, so that they were slow to comprehend and realize the great truths of Christianity, yet were they shrewd in all matters

affecting their worldly interest and the wants of every-day life. Well acquainted with the habits of the wild creatures around; expert hunters; good judges of cattle and other animals on which they depended for existence, of modes of culture, and of soil required for different kinds of grain and other vegetables; with their bodily powers well trained, and the senses exercised to that peculiar keenness of observation which distinguishes the savage,—they were by no means stupid, although their generally apathetic and listless manner, and slowness of comprehension of new facts and ideas presented to their minds, would lead one to suppose they were. A living faith in his Divine mission they could not at once have; but they could see and acknowledge the beauty and goodness of the doctrine taught and *lived* by the missionary, even when in practice departing most widely from it themselves. Hence it was that Livingstone could command their love and respect, and, to a considerable extent, their obedience. To his advice and exhortations they would listen, well knowing that it was a faithful friend who spoke to them, and who prayed to the Great Spirit above on their behalf.

One of the most prevalent and deeply rooted superstitions of all the South African tribes is the belief in the power of “rain-making,” said to be possessed by certain favoured individuals. In the not unusual prevalence of long droughts, when the land is parched and arid, and the cattle and human

beings suffer greatly, if they do not perish, for want of water ; when all vegetation becomes shrivelled up, and ceases to afford nutriment, and the sun glares down, like an avenging demon, out of a brazen sky, —then it is that “the rain-doctor,” as he is called, becomes a person of greater importance than the most powerful chief. By the exercise of certain incantations and magic spells, he can call down from the skies the longed-for shower, invigorate the fainting powers of man and beast, and restore freshness and fertility to the land. Such is the popular belief, and cunning pretenders to this Divine power trade often upon the credulity of the people, to their own great profit. By a long and careful observance of the signs in the heavens, they can generally tell when rain is likely to come, and only consent to call it down at propitious times, pretending, when solicited to do so at others, that the anger of the Great Spirit, or some other obstacle, prevents their success. The chief, Sechele, was himself a celebrated rain-doctor, and probably believed, as many did, that he had the power ascribed to him. He confessed to Livingstone that the giving up of this superstition was the most difficult of all the requirements of the new faith into which he was baptized. But he did give it up, and when his people were suffering from a severe drought of long continuance, and importuned him, as their chief and father, to relieve their distress by the exercise of his magic power, he refused. Believing him to be under the influence of a spell laid on him

by the missionary, they sent to him a deputation of old councillors, entreating that the chief might be permitted to make only a few showers.

The rain-doctors will often enter into subtle arguments to prove that they really have the power of opening the clouds; and if told that only God can do this, they will probably reply: "Truly, but God who has been so bountiful to the white man has given to us this little thing of which you know nothing, that is the knowledge of certain medicines with which we can make rain; and these medicines we gather from every country, because in every country is rain wanted. The black men, whom God made first, He did not love, so He only gave to them the assegai (spear) and the power of rain-making. You, He made beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and wagons, and many other things about which we know nothing; we have not hearts like yours; we never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed and go to them to increase their power. By our medicines we must overcome their charms. Of our knowledge you are ignorant; do not therefore despise it, for we do not despise the things that you know, although we know them not."

This is their mode of reasoning, and its plausibility convinces the uninstructed minds of their countrymen that it is correct. "What is the use of your everlasting preaching and praying," said the

rain-makers to the missionary, "if it brings not rain? Other tribes who do not pray get rain in abundance, and it is plain that our charms have more power than your prayers."

And very extraordinary are the medicines, or charms, which they employ to obtain the so-much-desired blessing, reminding one of the prescriptions of the herbalists, quack-doctors, and professors of witchcraft, in our own country, some centuries ago. The following ingredients might have added potency to the witch-broth thrown by the hags of Macbeth into their seething cauldron :—jackals' livers, baboons' and lions' hearts, hairy calculi from the bowels of old cows, serpents' skins, and vertebræ, every kind of tuber, root, and plant to be found, the more poisonous the better. One particular bulb is dried and powdered, and given to a sheep, which dies in convulsions ; a portion of it is burned, and converted into smoke which ascends into the sky ; in a shorter or longer time rain falls, and of course this has produced it just as much as the wonderful cures of the credulous and ignorant nearer home are effected by the quack nostrums which have the credit of them.

It was during a season of great and long-continued drought that Livingstone pointed out to Sechele that the only way to guard against the misery and suffering of its occurrence was to provide for the irrigation of the land and gardens ; to select as a dwelling-place the neighbourhood of some never-failing river, and dig canals for the water to flow into, so that it

might be easily conveyed over the cultivated grounds. His advice was taken, and the whole tribe moved to the Kolobeng, a stream about forty miles off. Our missionary had learned to make himself useful at most mechanical employments. In addition to being a physician and preacher, he could, when required, be a smith, carpenter, gardener—in short, a Jack-of-all-trades out of doors, while his wife was maid-of-all-work within. So at this new station, called after the river, Kolobeng, he set to work, and assisted the natives to build a square house for Sechele, and they in turn helped him to erect his own house, school, and other buildings, dig canals, and make a dam for irrigating purposes.

Here, with his wife and children, he took up his abode, and continued until 1849, doing what he could to civilize and Christianize the friendly Bakwains, assisted only by Mrs. Livingstone and two native teachers. From Kuruman they not unfrequently received kindly greetings, and fruits, and other valuable additions to their necessities or comforts. Mary, the industrious wife, could make candles and soap and clothes, and almost everything else that was needed; so they had become tolerably independent of the outer world. We have spoken of a square house; now this is what a native architect would never dream of constructing. All the dwellings of the South African, and indeed we believe of most savage tribes, are round; they work in circles. This is the form of the single hut; and the collection of huts

forming a kraal, or village, is also placed in a ring, with the circular cattle-pen in the centre, and outer boundary of tree-trunks planted in the ground.

A missionary must not be very particular as to what sort of labour he puts his hand to ; and the more generally useful he can make himself, the greater will be his influence among the wild people with whom, for a time, he casts in his lot. His great mission is, undoubtedly, to teach the Divine truths of Christianity ; but he must, in a manner, prepare the soil for the reception of these, by ministering to the bodily wants and necessities of his people—by teaching them better modes of doing things, and by working himself to help them : he must civilize while he attempts to Christianize. The best worker will in this way be ever the most successful teacher ; his knowledge and ability to do things which the blind and ignorant heathen *can* understand will lead them to believe that he is right when he speaks of those which they cannot. Livingstone understood this part of a missionary's duty, and performed it thoroughly ; his early training well fitted him for the performance of much manual labour and endurance of fatigue, and he had lost no opportunity in acquiring a knowledge of the useful arts. When a house was wanted, brick-making and laying, plank-sawing, squaring, putting together, all must be done off-hand and on the spot, and a thousand contrivances extemporized to make the whole compact and comfortable. So with the reclamation of land from the wilderness,

and proper cultivation, and all matters of domestic economy. The tailor, the butcher, the grocer are not within reach, and most of the necessities of life must be prepared, or obtained direct from that part of the great storehouse of nature which is close at hand. The following picture of one day of missionary life at Kolobeng will give some idea of the various duties and labours involved in it; we take the sketch from Livingstone's own account of his "Travels and Researches in South Africa," to which, and his later work, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," we are indebted for most of the facts contained in this volume.

"We rose early, because, however hot the day, the evening was deliciously refreshing. You can sit out till midnight with no fear of coughs or rheumatism. After family worship and breakfast, between six and seven, we kept school—men, women, and children being all invited. This lasted till eleven o'clock. The missionary's wife then betook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labour, as that of a smith, carpenter, or gardener. If he did jobs for the people, they worked for him in turn, and exchanged their unskilled labour for his skilled. Dinner and an hour's rest succeeded, when the wife attended her infant school, which the young liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied it with sewing-classes for the girls, which were equally well relished. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse,

either on general subjects or on religion. We had a public service on three nights in the week, and on another instruction in secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. In addition to these duties, we prescribed for the sick, and furnished food for the poor. The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be neglected, when politeness may secure it. Their good word, in the aggregate, forms a reputation which procures favour for the gospel. Show kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness, and they never can become your personal enemies. Here, if anywhere, love begets love."

CHAPTER IV

ACROSS THE KALAHARI DESERT

THE Boers, as the Dutch settlers in Africa are called, had for some time past looked with jealous eyes on the spread of missions among the natives, foreseeing that with knowledge and enlightenment would come an end to their exactions and arbitrary rule. Their possessions extended inland from beyond the Cape Colony to the north-east, and they were gradually encroaching upon the tribes in the interior of the continent, keeping from them, as much as possible, a knowledge of the mercantile value of the ivory and other products of the country, which they obtained from them in exchange for articles of trifling cost. They were especially desirous of keeping closed to white missionaries and traders those regions from which the chief supply could be obtained, and were annoyed at Livingstone's efforts to enlighten and civilize the Bechuanas, the more especially when they found that he was making inquiries as to the means of crossing the great Kalahari desert, with the view of determining the exact posi-

tion of a lake called Ngami, which he had heard spoken of by the natives, although it was not laid down on any map of the country; most of the interior of South Africa being indeed, at that time, a perfectly unexplored region, and thought to consist of desert lands unfit for human sustenance or habitation. Livingstone had formed other conclusions, which he was desirous of verifying. English traders, who had penetrated to the Bakwains, had sold them arms and ammunition, which, above all things, the Boers wish to keep out of their hands, and they planned an expedition against Sechele, at Kolobeng, to seize these weapons; but this, on the representation of Livingstone that the Bakwains would fly to the desert, where they would be safe from the pursuit of white men, rather than give them up, was deferred for several years, although no winter passed without a foray of some sort by the white upon one or other of the Bechuana tribes, in which the latter suffered great losses in cattle or children, the burning of their kraals, and slaughter of themselves. A cooking-pot lent by Livingstone to his friends, and taken by them on an expedition against a refractory under-chief which Sechele made, contrary to the missionary's advice, was magnified into a cannon; the five guns which he possessed became five hundred, and the Boers professed to be seriously alarmed. They wanted Livingstone to act as a spy upon his friends, which he refused to do, explaining that it was contrary to his principles, and, if it were not,

this would be quite useless, for the Bakwains would take their own course, as they had with regard to the expedition above named. His possession of a sextant, for taking observations, was looked upon as a sure sign of his immediate connection with the English Government, from whom, it was contended, this supply of five hundred muskets must have come; and the setting up of Lord Ross's telescope at the Cape, about which the Boers had heard exaggerated reports, was somehow associated with these supposed hostile proceedings. "The Government had set up that glass to see what they were about behind the Cashan mountains," they said, and the consciousness of their evil doings rendered them very jealous of being overlooked. Notwithstanding the feeling of hostility which existed on the part of the Boers, some of them were glad to avail themselves of Livingstone's medical knowledge, and came to Kolobeng for the purpose of doing so; others, in defiance of their own laws, came to trade with the natives in muskets and powder, and both these parties were ready to act as spies, and to bear false witness, if it suited their purpose, about what they saw and heard. The questions which they put to his people were reported to Sechele, such a course being considered a point of duty,—every man in a tribe feeling himself bound to tell the chief all that comes to his knowledge. Sechele consults his white friend as to how these queries are to be answered:—"Tell the truth" is the emphatic and natural reply.

"We have no cannon, very few muskets, and but little ammunition for hunting purposes." So used to dissimulation themselves, the Boers expect it from others, and these truthful replies were read the wrong way upwards. When Livingstone attempted to benefit the Bechuanas, at a distance from his station, by placing native teachers, who had been instructed in religious truth, among them, he was told by the Dutch commandant, that the blacks must be taught their inferiority to the whites;—the doctrine that all men are equal in the sight of God would not do there. Sechele had letters sent to him ordering him to surrender to the Dutch, and acknowledge himself their vassal, and, also to stop English traders proceeding through the country. One can but admire his reply,—“I am an independent chief, placed here by God, not you. Other tribes you have conquered, but not me. The English are my friends. I get everything I wish from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like.”

Among the conditions on which the independence of the Dutch Boers was guaranteed by the colonial governor, was the abolition of slavery among them, and a free passage for the English through their dominions to the countries beyond; but when the commissioner with whom they treated was asked by them, “What about the missionaries?” he is said to have replied,—“You may do as you please with them,” an answer probably uttered in joke; it was, however, taken seriously, and the destruction of

several stations speedily followed; that of Livingstone escaped for a time, but afterwards, when he was away on his journey across the desert, an attack was made upon Sechele by four hundred Boers, who slaughtered a considerable number of adults, and carried off no less than two hundred of the children into slavery; the Bakwains defended their homes until nightfall, when they fled, under cover of the darkness, into the mountains. They slew eight of their enemies, and this was the first occasion on which the Bechuanas had ever killed any of the settlers. Under the pretext that Livingstone had taught them how to do this, his house was plundered, his books,—the solace of his solitude,—and his stock of medicines, ruthlessly destroyed; his furniture and clothing, together with large quantities of stores, left in the keeping of the natives by English gentlemen, who had passed on to hunt in the country beyond, were carried off, and sold to defray the expenses of the foray. These were the deeds of men calling themselves Christians! What could the natives think of a religion which allowed them to act thus? These valiant Boers seldom, if ever, engaged in conflict with the warlike Kaffirs; they confined their operations to the more peaceable Bechuanas. Their plan of attack was to place in front some of the natives whom they had conquered and enslaved, and, under cover of them, to fire away upon the defenceless people.

Livingstone had spoken to Sechele about crossing the desert which stretched out to the north of them,

and penetrating that unknown land beyond. No white man had ever attempted the journey, which to the natives was one of great fear and peril. Now he had determined to make the attempt, and two African travellers, to whom he communicated his intention, resolved to accompany him. These were Colonel Steele and Mr. Oswell, the latter of whom undertook to defray the expense of the guides. To go straight across the desert was out of the question; it must be skirted for a considerable distance, and struck into at a narrow part. So, on the first of June, 1849, he and his company set out, a train consisting of some eighty oxen, twenty horses, and as many men. The friendly chief, Sechele, could not go with them; but he gave Livingstone two of his best men to be, as he said, "his arms to serve him."

A long and tiresome journey they had before them, full of hardships and unknown dangers. Sekómi, chief of the Bamangwato, through whose lands they had to pass, and who had been propitiated with the present of an ox, would not assist the party, because, he said, in the direction of the lake lived the Makololo, mortal enemies of the Bechuanas, who would kill the white men, and so he would incur the blame of all his nation. The secret, however, was, that the lake-country abounded in ivory, a good deal of which passed through Sekómi's hands, and he was desirous of keeping this traffic to himself as much as possible: it was said that he was acquainted with the best route to this region of elephants, but he kept it carefully

concealed. With him, as with the Dutch Boers, self-interest was the guiding principle.

• After travelling several days through a flat sandy country, interspersed with open forest, bush and grass lands, which did not put much stress upon their powers of endurance, the party left the road, and struck away northward into the desert; they soon came to a soil of soft white sand, into which the wheels sank over the felloes, so that the oxen had great difficulty in drawing the wagons. On they go, labouring and panting, with open mouths and lolling tongues, while the drivers smack their long whips, and with loud shouts encourage or threaten them; at times lifting the clumsy wheels, that have sunk deeper than usual, or making a united effort to push the heavy wagon on. Livingstone and his friends, with the native guides, walk ahead, and send eager glances on every side in search of water, which has now become very scarce. The sun pours down its hot rays, and the sand beneath burns the feet if they rest on it too long in one place. Soon the wide, wild, pathless desert extends on every side of them, bounded only by the horizon, without a sign or sound of life, except those of their own party. • Man and beast alike are possessed by a burning thirst—an intense desire for water, or any kind of fluid; the feet sink into the soft yielding sand above the instep, and to lift them, and drag along the wearied frame, is an exertion almost too much for the fainting powers. No shade of green to relieve the eye, no freshness in the air, no moisture

anywhere ; even conversation has become irksome, and they walk as men in a dream, or, unable to do this, sit on the oxen, swaying to and fro, and scarcely knowing of, or caring for, anything in life, except it be that which will cool the parched tongue, and quench the burning thirst. So on they go, wearily, drearily, until the day's journey is done, and the halt called, and the stores are brought out for the repast. They have found some hollows, like those made by the buffalo and the rhinoceros when they roll themselves in the mud ; in the corner of one of these is a little water which would be lapped up in a minute by the dogs, had they been permitted to approach it. Stay ! softly ! dig away the loose sand, and clear out the holes to the depth of six feet, taking care not to break the hard substratum at the bottom, on reaching which the water flows into the line where the soft sand comes in contact with it. And now there's enough for all ; they drink and are refreshed. Wonderfully changed is the aspect of the whole party ; eyes brighten, tongues begin to wag ; the step becomes firm and elastic again ; the dogs are frolicking round them, or ranging out far in search of game ; the cattle, relieved of their burdens, are eating the food provided for them, cropping the scanty herbage, which is to be found here and there around, or crouching, with looks of perfect content, beside the wagons, while the Bechuanas are laughing and chatting away beside the watch-fire which has been lighted, as happy as if they were in their native kraals. Some of them

are out ranging the desert with the dogs in search of ostrich eggs; they may, perhaps, light upon a patch of "leroshda," a small plant with long narrow leaves, and a stalk not thicker than a crow's quill; following this down into the soil, from twelve to eighteen inches, they come upon a tuber as large as the head of an infant; the rind of this is filled with a pulpy mass of cellular tissue, containing a sweet fluid, deliciously cool. If they are very fortunate, they may find the "kengwe," or water-melon; especially if it should happen to have been a rainy season will they be likely to do this. Then, in many parts of the desert, whole tracts are literally covered with this plant, and animals of every kind, as well as man, rejoice in the fresh supply. The lordly elephant, and his foe, the sharp-horned rhinoceros, revel alike in its juicy richness. Even the flesh-eating animals, such as lions, hyenas, jackals, seem to take to these water-melons kindly, as a pleasant change of diet; and the many kinds of antelopes, that in vast herds wander on the grassy plains, and traverse the arid tracts in search of fresh pasture, or to escape from their enemies, feed on them with avidity. See! that Bechuana has found one of these succulent gourds; he holds it up with a shrill cry of joy, while his white teeth gleam out from between the parted lips; he strikes it with his hatchet, and applies his tongue to the gash. Bah! it is a bitter one; the smile passes from his face, and we are reminded of the apples of the Dead Sea—fair to the eye, but bitter to the taste. This, however, is not the

case with all the water-melons,—most of them are deliciously sweet; but it is curious that these all grow together, and afford no outward indications to distinguish one from the other. On these melons, and the tubers above described, with some bulbs, which are buried deep in the sand, the creatures already named, and especially the antelopes, which have pointed hoofs well adapted for digging, and which are able to go without water for months, in a great measure subsist, when they leave their pasturage grounds, and retire into the more inaccessible wilderness. There, too, one finds the little-fussy porcupine, which is for ever running to and fro, and setting its quills on end, whether in play or in anger one cannot tell. Serpents abound in this inhospitable desert, many of them very poisonous; and venomous insects are more plentiful than pleasant. Sometimes a hyena comes prowling about the halting-place,—which is always near to water,—and frightens the cattle; sometimes an eland, the noblest of African deer, may be seen cropping the herbage that grows in patches here and there; and, now and again, the beautiful zebras, and their near relatives, the quaggas, those wild asses of the desert, with flying manes and tails, go bounding by; the brindled gnu, with ox-like head and deer-like legs and body, comes with red eyes fiercely glaring, to look upon the intruders on its desolate domain, but turns and flies before the presented gun and the yelping dog.

Day after day, day after day, the wearied party

tolled on! A month or more had passed, and still the wild waste lay before and around them; far down beneath the arid soil were reservoirs of water and succulent vegetables, which sufficed to quench their intolerable thirst when they could be discovered, which they could only be by experienced guides, and not always even by them. In some parts of the desert they found a profuse growth of vegetation—tall grasses rising in tufts, with bare spaces between, or intervals covered with creeping plants, on whose roots the scorching sun had no effect, so deeply buried were they in the soil; and between these stalked the ostriches, or awkwardly galloped, with legs wide apart, the tall, ungainly giraffes. Ants here have made their tortuous galleries in the sand, in which, also, the antlion has hollowed its circular pit-fall, and lies patiently at the bottom, until an incautious insect, coming too near the edge, slips over, and is instantly devoured. There is also another curious insect, an inch and a quarter long, and about as thick as a crow's quill, covered with black hair, which puts its head into a hole in the ground, and quivers its tail rapidly; attracted by the movement the ants approach to examine it, and the moment they get within reach of the animated forceps are snapped up. Nor is this desert altogether without human inhabitants. The Bosjemen, or Bushmen, the smallest in stature and most degraded of all the African tribes, have here their habitations—if the mere hollows in the sand, holes in the rocks, or rude structures formed of such grasses.

and vegetable fibres as come to hand, can be so called. Living upon the carcases, often putrid, of the animals which die, or are slain; on roots, or insects, or anything that can be eaten; uttering uncouth sounds, which can scarcely be called a language,—the term human beings seems almost misapplied to these strange, wild people, who are found only in the most desolate and inaccessible parts of the country. Sometimes hunting or war-parties of the Bakalahari, as the people who live on the confines of the great desert are called, were met with; these were well acquainted with the situation of all the spots where water might be obtained, and were enabled to give the travellers valuable information; but they were somewhat deterred from doing this by Sekómi, who had sent on two of his people to drive them and the Bushmen away, and prevent their acting as guides to the party.

Another month had passed, and they were yet in the trackless waste, although evidently approaching its boundaries; the face of the country assumed a different appearance; the patches of verdure became more frequent and extensive, and the scrub thicker; the old river-courses which they crossed began to exhibit signs of moisture, and at length they came to a pool of rain-water, nearly full, into which the cattle rushed, lowing with pleasure, until the delicious fluid was nearly on a level with their throats, and they drank till their sides were distended as if they would burst. Mingled with the grass, they now came

upon clumps of the "wait-a-bit thorn," so called, because its sharp, strong spines pierce the traveller's legs, and arrest his progress. Presently, a group of graceful palmyra trees rise upon the view, and beneath their shade is a delightfully fresh spring. And now it seems that there lies spread before them, beneath the beams of the setting sun, a broad sheet of water, glistening and flashing. Is this the long-looked-for lake? Nay, it is only the deceitful mirage, caused by the blue haze floating over extensive salt-pans. And now they come to a large and beautiful river, running to the north-east, and the people of the village on its farther bank tell them that it is the Zouga, and that it comes out of the great lake. Following its course, they at length reach the object of their search, and on the 1st of August, exactly two months after they set out, they look with delight and thankfulness upon Lake Ngami.

CHAPTER V

FROM LAKE NGAMI TO THE CHOBE

WE can understand something of the feeling of delight with which Livingstone, as he stood by Lake Ngami, gazed on its broad expanse of unbroken water, to which no boundary could be seen. In all probability no European had ever before beheld it; the natives had no record of a white man having been seen in its neighbourhood, or beyond the great desert at all. He had come upon it at the north-east end, and the people who lived about the lake, and called themselves Bayeiye, that is, "men," told him that they could go round it in three days, which, at the common rate of travelling, would make it about seventy-five miles in circumference. Several large rivers had been observed flowing into it; from whence did they come? was the natural question. "Oh," was the reply, "from a country full of rivers; so many, no one can tell their number, and full of large trees." Here was an explosion of the theory that the interior of South Africa was a sandy plateau, and barren. It must be, as Livingstone had con-

cluded, a well-watered, and wooded, and most likely a populous region, which only required opening to civilizing influences to make it rich and productive, a glory and a blessing to mankind. Here were souls to be saved, and bodies to be benefited; nations unknown, and peoples uncounted, to be lifted out of the depths of superstition and ignorance; here was a virgin soil of vast extent, in which to cast the seeds of the Gospel. Compared with this discovery, that of Lake Ngami sank into insignificance, and Livingstone felt himself irresistibly impelled to press forward, and become the pioneer of Christianity into this *terra incognita*.

The Bayeyi were a tribe of the great Bechuana nation, by some branches of which they were looked upon with scorn, and called Bakoba, or slaves, because they would not fight. Their forefathers, they say, in their first essays at war, made bows of the *Palma Christi*, that is the kind of palm from which castor-oil is obtained, which has brittle wood; these broke, so they gave up fighting. They are the Quakers of Africa, refusing to use arms, and submitting to the rule of every sable conqueror who may choose to take possession of their territory. Yet we do not learn that they have suffered more in their persons and possessions than the most warlike tribes; nay, it seems likely that they have done so far less than most. They took not the sword, and, as a rule, did not perish by it. They lived very much on the lake, or the rivers running in or out

of it; rather sleeping in their canoes, where they were safe from the attacks of wild beasts, than on land.

Although Sekómi's messengers had circulated the report that the object of the expedition was plunder and spoliation, yet was the party received kindly by these "friends" indeed. The people, ordered by their chief to assist them all they could, readily obeyed, and gave as much information as they possessed of the regions beyond the lake. There lived the Makololo, a nation distinct from the Bechuanas, whose great chief, Sebituane, resided about two hundred miles farther on. Livingstone wanted to push on, and visit him at once. Why make this weary and perilous journey back across the desert, leaving unfulfilled one great desire of his heart? The Bayeiye could not furnish guides, but there was nearer the lake a half-tribe of the Bamangwátó, called Batauíána, who perhaps might. Their chief was applied to; at first he objected, fearing that where Livingstone led, other white men might follow, and supply the Makololo with fire-arms, and so frustrate his object of obtaining a conquest over them, he being a young man ambitious of increasing his power. On being pressed, however, he consented, or appeared to do so, but sent men to the Bayeiye, ordering them to refuse a passage over the river Zouga, which they must cross before commencing their journey. Determined to accomplish his object, if possible, Livingstone attempted to make a raft,

himself working many hours in the water, in great danger from the alligators which abounded there. But the only dry wood he could procure was so rotten and worm-eaten as to be quite unfit for the purpose, so his design was frustrated.

The season being now far advanced, and Mr. Oswell having volunteered to go to the Cape and bring up a boat, it was thought best for the party to turn their steps southward, which they accordingly did, returning to Kolobeng, where Livingstone remained until April, 1850, when he again set out, this time with Mrs. Livingstone and his three children, hoping to be able to establish a mission among the Makololo. Sechele also accompanied him, with the intention of visiting Lechulatébe, the Bamangwato chief by Lake Ngami, over whom he claimed a kind of headship, he being the eldest of the three chiefs who ruled over the three sections of the Bakwains. Sekómi had ordered all the wells made by the party on their first passage to be filled; they therefore kept more to the eastward, and crossed the Zouga at its lowest extremity, travelling up the northern bank. After going some distance, however, they were obliged to retrace their steps and recross the river; many oxen were lost by falling into pitfalls made to catch the wild animals; and then came information that higher up the dreaded tsetse abounded. This is a poisonous fly which stings the cattle, so that they lose all power of exertion, become emaciated, and soon die; it abounds chiefly on the banks

of rivers, and in most marshy places, through which it often renders the advance of travellers impossible, by destroying all their oxen. Although apparently an insignificant insect, it is more dreaded than wild beasts or unfriendly natives. Livingstone feared that it might bring his wagons to a stand-still in the wilderness, where no supplies for his wife and children could be obtained. Being now told by the Bayeiye that some white men, who had come to the lake for ivory, had been stricken with fever, he made a hasty journey of sixty miles to succour them. One of the party, an artist, had died; the rest, by the aid of medicines, and such nursing as Mrs. Livingstone could give them, recovered. And now the same motherly care was called into requisition by her own children, two of whom were prostrated by that scourge of hot and malarious districts, which also seized upon the servants, so that the prosecution of the journey that year had to be given up.

Back once more to the missionary station they went, leaving Mr. Oswell on the Zouga to hunt elephants, which abounded in the lake district, and were destroyed by hunters chiefly on account of the value of their tusks, a pair of those of an old male being worth as much as twenty-five pounds. No wonder that the native chiefs were jealous of encroachments on their hunting-grounds, and that the Dutch Boers endeavoured to keep the traffic in their own hands.

In no country are elephants so large and abundant

as in Africa, where the height of the full-grown male is from ten to eleven feet, and sometimes more. It is distinguished from the Asiatic variety by having large ears, and a more convex forehead, and some other particulars not so obvious. In Asia, all the females and many males are without tusks; in Africa, both sexes have them, and in certain districts their numbers are prodigious. In Nyanja Mukulu, or elephant marsh, on the river Shire, Livingstone has seen as many as eight hundred of these enormous beasts. This is the game most eagerly sought by Gordon Cumming and other Europeans who choose Africa for their sporting-ground. From his success in killing elephants, the natives estimated Mr. Oswell's prowess very highly. When they wished to compliment Livingstone, they would say—"If you were not a missionary, you could be like Oswell."

While Livingstone was at Kuruman,—for thither did he go to recruit the health of his children, and rest after his fatigues,—messengers came to Kolobeng, from Sebituane, chief of the Makololo, who had heard of the missionary's attempt to reach him, bringing thirteen black cows for Sechele, with a request that he would do all he could to facilitate the passage of the white men through his country; he also sent the like number of white cows to Sekómi, and of brown cows to Lechulatébe, with similar requests. These messengers were allowed to return before Livingstone got back to Kolobeng, the mo-

nopolizing spirit being too strong in each of these chiefs to allow of their cordially carrying out the object desired, although they took the presents. As agents in the exchange of Sebituane's ivory for the goods he required, they obtained considerable profits, which they were fearful of losing if white traders penetrated to his country. Had Livingstone seen the messengers of the Makololo chief, he would have obtained valuable information as to the best and safest route, if he did not secure their services as guides.

Encouraged by the desire of the chief to receive him, and nothing daunted by his former failures, Livingstone set out on his third journey, again taking his wife and children. Sekómi, on this occasion, was unusually generous; he even furnished a guide for the party, but he, however, only knew the route up to a certain point, beyond which the greatest difficulties commenced, so that one might well suspect his sincerity. Fortunately, at about this point it happened that one who was well acquainted with the Bushmen, who peopled much of the territory thereabout, and who were familiar with the intricate ways which led into Sebituane's country, had broken the mainspring of his gun, and Livingstone undertook to mend it on condition that the owner would put him in direct communication with these children of the desert.

So, after passing quickly over a hard, flat country, covered with short, sweet grass, with mopane and

baobab trees scattered about, and extensive salt-pans, having a gentle slope towards the Zouga, they reached a place called Matlomagan-yána, or "The Links," where they found many families of Bushmen, one of whom, named Shobo, consented to guide the party across the waste between the springs, which were here very plentiful, to the Makololo country. These Bushmen were different from those of the Kalahari desert, being taller and of darker complexion. "To produce complete blackness of skin requires moisture as well as heat," says Livingstone; "here we have plenty of moisture; in the desert, where there is none in the air, the Bushmen have yellow skins."

The way now lay over a dreary tract of level sand, enlivened only by a low growth of scrub; no bird or other living creature was to be seen, although there were traces of elephants, which had been there in the rainy season, following which, their guide lost his way, and after wandering to all parts of the country, and making fruitless efforts to find it again, he sat down in despair, saying, "No water—all country only—Shobo sleeps—country only;" accordingly, he curled himself up, and went to sleep, leaving the travellers to get on as best they could. The fourth day had now arrived, and there were yet no signs of getting out of this dreary wilderness; Shobo had disappeared, after professing utter ignorance of his whereabouts; the supply of water was exhausted; the children were crying with thirst, and the tearful eyes

of the mother told how she sympathized in their sufferings, although she uttered no word of complaint. Somewhere to the west of them must flow the river Mabábe; here is the trail of a rhinoceros going in that direction; some birds are also seen flying that way; some of the cattle are unyoked, and rush off in that direction, too. And now, when near the end of the fourth day, the men who had gone in search of water returned with the longed-for fluid; and now the river itself is reached, and there, by its banks, stands Shobo, with a party of Bayeiye, whom he had fallen in with, and whom he wished to impress with a sense of his importance; he therefore assumed an air of great consequence, and spoke as if he had command of the party. Next day they travel on, and reach a village of the Banajoa, who live on the borders of the marsh in which the Mabábe loses itself. They live in huts, built on poles, and make a fire in them at night to smoke away the mosquitoes, which are more abundant on this river and the Tamunakle, out of which it flows, than in any other part of the country. They have lost their corn-crop, and are subsisting on a root called "tistla," which contains a quantity of sweet starch. The women of this tribe shave the hair off their heads; they are of darker complexion than the Bechuanás. Their head-man seemed a simpleton; but a younger relative, who acted for him, was intelligent enough; under his direction the travellers pursued their journey, and, crossing the

river, soon reached the banks of the Chobe, in the country of the Makololo, some of whom met them there, and expressed great delight at seeing them; but Sebituane was twenty miles off, down the river, and Livingstone and Oswell at once proceeded in canoes to his temporary residence, to which he had come from a distance of more than one hundred miles to meet the white men, who he understood were in search of him.

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CHAPTER VI

IN THE MAKOLOLO COUNTRY

THE redoubtable chief, Sebituane, was a tall, wiry man, with an olive complexion, not over clear, and a head slightly bald ; his age was about forty - five ; his manner cool and collected ; his answers to questions frank and free, very different in this respect from most other African chieftains, who seemed to think, with the French philosopher, that words were given them to hide their thoughts. He was a great warrior, always leading his men to battle himself, and so fleet a runner that no skulking coward who fled from the fight could escape him. Sometimes he would let such a fugitive go, but, on his return home, he was summoned into the chief's presence, and told that 'as he preferred dying at home to dying in the field, he might do so, and he was immediately executed. Like many other great conquerors, his only right to the possessions he held was that of the strong arm. He came from the south, and was now eight or nine hundred miles from his birthplace. He was not even the son of

a chief among his own people, although nearly related to the reigning family. He commenced his career with an insignificant party of men and cattle, with whom he fled to the north, when driven by the Griquas from Kuruman, in 1824. The Bakwains, and other of the Bechuanas, collected and threatened to "eat him up." Nothing daunted by their superior numbers, he placed his men in front, his women behind the cattle, attacked and defeated them; following up his victory by taking possession of the town and goods of Makabe, chief of the Bangwaketse. After experiencing a variety of fortunes—sometimes losing all his cattle, and being put to great shifts, but always keeping his men together, and taking more than he lost—he crossed the desert by nearly the same route as Livingstone; he fought his way into the densely-populated Makololo country, and eventually conquered all the black tribes which inhabited an immense region, although often opposed, and sometimes defeated for a time by the Matabele, a most warlike people of the Kaffir nation, under Mosilikatse, almost as great a warrior as himself. To recount all the deeds of daring, the shifts and stratagems of this sable Napoleon, who was as wily as he was brave, would fill a volume. In peace, he was benevolent, kind, and hospitable, so that he gained the affections of his own people, and the gratitude of strangers, whom he succoured and entertained. Meal and milk and honey were set before those who came to his town, whether for traffic or

other purposes : poor and rich, he treated all alike, and, delighted with his affability, all were ready to impart to him any information which they possessed ; in this way he became acquainted with the movements of his enemies, and other matters which it was important for him to know, and his praises were sounded far and wide in such terms as these—
“He has a heart ! He is wise !”

This chief had long wished to establish direct relations with the white men ; hence his invitation to Livingstone, with whose mark of confidence in bringing his wife and children he was much pleased. He was found upon an island, with all his principal men around him, engaged in singing what was probably a song of welcome to the travellers, to whom he behaved in a most friendly manner : he promised them cattle to replace those bitten by the tsetse, which would surely die, and said he would take them to see his country, that they might select a suitable place whereon to settle. An ox and a jar of honey, as food, were at once handed over to Mahala, who had headed the messengers whom he sent to Kolobeng, for their use, and prepared ox-skins, as soft as cloth, for them to lie upon. Next morning, before daybreak, he came and sat by their fire to talk with them, and show how much he valued their friendship.

But, alas ! the great monarch, the mighty warrior, the astute statesman, must die, just as this desire of his heart, that he might have the white men in his

country, to teach and to civilize his people, and to make him yet more wise and powerful, was accomplished. Sebituane fell sick with inflammation of the lungs, originating in an old wound, got in one of his many battles: this was the second attack in two years, and it proved fatal. The native doctors were unable to save him, and Livingstone, seeing that death was likely to ensue, was afraid to use such remedial means as his skill suggested, lest the fatal result should be attributed to him. "Come near," said the dying chief to the missionary, "and see if I am any longer a man; I am done." Alas! he knew nothing of a hope after death, and of this Livingstone ventured to speak. "Sebituane cannot die; speak not of death to him," said the doctors present, confident, or pretending to be so, in the power of their enchantments. With a silent commendation of that departing soul to God, the pitying white man stood looking on; his little boy, Robert, was with him, and the chief, who had been pleased with the child, fixed his eyes, over which the film of death was spreading, upon him, and faintly said: "Take Robert to Maunku (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk." These were his last words. "Never," says Livingstone, "was I so much grieved by the loss of a black man before: and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the other world, and to realize somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The dark question of What is to become of such as he? must, however

be left where we find it. 'The Judge of all the earth will do right.'" They buried him in the cattle-pen, according to custom, and over and around the spot the cattle were driven for an hour or two, that all marks of it might be obliterated; hereafter no one could tell where the great chief reposed. Why was this done? Perhaps that his remains might not be subjected to indignities by enemies; perhaps as a rebuke to the pride of man, or the superstition of those who would worship the relics of departed greatness; and yet these poor benighted Africans had never learnt to realize the sublime truth embodied in the words which follow that mournful declaration of "ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and although after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

Sebituane's chieftainship devolved on a daughter named Ma-mochisane. Very rarely is this mode of succession permitted, as a female hand is not strong enough to hold together a wild and unstable people, and keep in subjection the often discordant elements of a scattered and uncivilized community: and we shall presently see that this chieftainess did not long remain in power. At the time of her father's death she was twelve days' journey to the north, at a place called Naliele; she gave Livingstone and his companion perfect liberty to visit any part of the country

they chose, and they explored it as far as Sesheke, which was about one hundred and thirty miles to the north-east. At the end of June, 1851, they discovered that noble river, the Zambesi, in the very centre of the continent; this must eventually become the great highway of traffic into the interior of a land beyond most others rich, fertile, and populous. Although known by name, it had been very erroneously placed in the Portuguese maps far to the east of its real position. It is a magnificent body of water, a main artery of a vast river system, a complete network of rivers, many of them of great size and volume. In the dry season, when Livingstone first saw it, there was a breadth of from three to six hundred yards of deep flowing water. It rises annually thirty feet of perpendicular height, and floods fifteen or twenty miles of lands adjacent to its banks. At such times the whole basin through which it flows has the appearance of a vast lake, the towns and villages, which are built on the spots which rise here and there above the surrounding level, standing out like islands. On these little hills, and amid the swampy tracts between them, live the Makololo, secured by the nature of the ground from the attacks of enemies, against whom, in the higher and more healthy districts, there is no such defence.

So here, among the reedy rivers, and swamps, and woods, wherein grow the mimosa and mopane trees, the wild dates, and feathery or fanlike palms, and a

profuse under-vegetation, live the Makololo, rearing their cattle, which often have to be sent to the higher grounds to escape the dreaded tsetse; cultivating their plots of maize and cotton, their yams and pumpkins, and other esculent vegetables. There is little trouble in this, as the heat and moisture so stimulate the growth of vegetation, that the husbandmen, or rather husbandwomen,—for the females mostly do this,—may leave the work pretty much to nature; they have only to sow, and gather in when ripe. Their lords, when not engaged in war, hunt the hippopotamus or elephant, fish, or shoot the birds with which the woods and swamps abound. Sometimes they paddle their long canoes up and down the great rivers, or engage in combat with the scaly crocodile or the deadly snake, and at night they gather round the fires, whose smoke protects them from the mosquitoes and other venomous insects, and engage in noisy chatter. All the Africans are great talkers and boasters, and in recounting their deeds of daring and adventure they do not always keep strictly to the truth. They are great eaters as well as talkers, and not over nice in the kind of food they take. There is an enormous frog, about five and a half inches long, called matlermétlo, which they esteem a great delicacy, and several kinds of caterpillars which are eaten by them. The loud croaking of the former kind of game leads to its easy detection and capture; the natives say that it falls from the clouds, because after a heavy rainfall

It becomes exceedingly plentiful, although just previously none were to be found, and the croaking chorus is heard where but a few minutes before all was silence. Fever was very prevalent in these marshy districts, where Livingstone could find no suitable place for a settlement; and on the hills it would be altogether unsafe to dwell: he did not so much heed the danger to himself, but he feared for his family; and not liking to relinquish this opening into what appeared a good field of missionary operation, resolved to take Mrs. Livingstone and the children to the Cape, from whence they could embark for England, and he could then return and fully explore the country, in search of a healthy district, which might prove a centre of civilization. At Kolobeng he felt that there was little chance of his effecting much good, in consequence of the open and covert opposition of the Boers; and here it seemed that Providence had pointed out a way of largely benefiting his fellow-creatures; the Makololo appeared to be a teachable people, their country was wonderfully fertile and productive, and the countenance of its chief ruler would be of advantage. The opportunities, too, of communication with peoples farther north, as well as east and west to the coast, by means of the large rivers, were additional incentives to operations in this direction. So once again the missionary and his family journeyed southward, and after a short visit to Cape Town, the first which he had paid to any seat of

civilization during some years, he bade adieu to those nearest and dearest to him, and turned his face again towards the wilderness, into which he plunged, and was lost to the world as completely, for a long time, as if he had been swallowed up by the waves, or gone down quick into the grave.

Year after year passed by, and still no tidings of him came to relieve the anxiety of his sorrowing friends. From time to time vague rumours reached them of a white man, who had been seen by one who drove his coffle of slaves from the interior to the Portuguese settlements, on the eastern or western coast; or by an ivory trader, or hunter, who had passed near to, or through, the Makololo country; but no letters, no authentic information of any kind was received, and it was feared that one more earnest and devoted soldier of the Cross had fallen a victim to the pestilential climate, or the ravening beast, or the sable savage whom he sought to bring to a knowledge of Christ and His salvation.

CHAPTER VII

AMID THE GREAT WATERS

PLEASANT is the town of Linyante,—Linyante queen of the swamps and mopane woods, whose reedy empire stretches far away to the hills which encircle the fruitful basin in which she sits, throned in state, crowned with the feathery palmyra, gemmed and jewelled with the rich blossoms and the bright plumage of her tropical plants and birds and insects, that spring up luxuriantly, and flutter, and sing, and hum, and buzz around her. The rainbow sheen of her magnificent waterfall, Mosioatún ya, “smoke resounding,” is ever around her, and its thunder in her ears, coming from miles and miles away, sounds like a song in praise of her greatness. Great is Linyante! the capital of the mighty Makololo people, who have come in like a flood, and subdued the Basutos and other tribes, which formerly inhabited these rich and fertile regions. The Zambesi, with its vast volume of water, winds about, and protects her, and sends its tributary, the Chobe, to lay its offerings at her feet. Rich in ivory is

Linyante, countless are its elephant-herds; and its cattle, who shall number? The honey-bird calls from every tree for the bee-hunter to come and take of the sweet store. The eland, noblest of deer, and antelopes of many kinds and sizes, crowd the forests and humid plains and hill-sides, and ask to be killed, that she may have venison enough and to spare. Where is the croak of the frogs so loud and musical as at Linyante? where is their flesh so delicate and savoury? All around her the slopes are golden with the ripening maize; the little she needs for clothing is furnished by the skins of the wild animals and the pods of the cotton plant; the marupa pours out its sweet juices that she may drink and be merry; and the serpent casts its speckled skin, beset with gems, for her adornment. Amongst her subjects are monstrous crocodiles and mighty river-horses—behemoths of the flood; and all kinds of fish abound in her teeming waters. The roar of the lion is her nightly music, as he goes forth to hunt with his train of screaming jackals and laughing hyenas; the zebra and the quagga, twin brothers of the desert, are slain for her pleasure by the Bushmen and the Bakalahari; their skins are soft and glossy, and beautiful to look upon, and their flesh is good for food; and the straddling giraffe, that lifts its long neck, and curls its lithe tongue around the tender twigs of the date palm, yields up its life as a tribute to Linyante; and the eggs and beautiful plumes of the ostrich are hers to eat and to

deck herself withal. The fiery-eyed buffalo wallows in her marshes, where the witch-lights dance in the sultry nights, and the mosquitoes come out in swarms, and over which hovers, night and day, the dreadful tsetse, that kills the horse, and the ass, and the dog, and all creatures that are under the protection of man, but spares the wild animals and man-himself. But not for these things alone is Linyante great and glorious; she is the capital, the seat of empire, of the Makololo people; there dwelt the mighty chief, Sebituane, who led his warriors across the desert, and ate up his foes before him. At the sound of his war-drums, even the warlike Matabele trembled; Mosilikatse, their renowned chief, that lion that scattered other tribes like frightened oxen, stood still, and listened with anxious face, then crept like a snake into the morass, and tried to gain by stratagem the victory he could not win by force.

Far away from the south country, by the sources of the Likwa and Namagari rivers, came Sebituane, with a handful of men and cattle; lo! now, all the Barotse—the black men—the people of the waters,—are his subjects. Great was Sebituane, and great is Sekeletu, friend of the white men; and glorious is Linyante, his palace amid the great rivers, that shall one day come to be the broad highways of commerce.

Thus might the "señoga," or native bard, one who holds intercourse with the gods, have celebrated the

praises of the Makololo capital, and of its first and present royal residents, the latter of whom was waiting in a state of anxious expectancy the arrival of a guest, whose coming had been announced by some of his people in terms like these :—

“Up the Chobe comes the stranger,
Through the reeds he sails along.
What cares he for toil and danger?
Give him welcome with a song.
Friend of the poor Makololo,
He has dropped down from the sky,
Fill the bowl with sweet bpyalo,
Let the fatted oxen die.

“With the stars he holds communion,
Talks with spirits just and good,
He is king of all the waters.
See! he rides upon the flood!
All the river-horses fear him,
Alligators from him fly,
Water-snakes will not come near him:
Would you know the reason why?

“He has medicine to charm them,
Medicines of wondrous power,
Not a living thing can harm him;
Happy is the day and hour
That has brought him o’er the river,
With the words of love and peace
May he dwell with us for ever,
Make our wars and troubles cease.”

* It was the time of the annual overflow of the river, which had lasted longer, and been more extensive than usual. The mid-channel of the Chobe

could only be detected by the open spaces left between the rushes and tall papyrus plants, which were closely bound together by creeping convolvuli; between these, here and there, were lanes and openings which led into what seemed a broad lake, but which, in the dry season, was marshy land. Finding it impossible to bring his wagons on through this watery wilderness, Livingstone, many of whose men had been struck down with fever, and his oxen bitten by the tsetse, and his Bushmen guides having left him for their drier and more congenial homes, embarked with one of the strongest of his weak companions, with the hope of striking upon the main channel of the river, and making his way to the residence of the Makololo chief. After surmounting great difficulties, and escaping many dangers, being often up to the neck in water, having his body torn with brambles, and his flesh lacerated, and clothing quite destroyed by a serrated kind of grass, whose edges cut like a razor, he came to the village of Moremi, where the traveller was recognised by one of the natives, who had seen him on his former visit. On learning who he was, the chief sent some of his head-men with a party of Makololo to conduct him to Linyante. The wagons were taken to pieces, and lashed to canoes, and the oxen were made to swim, the natives diving under and about them like so many alligators.

Linyante has some 6000 or 7000 inhabitants, and the whole population turned out to witness the

arrival; they had never seen wagons in motion before, and the phenomenon astonished them very much. Sekeletu, who was the son of Sebituane, now reigned in his father's place, his sister having declined the power and station offered to her. This chief had the same olive, or, as it is called, coffee-and-milk complexion, as his father, than whom he was a much less able man; he was about twenty-eight years of age, and had a rival candidate for the chieftainship in Mpepe, who favoured the slave-traders, and was by them supported. He hoped by means of their firearms to destroy or overcome Sekeletu, and to become lord paramount over the Makololo. A large party of the Mambari, who, in conjunction with the half-caste Portuguese, are the chief slave-dealers of that part of Africa, had come into the neighbourhood of Linyante, while Livingstone was making his way there; they were supplied with food, and made a compact with Mpepe to kill Sekeletu the first opportunity. Luckily for the chief, the attempt was made while he was in the company of Livingstone, on a journey up the Zambesi, in search of a healthy locality for a settlement, and frustrated through the interposition of the missionary. Mpepe was killed, and his adherents fled, and the party returned to Linyante, where the white teacher remained awhile, and endeavoured to instruct the natives; but he made little progress in this work. Sekeletu himself, although he professed great regard for the missionary, and wished him to stay in

his country, declined to be taught to read the Bible, lest it should change his heart, and make him content with only one wife; he must always have five at least. Like all chieftains, he had a head wife, or queen, whose hut is called "the great house," and whose children inherit the chieftainship; if she dies, one of the other wives is raised to this dignity. Our traveller found that but few of the people among whom he now sojourned were the true Makololo who came from the south with Sebituane; the wars and the fever had cut off most of these, but they were the dominant race, to whom the conquered people had to render subjection; these last were proud to be called by their master's name, and often were so called; but really they were Makalaka, that is, servants; their servitude, however, was not very galling; they cultivated their own land, and lived as nearly independent as might be. Were they not well treated, it would be easy for them to escape to other tribes, who would gladly receive them; so it was necessary for their masters to secure their affections, or they would probably find themselves without servants.

The true Makololo ladies seldom labour, except on such home matters as the proper adornment and regulation of their own huts; they are generally plump from drinking large quantities of boyaloa, which is made from a gum called *Holcus sorghum*, and is very nutritious; their woolly hair is short and crisp, and their bodies, which they anoint with

butter, shine like polished ebony ; they wear a kilt of soft ox-hide, which reaches to the knees, and, when unemployed, a skin mantle is thrown gracefully over the shoulders ; they have brass anklets as thick as the little finger, and armlets of the same metal or of ivory ; so heavy are the former, that they sometimes blister the ankles, and this is one of the penalties paid to fashion by her votaries even in savage Africa. A trader might get almost anything for beads to hang round the necks of these sable beauties, especially if they are of the fashionable colours—light green and pink. Traders make enormous profits out of these beads, for which they get in exchange ivory and other valuable products of the country. . .

Livingstone was allowed to hold his religious services in the kotla, or hut, of the chief, and the people were summoned to attend them by a very important personage, the court-herald, who proclaims the sovereign's will to his people, calls all assemblies for councils, feasting or other purposes ; by him is the royal palace kept clean and the fire burning, and by him, when a public execution takes place, is the body dragged away and put out of sight. What would our royal heralds, or even our town-criers, think of some of these duties ? Fancy this remarkable functionary, who had, among other things, to welcome distinguished visitors, rising up from his crouching attitude before the kotla of his chief, leaping and gesticulating as if he were a lunatic,

and shouting at the top of his voice in a kind of measured chant :—

“ Don't I see the white man ?
Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane ?
Don't I see the father of Sekeletu ?
We want sleep,
Give your son sleep, my lord.”

Sebituane had heard that the white man had a pot, that is, a cannon, which would destroy any party attacking its possessor, and being desirous of ending his days in peace, which he thought this would enable him to do, he greatly wished to obtain it. The herald, who was an old man, and had filled the office when he died, was cognisant of this wish, and embodied it in his song of welcome.

The congregations who attended at the summons of the herald were sometimes very numerous—from five to seven hundred. They were not kept long at their devotions ; there was just a reading of the Bible, followed by a short explanatory address and a prayer, in kneeling down to which many of the mothers, who had brought their children, bent over and hurt, or frightened them, which caused a simultaneous squall ; this provoked a suppressed titter from those who had not children, which burst into a hearty laugh, as soon as the “ Amen ” was said, and in half an hour the whole party would be dancing like mad, where so shortly before they had been devoutly kneeling ; so that the associations of the place

were sadly against any religious impressions which the good missionary laboured to make. Lest the native doctors, a powerful class much given to enchantments, should look upon him with suspicion and thwart his ministrations, Livingstone, as a rule, declined to attend the sick, unless at their request, or when the cases were given over by them. In the severe forms of disease they were glad to avail themselves of his skill.

Feeling that the missionary ought to be above suspicion of mercenary motives, he also declined to enter into any trading transactions, or to receive valuable gifts of ivory from the chiefs, to whom presents were invariably made. He had too high a sense of his holy mission for that. "The religious instructor," he said, "degrades himself by accepting gifts from those whose spiritual welfare he professes to seek." Out of his modest salary of £100 a year he contrived to support his wife and family, before he sent them to England, and to pay the extra expenses of his long journeys, undertaken for the wider diffusion of the Gospel, including the presents to chiefs; of course, the produce of the lands which he cultivated greatly assisted him. It was only by barter that he could make his way at all among the natives, as they were unacquainted with the use of coin. Put down before a Makololo a sovereign and a bright button for choice, he would take the button, and give more in meat, or fowls, or some other of his own produce for it, because it had an eye.

But though the trader and the missionary should never be united in the same person, yet legitimate commerce can greatly assist evangelizing efforts, as these last can aid in opening up new and rich fields for commercial enterprise. No one had a stronger sense of this than Livingstone, who, while doing all he could to discourage the shamefully demoralizing slave-trade,—which he found prevalent on the east and west coasts, and all through Central South Africa winked at, if not openly encouraged, by the Portuguese government,—endeavoured to establish commercial relations between different tribes and peoples wherever he went, and to open for them fresh channels of communication. For this object it was that he permitted a trader to accompany him when he went in search of Lake Ngami, which trader by the way, afterwards claimed to have been the discoverer of the lake.

From Sebituane, when he first visited the Makololo country, he received several tusks; but this was for the purchase of some useful articles, which, on his second visit, he delivered to his son Sekeletu, who, when the missionary expressed a desire to prosecute his journey up the river, desired him to name anything he would like to possess; a canoe was the only requisition, but the chief would insist on his taking five elephants' tusks, as the most valuable articles he had to offer. Fearful of offending him, Livingstone took them, but afterwards gave them to some of his subjects to sell on their

own account. Thus with singleness of purpose, and a holy aim, did he prosecute his researches, face dangers, and endure hardships, such as few men have ever met, and overcome.

With singleness of purpose, and high aim,
That never earthly recompense would claim

CHAPTER VIII

UP AND DOWN THE ZAMBESI

AFTER remaining awhile at Linyante, and recovering from the fever of which he had here his first experience, our missionary took his departure for his exploratory journey up the great river, which has at different parts of its course various names, such as the Leeambye, Luambeji, Luambesi, Ojimbesi, Zambesi, according to the different dialects spoken ; all the terms have the same meaning, viz., the large river—the river, in fact ; this magnificent stream being the main drain of the country. Sekeletu and many of his under-chiefs were of the party ; they passed at first through a flat country, varied only by slight natural elevations, and artificial mounds of enormous size, thrown up by the termites, or white ants ; these were mostly covered by the wild date-trees, which the Makololo cut down as soon as the fruit is ripe, rather than take the trouble of climbing for it. Camel-thorns, mimosa, and baobab-trees, grew upon the other elevated spots, with here and there a tall palmyra,

light and graceful ; coarse grass spread a thick mat over the damp level grounds. On the right of the path, which winds around the swamps, and marshes and gentle hills, is the river Chobe, with its broad fringe of reeds, which frame the picture in that 'direction. On went the long cavalcade, slowly and painfully, on account of the nature of the ground ; a varied and picturesque group, winding in and out amid the rank vegetation and green hillocks. Most of the chiefs bore small clubs of rhinoceros-horn, and with each was the shield-bearer, with shield and bundle of assegais or spears. Sekeletu, riding on Livingstone's horse, was surrounded by his well-armed body-guard of young men, the finest that could be selected, of about his own age ; these are called "mopato." The attendants, many of whom act as porters, and are heavily laden, are not much encumbered with clothing, but some have caps made of lions' manes on their heads, and some bunches of black ostrich feathers, waving as they move ; the effect is heightened by the red tunics and gaily-coloured prints which some of them had been fortunate enough to obtain, and of course wear on all great occasions.

The "machaka," or battle-axe men, carry their arms only, and are ready to make or repel an attack, or to run off on an errand—it may be a hundred miles away. There is a great chatter and laughter all along the line ; for the irrepressible savage, especially the African, will make a noise, and the

chief is commonly "hail-fellow-well-met" with his subjects. .

Livingstone and some of the party have guns for shooting game; but not many of the natives can be trusted with these, as they blaze away at random, and waste an immense deal of ammunition. Some of the young men, seeing the chief mounted, get upon the oxen; but having neither saddle nor bridle, and being unused to equitation, generally fall off, to the great delight of their companions, who expedite their descent by pelting the awkward riders or goading the beasts to the performance of certain angry and grotesque movements.

The missionary, grave and thoughtful, walks along, hearing and seeing much which he will note down, and put into his books, for the information of his countrymen at home and future travellers and explorers. He is thinking how he can lift these poor savages into a higher state of civilization, and prevent the slave-hunters, and those of their own colour and country, from preying on and plundering them. His keen eye takes in every object, and he hesitates not to ask for an explanation of that which he understands not, of the humblest of that motley train who may be near him. Sometimes he enters into animated conversation with Sekeletu or one of the minor chiefs, and always he has a smile and a kind word for every one who does him a service, however slight.

Heedlessly feed the lechés, or lechwis, those pretty

and graceful antelopes, with long, ribbed horns something like those of the ibex, over the grassy flats. When the lowlands are flooded they congregate on the mounds; then the Makololo, in small light canoes, cautiously approach them, increasing their speed as they near the islets; but before they can reach them, they are off with prodigious bounds, as it almost seems over the surrounding shallow water, so swiftly do their feet strike the bottom and rise again. But the arm of the Makololo is strong, his aim true, and his spear swift; many of them fall, and there is a venison feast in the village. Closely concealed amid the reeds and rushes lies the nakong, or water-antelope; he has twisted horns, like those of the koodoo, but they are smaller, and have a double ridge curling round them. Disturb him in his oozy bed, and he will probably make for the deeper part of the stream, and, immersing his whole body, leave but the point of his nose and ends of his horns visible; these he will sometimes allow to be touched by the flames, when the hunters set fire to the reeds around him, before he comes forth to be killed. Pity it seems that the slaughter of these beautiful and harmless creatures should be necessary; but they are given to man as food, and if they were suffered to breed and multiply unchecked, would, in time, make earth a grassless and herbless wilderness. Too often, alas! are they killed in mere wantonness, and amidst protracted agony.^o Africa, which teems with animal life of all kinds

is in nothing perhaps so wonderfully productive as in the animals of the deer and antelope species; everywhere are vast herds of them seen, of all sizes, in numbers defying computation, from the stately eland to the nimble little spring bok. Hence it is the paradise of the carnivorous, or flesh-eating animals, whose monarch, the lion, is here more numerous and daring and powerful than in any other land; he would not, however, venture to attack such a party as this, nor even man at all, unless rendered desperate by hunger, or the necessity for doing so in defence of his own life; or unless he could take his foe at a disadvantage, and spring upon him unawares, like a great cat as he is, stealthily and treacherous, cat-like in all his ways and motions.

So on they pass with great shouting and laughter at times, and much harmless merriment; and by-and-by they come to a village, the whole female population of which turn out to "lulliloo" their chief; that is, greet him with shrill cries, to which they impart a tremulous sound by a quick motion of the tongue. "Great lion! mighty chief! sleep, my lord!" are the words of welcome uttered by both men and women, and received by Sekeletu with the most lordly indifference. Then comes a confabulation; the news is told, and the head-man of the village brings forth some large pots of beer, one of which is given to each chief of the party, who distributes it among the followers as he pleases;

so many black hands are thrust out to grasp the calabashes, that there is great danger of their being broken, and their contents spilt. Bowls of thick milk, each holding six or eight gallons, are produced, and into this the hands are thrust, and then conveyed to the mouth, the creamy fluid escaping between the fingers, and running down the breasts and other parts of the eager drinkers. Livingstone has presented to some of his friends iron spoons; but it is long before he can teach them to use these articles properly; they will persist in putting the milk into them with their hands first, and thence transferring it to the mouth, instead of conveying it direct there with the bowl of the spoon. Of course all are highly delighted with this refreshment, and laugh and chatter louder than ever. Everywhere on the route is this hospitality exhibited; in the present case it was an exhibition of loyalty to the chief; but all through Livingstone's travels, he found it customary for the head-man of the town or village at which travellers might arrive, to offer refreshment in this manner, and, before the custom of payment had been introduced, they did not look for presents in return, as they now generally do, and look pretty sharply to get what they consider to be value for their outlay.

On a state journey like this, the chief is expected to feed all who accompany him, and he selects oxen for this purpose from his cattle stations, which are scattered through the country, or calls upon the

heads of the villages to supply them. When an ox has to be slaughtered, a thrust of a javelin near the heart kills it very quickly, without letting out the blood, which, with the entrails, etc., are claimed by the slaughterman; when the carcass is cut up, the joints are placed before the chief, who apportions them among the party. The meat is cut into long strips, and thrown upon fires, which they almost cover and put out; when half broiled, and burning hot, they are snatched off and handed round, each tearing off a mouthful and bolting it as quick as he can, to be ready for another chance. Mastication is out of the question, so the man who swallows the quickest gets the most, and "the noble savage" dines like a ravenous beast. It is not an edifying spectacle, neither are some of the feasts of more civilized communities, where gluttony and drunkenness prevail. At night a level spot is selected, as free from vegetation as can be found, or perhaps a space has to be cleared of reeds and thorn-bushes; the fires are lighted, the tents in which Sekeletu and some of his chief men sleep are pitched, and the missionary, after commending his soul to God, finds repose on his mat of rushes, as calm as if it had been the softest feather bed. Not at once, however, can he do this, for the noisy Makololo, if they do not get up a dance, will sit round the watch-fires far into the night, and tell stories of a wonderful adventure, or sing songs with rousing choruses, and interspersed with screams and whistles

and all kinds of discordant noises, in imitation of the wild birds and animals, which frequently answer them from swamp and brake, marsh and wood, to their great delight and amusement. Sometimes their mirth grows so obstreperous, that Sekeletu sends two or three of his minor chiefs, with whips of rhinoceros hide, to beat them into silence, just as an angry parent might have his children whipped and put to bed. And did never angel-faces come in the dreams of the good missionary, and look upon him out of kind and compassionate eyes, as he lay there, far from home and kindred? Did never well-known voices whisper words of comfort and encouragement in his ears, closed then to all earthly sounds? Oh, yes, be sure they did; and he arose refreshed and strengthened for the work that was yet before him, arduous and painful as that work might be.

After several days' journeying in this way, the party came to a place called Kotonga, where there is the village of a chief named Sekhosi, a tributary of Sekeletu, who demanded canoes to ferry them across the river, which is here six hundred yards wide. "The elders of a host always lead the attack," said some, who had been comrades of Sebituane, and precedence was given to them in crossing. It took a long while to get the whole party to the other side, and then several days were spent in collecting canoes from the villages about, for the prosecution of the journey by water.

Here they found the country covered with groups of beautiful trees, with open glades between, stretching away in every direction. It was bounded by a ridge, beyond which the overflow of the river, in the rainy season, did not reach; but the rainfall gave sufficient moisture for the cultivation of maize, ground-nuts, etc. In these grassy meadows, and on the open plains beyond, were found buffaloes, zebras, elands and several other kinds of deer, so that the party had plenty of food; here, too, they found great numbers of the small antelope, named Tinanane, unknown in the south. Its upper parts are of a brownish-red colour; its lower, white; it is very timid and graceful in its movements, and has a cry of alarm something like that of the domestic fowl; by a soft pat of its foot on the withers, it puts its fawn to rest in a safe place, and, with a plaintive bleat, alarms it should danger be nigh.

Everything being prepared, the travellers again start—this time on the breast of the broad Leeambye, with a fleet of thirty-three canoes, and about one hundred and sixty men. Livingstone had choice of all the vessels, and selected one which was thirty-four feet long, and manned by six paddlers, who stood upright, and kept the stroke with great precision, although they had to change from side to side, according to the exigencies of the current. The canoes were flat-bottomed, so that they could go in shallow water; and when the paddles, which were eight feet long, reached the

bottom, they were used as poles to push the boat along. Inferior to the Makololo on land, on the water the Makalaka, or conquered race, beat the others hollow. Bending their lithe forms to the stroke, with every sinew tense, and with looks of joyous exultation, they dash along at the top of their speed, and only slacken when some bend in the river or obstacle to their course renders it necessary for them to do so. They are good swimmers, which the Makololo are not, and seem to enjoy a capsize, and plunge into what appears almost like their native element. One of those large waves which the east wind raises in the Leeambye filled the canoe of an old doctor, who went down like a stone; the men saved themselves by swimming, but he was drowned; had he been a man of much consequence, they would certainly have been executed for this; as it was, they escaped somewhat to their own surprise, with a reprimand. We may presume that the chief happened to be in a gracious humour, or that the poor doctor had no friends.

Up the Barotse valley goes the cavalcade, surrounded by magnificent scenery that no European had ever looked on before; richly-wooded islands, some of great extent, studded the river, which was more than a mile in breadth; like great masses of verdure, adorned with blossoms of the most brilliant hues, they rested upon the flashing waters. The date-palms and lofty palmyras rose above the rest, and painted their graceful outlines on a background

of cloudless sky. Down to the shores, on either side, came creeping all the glorious forms of a tropical vegetation, and stooped over the banks to look in the clear mirror below. Innumerable water-fowl swam and fluttered along the shore, and around those isles of light and beauty. Some of the trees sent down their thirsty roots into the water, where they looked like winding water-snakes. The ground was rocky, with a covering of rich, fertile soil, of a reddish colour, in which the Banyeti, a poor and industrious people, raised large crops of maize. They are expert hunters and fishers, and skilful in handicraft work, making many useful articles of wood and iron. Their great enemy is the tsetse, which prevents their rearing domestic animals; of wild ones, they have about them plenty of elephants, and other large game; but the lechés and nakongs, and other small antelopes, which are very plentiful farther to the south, appear to shun this stony ground.

The Banyeti, or Manyeti, are a peaceable people, as are most of the tribes in the centre of the continent, where the slave-trade has not penetrated. Their only quarrels are about cattle, which some of them refuse to keep, because it tempts others to come and steal, and so leads to war. Higher up, the rocks become more obtrusive, pressing upon the bed of the river, narrowing the channel, and forming a succession of rapids. At high-water the rocks are covered, and the stream flows pretty smoothly; but at low the current is broken and accelerated, so as

to be dangerous to navigation. "Katima-molelo," "quenched fire," is the native name of this part of the river, alluding, no doubt, to the igneous origin of the rocks. At one part it was necessary to run the canoes on shore, and carry them more than a mile by land.

As they passed on up the river, the Banyeti turned out from their villages to present Sekeletu with food and skins as tribute. Even in the middle of the stream the tsetse lighted on the travellers; but they passed out of its range when they got to 16° 16' south latitude, where the lofty rocks crowned with trees left the river, and stretched away over ridges two or three hundred feet high, until they were thirty miles apart, forming the true Barotse valley, through which the Lecambye flows. The people build their villages on mounds, to escape the inundations which are the cause of the great fertility of the land; two crops of grain are frequently produced in one year; there the grasses sometimes reach the height of twelve feet, with a stem as thick as a man's thumb.

Sekeletu had never before visited these parts since he had succeeded to the chieftainship, and as the people about here had taken part with Mpepe, they were in great terror, especially the father of this aspirant to royalty, and another chief conspirator; these two men were seized and drowned in the river, notwithstanding Livingstone's remonstrances. Naliele, the capital, like most others of the Barotse towns, was built upon an artificial mound; when the

lands are flooded, the water comes up to the wall of reeds which surrounds the huts. Santuru, a former chief, had here his storehouse for grain; the river now flows where his ancient capital and another important town once stood. He was a great hunter, was Santuru, fond of taming wild animals; among his pets were two hippopotami, which were brought to him when young; after gambolling in the river all day, they would go to him at night for their supper of milk and meal. Most pets come to untimely ends, so did one of these; it was speared by a stranger, under the idea that it was wild. In the like happy state of ignorance did a native once kill a cat, which Livingstone gave to Sekeletu; he brought the trophy to his chief, thinking to be rewarded for destroying a new kind of animal; this was one of a pair, and its death cut short the breed of mice-destroyers, whose services were much wanted at Linyante.

In these northern districts, more regard is shown to the female sex than in the south. Sebituane's daughter, as we have seen, was named to succeed him as chief, and only at her own request was the authority transferred to Sekeletu. When Mpepe was conspiring against him, an effort was made to induce the chief's wife, Ma-Mochisane, to put him to death, and marry the conspirator, a proof that female influence was considered important. And even in the Barotse country, the town or mound of Santuru's mother was shown to Livingstone; this was pre-

served as a sort of monument to her memory ; as in his more recent capital, Lilonda, were the groves of trees planted by the late chief, with the various instruments of iron made by him, just as he left them. Some of these were wrought in ornamental designs, and to them he was accustomed to present offerings when he desired to prosper in war or agriculture, as the case might be. Certain people, who had charge of these articles, were supported by presents from the chief and others who followed his example. This was the nearest approach to a priesthood that had been met with. That these men believed in a future state of existence, was shown by their reply to the request made for some of these relics—"Oh, no ; Santuru refuses."

According to a native custom, which seems prevalent all through South Africa, of giving to a woman the name of her first-born child, with the addition of Ma, Mother, the Bechuanas used to call Livingstone's wife Ma-Robert ; this name had gone with her to the Makololo country, when she, with her husband and children, visited it in 1851, and now the missionary found it had taken root there, and extended far up to the north, having been given to several of the children ; little black piccaninnies were shown to him as Ma-Roberts ; some also bore the very inappropriate names of Gun, Horse, Wagon, Jesus, etc. The date of this visit was known as "the year when the white man came," showing the importance attached to this event, although they could little understand

how important it was to them and their children. No traces, traditional or otherwise, of an earlier visit of Europeans to this country could be discovered, although close inquiry was made.

The Mambari, who are of the Ambonda race, which inhabits the country south-east of Angola, having direct communication with the Portuguese, some of them indeed being half-caste, had penetrated here in their slave-hunting expeditions; they visited Santuru, who, with his head-men, refused them permission to buy any of his people; some of the Makololo had given them children in exchange for guns, cloth, or even beads. Sometimes a tribe at war with another would sell them their captives; with this end in view they promoted quarrels between the different tribes; they encouraged drunkenness, knowing that it led to strife and poverty, which would induce a man to part with wife, children, everything he possessed, and commit any crime which they or his evil passions might suggest. Coming in the guise of peaceful traders in ivory and other native products, they carried out their nefarious plans secretly, or openly, as opportunity served, and did the devil's work, to which they were pledged, most thoroughly, not unfrequently themselves destroying villages, and killing many of their inhabitants, and conveying the rest captive to the Portuguese settlements on the east or west coast, where they sold them for shipment to the American or other markets for slave labour. Livingstone had, on several occasions, frus-

trated the designs of these traffickers in human flesh and blood, and they hated and feared him accordingly. They saw that the introduction of Christian civilization among the people on whom they preyed would be fatal to them, therefore the missionary and the *honest* trader must be kept out if possible. The profits of legitimate commerce were not large enough to satisfy them. But the time is fast approaching when they, and such as they, will be driven farther back into the dark places of the earth. The struggle between light and darkness in those regions, which they have so long ruined and devastated, commenced when Livingstone had overcome the difficulties of his desert journey, and the eye of the white man of God first gazed upon Lake Ngami; and the issue cannot long be doubtful. The Gospel trumpet has sounded through those thickly peopled valleys, and on the surrounding hills the banner of the Cross is now planted.

Livingstone on his way fully examined the Barotse country, but could find no eligible site for a missionary station; he had left Sekeletu at Naliele to ascend the river farther; the chief had furnished him with men and a herald, that he might go in proper state. "Here comes my lord, the great lion," shouted this functionary as soon as he approached a village; but he pronounced the *tau e tona*, great lion, so much like *sau e tona*, great sow, that it was thought best to dispense with his introduction, and bid him be silent. Everywhere the party received

a hearty welcome as messengers of sleep, or peace, so that it might almost have been thought that the people had in their minds the voice of inspiration. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

A party of hippopotamus hunters from the Lobale region were scared at the sight of the Makololo, and ran off, leaving their canoes, utensils, and clothing; on these the attendants seized as fair game; but, at the bidding of the missionary, they laid down their plunder upon a sandbank, and left it for its rightful owners. In Libonta, twenty miles farther, the woods come down to the water's edge, and whenever this occurs, the tsetse abounds. Up, still up, to the confluence of the river of Londa, or Lunda, named Lecba, after which the Leeambye is called the Kabompo.

Then comes the Loeti from the W.N.W. through a level grassy plain, named Mango, mingling its stream of one hundred yards wide, and of a light colour, with the dark greenish waters of the greater river. Here the larger game are in prodigious numbers, and remarkably tame; herds of stately elands stand by day, without fear, at a distance of two hundred yards, and in the evening the buffaloes go tramping within gunshot of the travellers as they sit by the fire. Every night the thunder of the lions roar smote on the ear, and seemed to shake the ground, close to which, on the opposite side of the

river, they could see the maned king of the forest stand, and place his mouth low down to make the sound reverberate.

Back down the Marile, another branch of the Leeambye, they come, and rejoin the chief, at a town called Ma-Sekeletu, where they are feasted and well entertained. It is a time of great rejoicing, for the people have never before seen their chief, and there is more ox-flesh, milk, and beer served out than his followers can possibly consume, so they stuff to repletion, and then, to assist digestion, get up a dance in this wise: a circle is formed by the men, who are nearly naked, and have clubs or battle-axes in their hands; then all commence roaring at the top of their voices, while they simultaneously stamp heavily twice with one foot, then once with the other, and so they keep on, with their arms and heads thrown about in every direction, until the perspiration streams off their bodies; the air is filled with discordant noises, and they are enveloped in a cloud of dust, out of which they emerge in every conceivable posture, looking like excited and angry demons; every now and then one advances into the middle of the circle, which is perhaps composed of one hundred persons, makes a few grotesque motions, and then retires to be succeeded by another. Meanwhile, the women stand by clapping their hands, and occasionally adding their shrill voices to the horrid din. "What do you think of it?" says head-man Motibo to the missionary, who witnesses

these strange antics. "It is very hard work, and brings but small profit," is the grave reply. "It is," rejoins Motibo; "but it is very nice, and Sekeletu gives us an ox for dancing for him." This was all-sufficient, the savages would do anything for an ox; eating and drinking constitutes pretty nearly all they know of earthly felicity.

Sixty geographical miles in one day is quick work in canoes on an African river, and at that rate down stream with the current they went, first to Sesheke and then back to Linyante.

CHAPTER IX

AWAY TO LOANDA

IN these poor benighted Makololo folk Livingstone found much to excite his interest and compassion; they were decidedly the most intelligent of the African tribes he had yet come in contact with, and they seemed truly desirous of having the white man to settle among them. On all occasions they had treated him with the greatest kindness and respect; he was therefore most anxious to establish a missionary station among them, and to afford them the means of commercial intercourse with other nations. The fever which prevailed more or less all through the alluvial districts in which they dwelt, and the presence in most parts of the tsetse, rendered a settlement there out of the question at present. On some of the high lands which surrounded the basin of the Zambesi, healthy spots might be found; at all events the country to the west might be explored for available routes to the coast, and this he determined on attempting. He might have effected his object by attaching himself

to one of the parties of Mambari, who passed to and fro occasionally; but he was anxious to discover another line of march than that trodden by the slave-traders.

The Portuguese town of Loanda, on the western coast, was the destined end of the journey, on which it was resolved to set out in November, when the rains, which generally begin to fall then, had tempered the heat and rendered travelling less difficult. To accomplish an object so much desired by chief and people alike, a band of twenty unhired natives were deputed to accompany the missionary; two only of these were true Makololo, the rest consisted of Barotse, Batoka, Bushubia, and others of the conquered tribes, generally included under the term Makalaka. A public assembly, termed a "picho," was called to deliberate on this expedition, and, as is customary, great liberty of speech was allowed, of which one of the old diviners availed himself, saying, "Where is he taking you to? This white man is throwing you away. Your garments smell of blood!" His dismal croakings, however, were of no avail, and all was bustle and activity, preparing for this adventure.

At this time, fever, which had quite disabled the three servants he brought with him from the south, had also very much prostrated the strength of Livingstone; if he looked up, or even turned suddenly, he was seized with a strange giddiness, which caused him to fall heavily to the earth, if he did

not catch hold of something for support. His friends were anxious about him, and asked, "Suppose you should die on the road, how shall we excuse ourselves for letting you go away into a strange country of enemies?"

He assured them by promising to leave a book with Sekeletu, which would explain all that had happened up to the date of his departure. This he did, but the book was afterwards lost; finding that he did not return, and fearing the worst, Sekeletu entrusted it to the custody of a trader, from whose hands it was never recovered. .

Weak as he was, and just about to set forth on a journey beset with perils, Livingstone could not help thinking at times how near he was to death: but he flinched not from his determination to open up this part of Africa, or perish in the attempt. The prospect of passing away from this fair and beautiful earth and entering on an untried state of existence did not frighten him; his only solicitude was for the dear ones far away, about whom he wrote to his brother, commending them to his care. The Boers, by destroying his property at Kolobeng, had saved him the trouble of making a will, and now he was prepared, as heretofore, to do God's service in a manly way.

His wagon, and all that remained to him of worldly goods, he committed to the care of the Makololo, and then, encumbered with but little spare clothing, with provisions, ammunition, and a few beads, to propitiate such savages as he might meet

with, he and his party set forth. A characteristic ceremony took place before the start: two sable warriors, by name Ponuane and Mahale, brought forward each a fine heifer calf, and after performing a number of warlike evolutions, asked the chief to witness the agreement between them, that whoever of the two should first kill a Matabele, in defence of the wagon, should, on his return, have both the calves. A small gipsy tent, just large enough to sleep in, a horse-rug for a bed, and a sheepskin mantle for a blanket, composed the missionary's whole sleeping outfit; he had his sextant, and other instruments for "talking with the stars," as the natives called taking observations; and a magic lantern, which he had found of great use to frighten or propitiate foes, or amuse friendly heathens, whose dancing, roaring, singing, and oft-times obscene jesting, filled him with disgust and abhorrence at paganism, even while he entertained the greatest pity for the pagans, and an earnest desire to rescue them from their grovelling condition.

It was on the 11th of November, 1853, that the party left the town of Linyante, amid general expressions of good-will and regret from the whole of its inhabitants. The friendly chief lent Livingstone his own canoe, and accompanied him to the main stream of the Chobe, to reach which several branches must be crossed. This river is much infested with hippopotami, which are only dangerous if attacked or approached too near; they swim about lazily,

with their enormous snouts just above the water, or lie sunning themselves on the sandy flats, or in the reed-beds by the shore. By day they are commonly found in the mid-stream, where they keep floating; then if a canoe passes amid the herd, it is very likely to be struck, and perhaps swamped, by one or more of them in their efforts to escape: towards night this is the safest place, for they are mostly roosting about on shore, or on the islands, feeding upon the rank herbage and grasses. At this time the gardens and corn-patches of the natives are sometimes visited by them. Certain old males, which have been expelled by the community, swim or wander about by themselves; it is dangerous to come upon these, for they rush, open-mouthed, at everything or body. They will sometimes, with their enormous jaws, rend a canoe completely to pieces, and send the people in it swimming for their lives; on such occasions it is best to dive at once to the bottom, as the enraged animal always wreaks its vengeance on whatever may be on the surface, and moves off if he find nothing there. Sometimes one of these surly "bachelors" will dive under a canoe, and then rise, so as to lift it clean out of the water with his broad back; then he goes to work with savage fury; feet and tusks and jaws are used with terrible effect, and all is havoc and confusion. Hunting hippopotami, however, is not such dangerous sport as that of many other animals of the larger kind; they can generally be speared or

shot from safe positions, especially from trees that overhang the water. On land they are awkward and ungainly, and are easily outrun by the hunter, who can go round and round them, delivering his fire or spear-thrusts. They always make for the water, if they can, and to intercept them is dangerous, if only from the immense force which the impetus of running gives to such ponderous bodies; a horse could not stand against it, much less a man. If a shot is fired into a sleeping herd of hippopotami, they all start up and stare about them in a stupid manner, waiting for a second shot, before they seem to understand what it means; then they make off in all directions; but the mother will not leave her young, rather will she die with it—although if she has twins, she is said to destroy one of them. A white hippopotamus is sometimes seen in a herd, contrasting strongly with the dark, slaty hue of the rest; it is not, however, quite white, but a dirty pink; elephants of the same tint are about as common, and these are also called white. If this albino should be a male, some of his progeny will probably be marked with light patches. If the traveller observes an old surly male by himself in the water, biting at it in a frantic manner, and shaking his large head from side to side, and asks the natives what he is doing, "Oh," will be the reply, "he is slamming the door," the meaning of which is not very clear, unless by the door is meant his mouth. Hippopotamus' flesh, like that of nearly all animals,

is eaten by the Africans; travellers say that it is coarse and hard, unless very young, when it is not, unlike pork. Being altogether a vegetable feeder, this animal never attacks others, and is not often attacked by them; they seem to respect its enormous strength, as they do that of the rhinoceros and elephant. About nine or ten feet long, and four high, is the ordinary size of this river-horse, which is supposed to be the behemoth of Scripture. Antelopes, wild hogs, zebras, buffaloes, and elephants abound among the magnificent trees and reeds and grasses, which clothe the high banks of the Chobe, which has a very tortuous course, winding and turning upon itself frequently, so as to make rowing upon it very tedious. Among the trees which the traveller observed on its banks were some species of the Indian fig, acacias, with their light green foliage; the lofty *monsinsela*, of whose wood good canoes are made, and whose fruit is very nutritious; the *mot-souri*, with its beautiful pink plums, chiefly used to form a pleasant acid drink. At one part of the river, called Zabesa, or Zabenza, it spreads out into a small lake, surrounded on all sides by dense masses of tall reeds; the stream which issues from this is one hundred and fifty yards wide: at certain points along the bank villages of observation have been placed, from which a look-out can be kept for the Matabele, whose attacks might be expected from that quarter. All through the route Livingstone found that orders had been sent on by the

chief that the *Nake*, meaning the Doctor, should not be suffered to become hungry.

After passing out of the Chobe into the Zambesi, the travellers came upon two large islands, on which a piece of treachery had been enacted, which illustrates vividly the savage and lawless state of these regions. A Makalaka chief had there lured a number of fugitive Bamangwato,—after separating them from their wives, which they had appropriated,—and left them to perish. The town of Sesheke is next reached, with its white sandbanks, which is the meaning of the term; here dwelt Moriantsane, brother-in-law to Sebituane, and here again another characteristic incident occurs. A Makalaka having stabbed an ox, and being unable to extricate his spear, was by its evidence convicted of the offence, bound hand and foot, and placed in the burning sun until he should pay a fine. He denied his guilt, and his mother, believing him, comes with her hoe, and threatens to cut down any one who interferes, loosens the cords, and takes him home. Thus set openly at defiance, the chief refers the case to Sekeletu, who acts upon a suggestion made by Livingstone, and condemns the offender to give the amount of the fine in labour. According to the Makalaka custom, the culprit ought to have been drowned in the river; this would not restore the lost property; but here was a more excellent way, punishing and affording compensation at the same time. Henceforward this was the plan adopted.

The day after the new moon is observed as a partial day of rest in this part of the country ; it is the only sabbath of which any traces can be found ; this luminary seems to be an object of worship with the people, who watch eagerly for the appearance of the new moon, and as soon as the first faint outline shows above the horizon, they utter a loud cry of *kuā*, and shout prayers to it. Those who accompanied Livingstone observed this custom, saying to the object of their worship : " Let our journey with the white man be prosperous. Let our enemies perish, and the children of *Nake* become rich ; may he have plenty of meat on his journey," etc., etc. This is the Makalaka idea of true felicity,—plenty of meat !

Under the spreading camel-thorn that shaded the kotla of Moriantsane, the missionary addressed five or six hundred of the people, who were assembled to hear him ; they were all very attentive, except some young men, who continued their work of preparing a skin, and at whom, in the middle of the discourse, the chief hurled his staff, as a gentle reprimand. Different effects are produced upon different hearers, just as of old, the seed scattered by the sower sprang up, or withered, or was choked, as the case might be. Some prayed to Jesus without knowing what they were doing ; some, after hearing solemn truths, talked frivolous nonsense, as even instructed Christians are apt to do, others had their rest disturbed at night by thoughts of a future world, and resolved not to listen to such preaching

again; many were determined not to believe, and these we may compare to certain villagers of the south, who put all their cocks to death because they crowed, '*Tlang lo rapeleng*'—"Come along to prayers."

They now begin to ascend towards the high lands, and Livingstone partially recovers from his attack of fever. The rainy season begins to set in, but it does not yet increase the volume of the river, which is never less than three hundred yards wide. Opposite the villages, they wait for supplies of food, and the head-man of the Makololo takes care to exact the full quantity, in accordance with his chief's orders. Here, among the Banyeti, they get a bright red bean, which grows upon a large tree, called *mosibe*, with honey to make it palatable; also a fruit resembling a large orange, with a hard rind, the pips and bark of which contain the deadly poison strychnia, while the juicy pulp, which is eaten, is wholesome and pleasant to the taste. A sweet fruit called *mobola*, which has the flavour of strawberries; and another fruit, about the size of a walnut, and called *mamosho*,—"mother of morning," and most delicious of all, were likewise presented to them. As they ascend into higher latitudes, they come to other forms of vegetation; there, contrasting beautifully with the fresh leaves of light green which many trees are putting forth, is the dark *motsouri*, or *moyela*, covered with pink plums, as large as cherries.

The bed of the river now becomes rocky, and the shallowing waters flow swiftly over the craggy bottom, forming rapids, which it is dangerous to navigate. There are islets, covered with trees, and cataracts, and it requires all the skill of the Makololo to prevent the flat-bottomed canoes being swamped, or overturned. The cooing turtle-doves make their nests above the roaring-torrent; the ibis, perched on the end of a stump, utters her loud, harsh scream; a kind of plover flies before them, with plaintive cries, which sound like warnings of danger; and the piping of the fish-hawk is heard above the metallic ring of the alarm-note—"tinc-tinc-tinc" of another plover, called *setula-tsipi*, or "hammering-iron." This is the bird famed for its friendship with the crocodile, for which it is said to perform the office of tooth-picker; here it is frequently seen, in company with this animal, and, as some say, perched on its back; it has a sharp spur on its shoulder, and chases the white-necked raven, a much larger bird, amid the rocks, and makes it call out for fear. Here the turtles ascend the steep banks to lay their eggs, and sometimes toppling on their backs, fall a helpless prey to man or beast.

Among the forest trees that fringe the rocky banks are birds with pleasant songs; one with dark blue and chocolate-coloured plumage, with two long feathers projecting from the tail; another parti-coloured, white and black, a sociable bird, generally seen in companies of six or eight; there, too, are

jet-black weavers, in great force—tailor-birds they are sometimes called, because they sew up the leaves to make their nests; francolins and guinea-fowl also abound, their curious cry echoing amid the rocks; on every stump or stone that is in or overhangs the water, sits the web-footed darter, or snake-bird, sunning itself, or standing erect with outstretched wings, ready for a plunge, or sometimes it may be seen in the water, swimming with its head and neck only visible. The fish-hawk, with white head and neck, sits on the tree above, or hovers over the stream poised upon motionless wings; its keen eye sees the flashing of a fin, and down with the speed of lightning it comes; this is a somewhat dainty feeder, eating only a piece out of the back of its prey, and leaving the rest for the natives, who watch its descent with great interest, and run races for its leavings. With legs deep in the water stands an awkward-looking pelican; he makes a dart, and gets a fine fish safe in his pouch; down comes the hawk with a rush, making as much noise as possible to attract the attention of the pelican, which opens its mouth wide to utter a cry of terror. This is just what the hawk wants; he catches hold of the fish, and dexterously whisking it out of the pouch, bears it off in triumph, while the bird he has robbed quietly resumes his fishing. As the canoe divides the yielding waters, numbers of small fish, about the size of our minnow, skim along the surface in a

succession of hops, like the oyster-shell, or other flat substance, which boys often amuse themselves by throwing. In the overhanging branches, lizards, called *mpulu*, or *iguanos*, are enjoying the sunshine, splashing into the water as the boat approaches, and disappearing, if they are not spared by the boatmen, who are eagerly looking out for them, as they are considered a great delicacy. As they round a bend of the river, what at first sight seems a large log in motion moves slowly down to the water, and plunges in; it is a huge crocodile, after which, it may be, a Barotse dives, and is lost to sight for a minute or two. Presently there is a great agitation of the surface of the river, which becomes dyed with blood; other natives, armed with knives, now take to the water, and swim away vigorously to the scene of action, where their dark bodies appear and disappear amid the foaming and flashing waters, which are lashed by the tail and churned by the legs of the dying animal, whose snapping jaws open and close like steel traps, in furious attempts at the destruction of its assailants; but not for long; the death-wound has been given, and the great lizard floats lifeless, and is dragged to shore, amid cries of triumph from the Barotse, who will eat its flesh, as they do almost everything which can possibly be eaten. In the reaches of still water, between the rapids, herds of hippopotami are seen swimming about, or resting in the shallows; the females are distinguished by their

lighter colour; it is impossible to tell their number, as they are constantly in motion, monstrous heads appearing and disappearing as the creatures come up to breathe; in all directions deep furrows in the banks show where they ascend to graze during the night. They are guided back to the river by scent alone, and sometimes, after a heavy rainfall, on account of the prevalent moisture, they cannot tell where to seek it, and are surprised and shot by the hunters, while they have no possibility of escape. Generally, when in the water, their snortings may be heard a mile off; but when there is a necessity for concealment, they will float with their snouts among the water-plants, and breathe very gently.

It is now November 30, and they have reached the Gonye Falls, where the river rushes and eddies with great violence through a deep fissure in the sandstone rocks, a hundred yards wide, and several miles in length; but the country is parched, and the trees, though in full leafage, are languid, like the travellers, for want of rain. The canoes have to be carried some distance by land, to avoid the Falls, on which no boat can live; and this is done by the people of Gonye, a merry, light-hearted set, by swinging them on poles. Above the Falls are islands covered with beautiful foliage, and the view from thence is magnificent.

On, till they reached Nameta, where, finding that Mpololo, the head-man of the Barotse valley, had

supported a Makololo chief, named Lerimo, in a foray against Masiko, who had established himself on the banks of the Leeba, and taken his subjects captives, doubtless with the intention of selling them for slaves, Livingstone rescued some of these and took them to be restored to Masiko.

At every village they met with kind treatment; the men fed, and the women "lullilooed" them. A man would come with an ox and modestly say, "Here is a bit of bread for you;" unlike the Bechuanas, who, in presenting a miserable goat, would pompously say, "Here is an ox!"

At Naliele refreshing showers begin to fall; but the air is still hot and close; and the missionary has another attack of fever. Here Sekeletu's canoes were sent back, with an abundance of good wishes, eight riding oxen, and seven for slaughter, and others were borrowed from Mpololo. Naliele is left behind, and the ascent of the river continued; between low banks, steep and regular, like those of a canal, they paddle along, with immense numbers of sand-martins and bee-eaters coming out of their holes to look at them; and the lively little blue-and-orange kingfisher, with its speckled namesake, flashing hither and thither in the sunshine like coloured fire.

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They reach Liŋonta on the 17th of December, and here collect fat and butter, as presents for the Balonda, among whom it would not do to go empty-handed. More captives were given up by

Mpololo, at this the last town of the Makololo, where Livingstone's medical skill was called into requisition by two of the people who had been wounded by a lion, as well as by others suffering from fever and ophthalmia.

Libonta belongs to the two chief wives of Sebituane; by them oxen and other food were furnished; and Livingstone's heart glowed with gratitude at the liberality and kindness shown to him by all parties here. They now get quite beyond the inhabited part of the country, and meet with animal life in great abundance. Upwards of thirty species of fish are found in the river alone: avocets and spoonbills, stately flamingoes, Numidian and other cranes, graceful demoiselles, gulls, black and other geese, and ducks of several species. There is plenty of game and fish; vegetables and fruits in abundance; milk and butter. No wonder that when they leave this fruitful land, the Makololo sigh for a return to the peace and plenty which it affords, falling away and pining for its enjoyments.

The company were now divided; part proceeding along the banks with the oxen, and part on the water in the canoes. Every now and then the land party had to be carried across one of the numerous smaller streams which run into the Zambesi, and which are swarming with crocodiles, which are here bolder and more savage than elsewhere. One of the men swimming across was caught by the thigh

and carried under water, but he had the presence of mind to use his javelin with such effect that the brute let him go, with the marks of its teeth upon his thigh. In some parts, if a man is bitten by a crocodile, or only had a little water splashed over him by one, he is expelled the tribe; but it is not so here. Some imagine that the mere sight of this animal gives inflammation of the eyes. A Bakwain will spit on the ground when he sees one, to express his disgust, and say, "*Boleo ki bo*," "There is sin." These people have many superstitions regarding animals; for instance, if a man be bitten by a zebra, he is obliged to go, with all his family, away to the Kalahari desert, although all eat the zebra's flesh very freely. When Livingstone first put guns into the hands of his men to shoot game with, they wanted gun medicine to make them shoot straight. They strongly believe in charms, which they call medicine. The chief, Sechele, once gave thirty pounds' worth of ivory for a medicine to render him invulnerable to shot. Livingstone advised that it should be tried on a calf, to show him the folly of it; the animal was tied to a tree, anointed with the charm, fired at, and of course killed; the chief thought it was pleasanter to be deceived than undeceived. The party have now reached the confluence of the Yambesi and the Leeba, and bid adieu to the former river, to make their way up the latter. They have lately had a pleasant time of it; rain had fallen, and all nature has revived;

the woods are full of singing-birds, fresh foliage and beautiful blossoms ; game is amazingly plentiful, and there is no mortal so happy as a Makololo with plenty to eat.

CHAPTER X

UP THE LEEAMBYE

AT the point where its confluence with the Leeambye takes place, the Zambesi, that noblest of African rivers, turns off to the east to precipitate itself down the Mosi-oatún-ya Falls, which we shall by-and-by have an opportunity of visiting. Our course now lies to the north-west; we are close at the end of the month of December, in latitude $14^{\circ} 10' 52''$ S., longitude $23^{\circ} 35' 40''$ E., and not far from this point lives Masiko, to whom we have to restore some of the captives rescued from Mpololo. It is credibly reported that this chief is in the habit of seizing friendless orphans and others and selling them to the slave-dealers; and a message is sent to him to the effect that Livingstone "is sorry to find that Santuru (the name of the chief's father) had not borne a wiser son." Santuru loved to govern men, but Masiko wanted to govern wild beasts, and such acts would lead to war: he had better live in peace."

The colour of the Leeba's waters are darker than

those of the Zambesi, and they wind slowly through delightful meadows, receiving many tributaries in their course. Groups of graceful trees stand here and there, and the whole scenery is very park-like; these trees stand mostly on verdant knolls, and it seems likely that the whole country is annually inundated. All around are the loveliest flowers, in great profusion, from which the bees gather their sweet store. Among the flowers are some which have the pleasant fragrance of the hawthorn, inhaling which the traveller's thoughts fly homeward, and he is a boy once more, wandering amid green lanes and grassy pastures, where the white flocks feed, without fear of the lion or other destroyer. Wonderfully luxuriant is the growth of many kinds of plants; the climbing ones especially, covering with their bright blossoms the stems and branches of the trees which support and are adorned by them. Here they gather the yellow, sweet-tasted fruit of the *maroro*, or *malolo*, a small bush; it is full of seeds, like the costard apple; and here, too, they find the breeding-place of crocodiles, from which two broods have just emerged. The eggs are about as large as those of the goose, and as many as sixty have been taken out of the nest; they are lined with a tough membrane, and the young require the assistance of the dam to release them from their confinement. So she covers them up with earth, and at the proper time returns to perform this duty; after it is accomplished, she

leads them down to the water, to fish for themselves; the yolk of the crocodile's egg is the only part that coagulates, and that is eaten by the natives. These animals feed mostly by night, and the loud champing noise made by their jaws, once heard, is not soon forgotten. By day they lie motionless as logs, sunning themselves on the sandbanks, or in the water, through which they rush with wonderful agility. Baldwin, in his "African Hunting," relates many curious stories of narrow escapes which he had from these voracious creatures. On one occasion, when just recovered from fever, he went sea-cow shooting, and landing on a small island covered with trees, feeling weak and tired, he sat down with his feet dangling in the water, and went fast asleep, in which state his friends found him within a few yards of several enormous crocodiles, which were making towards his resting-place, and would, no doubt, in a few minutes have seized him.

They now arrived opposite the village of Manenko, a female chief of the people called Balonda or Bolanda, with whom our travellers were in bad repute, owing to a report that one of their party had acted as guide to the band of marauders, under Lerimo, who carried off some of their children; two of these, a boy and a girl, were now restored to them by Livingstone, thus proving that neither himself, nor Sekeletu, from whom he came, were parties to the outrage. Manenko's suspicions

had induced her to remove, with most of her people, to a place of concealment at some distance from the river, and, as it was desirable that she should be propitiated, Livingstone resolved to wait until the Bolanda had reported his message to her and returned. Two days he waited, and spent them in hunting for game in the lands about, which were well covered with forests, having in them open glades; here he met with native hunters, who assisted him to shoot zebras. A chief, named Sekelenke, who was out elephant-hunting on the right bank of the Leeba, sent the party large bundles of the dried flesh of that animal, and from Manenko they received a basket of manioc roots, with orders that they were to remain there until she visited them. Then counter-orders came that they were to go to her; but, as the negotiation was a very difficult one, and much time had been lost, they passed on without seeing the lady. And so again, on and on, to where another large river, called the Makondo, enters the Leeba from the East. It is New Year's Day, 1854, and the rainy season has fairly set in. The villagers on the banks of the river, as they pass, bring baskets of a purple fruit called *mawa*, for which they received pieces of meat in return. At the spot where the two rivers meet, the man-stealing Mambari cross, and here they find a piece of steel watch-chain; how suggestive was it to Livingstone's mind of the works and ways of civilization, from which he was so far removed!

But no truly civilizing influences were borne into the heart of that dark region, into which he was so earnestly desirous of introducing the gospel of salvation by those who dropped it there. Honest traders do these Mambari often seem; honest, as they are undoubtedly enterprising. They come to a native town, they build their huts, and lay out their goods,—wonderful cotton prints, which the natives can scarcely believe to be the work of mortal hands. “English manufacturers,” say the Mambari, “come out of the sea, and gather beads on its shores.” And then they speak of the cotton-mills, and the machinery by which the fabrics are made. “It is all a dream,” say the natives, “all a dream; how can iron spin, and weave, and print so beautifully?” And after endeavouring in vain to comprehend it all, they end with the exclamation, “Truly, ye are gods!” Often might they have said to the Mambari traders, “Truly, ye are devils,” when in the dead of the night wild cries arose, and the death-shot rang through the village; and the red flames devoured their huts, and their wives and children were borne away captives.

Great dreamers are the people who accompany Livingstone, and they put much faith in dreams; one of their number has had a very ominous one, and the whole party are greatly depressed. There is nothing like active exercise for vagaries of this sort; so they are ordered into the canoes, and set to work rowing, and are soon ashamed to confess

their fears. They stop their paddles before the village of Sheakondo, and send a message to the head-man, who soon appears, accompanied by his two wives, bearing presents of manioc, or cassava, which, as well as dura, ground-nuts, beans, maize, sweet potatoes, and lekóto, or yams, the Balonda chiefly cultivate. Stepping with the mincing gait of an African beauty, the younger wife makes music as she goes, having little pieces of sheet iron attached loosely to a profusion of rings of the same metal round her ankle. She, like the old wife, is anxious for butter to anoint herself withal. The man, who had probably never seen a European before, does not seem to have any fear, until some of God's words are repeated to him; he speaks frankly, and merely points to the sky when he would make an asseveration.

It is observed that some of Sheakondo's people add, as they suppose, to their beauty, by filing their teeth to a point; they also tattoo their bodies in various parts, especially on the abdomen, the skin being raised so as to form a star or some other device. The skin shines with its varnish of fat, or oil compressed from the seeds of the *Palma Christi*, or castor-oil plant, and others of the same nature.

Rain, rain, rain, for a fortnight, with clouds over the face of the sky, so that no observation could be taken, and yet the Leeba did not rise greatly, nor become discoloured, as the Zambesi does. There are but few birds here, and the crocodiles

are scarce, having, it is said, a wholesome dread of the poisoned arrows with which the natives shoot them. There is a great cry; a man is bitten by a serpent; it is a non-venomous one, and of course he gets no harm. "But why?" says his friends. "Because many of them were looking at it, and this was a charm against the poison."

Shinte, the greatest Balonda chief in this part of the country, has a sister, who is also a chief, named Nyamoána, and the travellers are now opposite her village. Her husband, Samoána, comes out in his state dress, a kilt of green and red baize, armed with a spear and broad-sword of antique form. He and his rather aged queen, who has a bad squint, are seated on skins in the centre of an elevated circle, surrounded by a trench, beyond which are persons of both sexes, the males mostly well armed. There is a clapping of hands, the usual salutation, and then a palaver, in which the objects of the missionary are explained.

These people, who are real negroes, with woolly heads and black skins, would not believe that what Livingstone wore on his head was hair at all. "It is the mane of a lion," said they. A superstitious people are these Balonda, great believers in charms, of which they have filled two pots, and placed them in two little sheds, erected for the purpose; these are their temples, and the charms their holy relics. The men are dressed in prepared skins of the jackal, the wild cat, and other small animals,

and the women anyhow, in whatever they can get hold of. The first evidence of idolatry* which the traveller had yet seen came to light here; it was a human head, carved out of a block of wood and sprinkled over with red ochre. There were several of these as idols; sometimes a crooked stick was the object of worship. Incisions are made in the trees, and small pieces of manioc roots and ears of maize are hung upon the branches, as propitiatory offerings to the dreaded beings who are supposed to reside in the depths of the gloomy forest; and there are heaps of sticks met with here and there, made by every passer-by adding a bundle, as cairns are raised of stones by northern nations.

The travellers are desirous of proceeding farther up the Leeba with the canoes, but Nyamoána objects, as does also her daughter, Manenko, who now arrives upon the scene; she is a tall, strapping young woman, and, like most Balonda ladies, considers elegance in dress to consist in wearing as little as may be, but a profusion of ornaments, and medicines, or charms, and smearing the body over with fat and red ochre.

She is a virago, and scolds away right and left, especially a party of under-chiefs, who had come on an embassy* from Masiko to Livingstone, bringing a present, with expressions* of gratitude and goodwill towards the Makololo. It appears that Masiko had once sent to Samoána a piece of cloth, such being the common way of keeping up friendly

intercourse; but he returned it, because it looked as if it had witchcraft medicines on it—a very grave offence this. Now the ambassadors from the offending chief had slept in one of the huts of Manenko's village without asking 'leave, and the chance of retaliation was too tempting to be rejected. So she gave them an oration in the most approved African style, with plenty of energetic motions and shrill interjections; reproached them with everything bad they had ever done, or were supposed to have done, since they were born, and finished by saying she despaired of their ever being better until they were all killed by alligators. This torrent of abuse was received in silence, and the fire of her anger, not being stirred or fanned into a fiercer flame, soon died out, and Masiko's people departed with an ox from the missionary for their chief, and good advice against kidnapping and other offences, which lead to wars between those who are all children of one common Father.

Manenko's husband, Sambánza, when he and his wife and people had listened to Livingstone's proposal for an alliance between them and the Makololo, made a great oratorical display, varying his flow of words by significant actions, such as stooping down every now and then to pick up sand, which he rubbed into the upper part of his arms and chest, this being a mode of polite salutation in Londa; another is to touch the ground with one cheek after the other, and clap the hands, or drum the ribs

with the elbows; but the very acme of politeness is to bring a quantity of ashes, or pipeclay, in a piece of skin, and rub it on the chest and upper front part of each arm. The ankles of this polished specimen of a Balonda chief were ornamented with many copper rings, which were not, however, so numerous and heavy as to impede his walk; but as it is the height of fashion to be, or to seem, encumbered and overloaded, he hobbled along with his feet apart as if he were. The missionary smiled at this exhibition of vanity. "Oh," said his attendants, observing it, "that is the way they show high blood in these parts." What a capital parody we have here upon what is of constant occurrence in highly civilized communities!

Manenko, the strong-minded, readily agrees with Livingstone's proposal for an alliance with the Makololo, and proposes that Kolimboto, the head-man of his party, shall take a wife from their tribe. She will send on Livingstone's baggage to her uncle, the great chief, Shinte. He would rather have proceeded farther up the Lecba, and is moving off to the river; but she lays her hand on his shoulder, and says, in a motherly sort of manner, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done," that is, submit to her will; and as she has taken possession of his goods, and the Makololo do not seem inclined to resist her, there is no help for it, and the missionary goes to hunt for meat, of which they are much in want, until all can be prepared for the journey.

On the 11th of January they start for Shinte's town, Manenko heading the party, and striding on at such a rate as to keep all the rest almost at double-quick. "Ah, she is a soldier!" remarked the men. Her drummer thumped away most vigorously as long as he could, but soon was obliged to give over. The rain poured down in torrents, notwithstanding the incantations of her husband to drive it away. On she went, in the very highest marching order, replying to Livingstone, who rode upon an ox by her side, and who asked why she did not protect herself against the rain, "A chief must not appear effeminate, but always seem young and robust, and bear vicissitudes without wincing."

A long and dreary journey this, sometimes through forests so dense that a way has to be cut with axes; all the party were wet, and looked miserable, but they kept up their courage, and went bravely on; where a woman could lead, men must follow. Food was short; the people in the hamlets they passed by or through were niggardly. They have gardens of maize and manioc; and their guardian angel, which they call "a lion," was a figure more resembling an alligator, formed of grass, and plastered over with soft clay, with two coarse shells for eyes, and the bristles from an elephant's tail stuck about the neck. This elegant and artistic idol stands in a shed, and before it the Balonda pray and beat drums all night in cases of sickness. To such

hideous work of men's hands do the heathen in their blindness bow down.

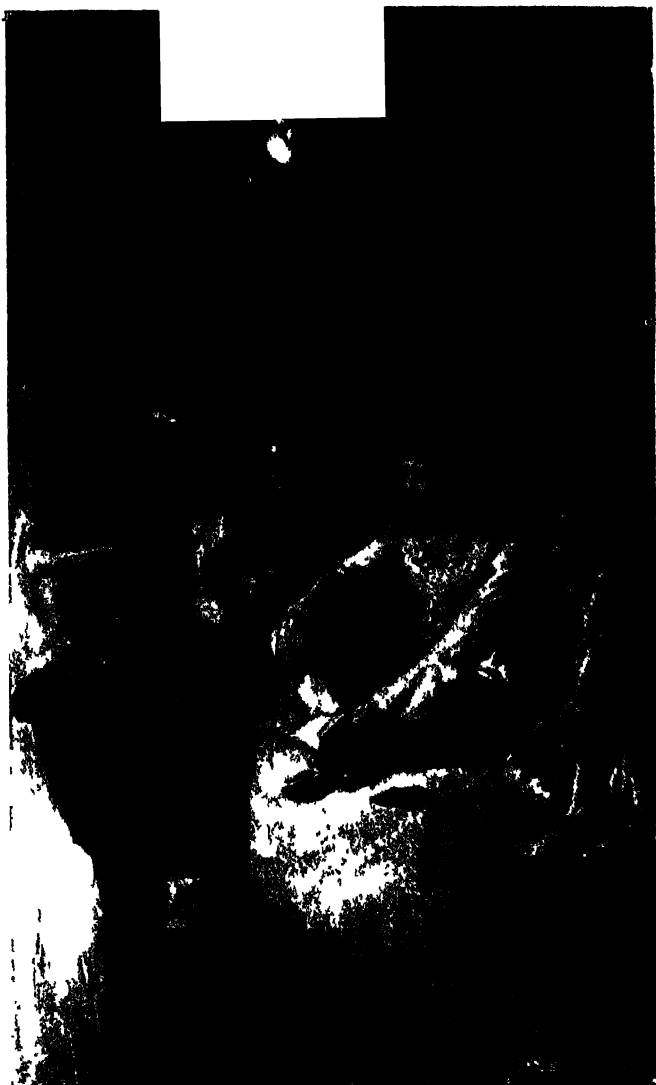
A sense of insecurity seems to prevail among these niggardly Balonda, who are the subjects of Shinte. They live in constant dread of enemies, spiritual and bodily. The superstitious element is largely developed in their character, probably encouraged by the deep gloom of the thick surrounding forests. Each house in a village is surrounded by a palisade of thick stakes, one or two of which are removed when the owner wishes to squeeze himself through and then replaced, so that no opening is left visible. Wild beasts are not plentiful here, having been much thinned by the bows and arrows of the natives. The forest becomes more dense as the party get farther north; climbing-plants, like huge snakes, entwine themselves about the lofty trees, and often kill that which protects them, like some ungrateful people.

Here are found many artificial bee-hives, made out of the bark of a tree and coiled grass rope; they become common from hence to Angola, and furnish all the wax which is exported from the south-western ports. Round the trunk of each tree on which one is placed, is tied a piece of medicine to protect it against thieves, who believe that the charm can inflict disease and death. Great quantities of mushrooms are found and eagerly devoured by the natives, some of which, growing out of ant-holes, have a diameter of six or eight inches.

The people of the villages now become more friendly and liberal; if they are not, as is sometimes the case, seized with a panic, at the sound of the drum which Manenko has beaten to announce the approach of great people, and run off, they receive the travellers kindly; they will even take the roofs off their huts, and lend them for shelter during the night—a friendly act which an English villager would find difficult of performance, unless he lent the whole structure

When they got near to Shinte's town, Manenko sent forward a messenger to announce her intended visit with the white man, and waited for permission to advance, such being the custom of the country. At the end of two days came the chief's invitation, with presents of manioc and dried fish. His men were dressed in black monkey-skins, having a mane of pure white, and Livingstone was gladdened by the intelligence that he would meet two other white men from the west at Shinte's capital.

He was again prostrated with fever; but the thought of meeting with Europeans in such an out-of-the-way region invigorated him wonderfully. But then a doubt arose in his mind, and he asked, "Have they the same hair?" "Is this hair?" said they. "We thought it was a wig; we never saw the like before. You must be the sort of white man that lives in the sea." "Oh, yes," exclaimed the Makololo; "his hair is made quite straight by the sea-water." It was useless for Livingstone to ex-



NO. 11 IN THE MUSEUM

plain to them that the phrase, coming up out of the sea, only meant that his countrymen came, not out of, but over, the water. They would persist in believing and reporting that their leader was a kind of merman. They now proceed through a lovely valley, watered by a beautiful stream, to the town of Shinte, embosomed in bananas and other tropical trees. They wait outside until, in the opinion of Magencko, the sun is of the proper "altitude for a" lucky entrance.

Throngs of negroes come out to gaze on them. The travellers notice an alteration in the mode of building; the huts are not circular, as among tribes more to the south, but have square walls, and the streets are straight; with the Bechuanas they are always winding. The reputed white men are, as Livingstone suspected, native Portuguese traders, half-castes, with unmistakably woolly heads; a number of the Mambari were with them, and they had for sale some young female slaves recently purchased in Lobale. Some of the Makololo were very indignant at seeing them in chains. "They are not men," said they, "but beasts, to treat their children so."

Next day there was a grand reception, and Sambanza, his wife being unwell, had the honour of presenting the travellers to Shinte. He was gaily dressed, having a profusion of beads, and a cloth of such length that a boy carried it behind him as a train. On a throne covered with a leopard's skin, in the shade of a banana-tree, within the enclosure

of the place of audience, sat the great chief Shinte. His state dress consisted of a check jacket, a kilt of scarlet baize edged with green; around his neck were strings of large beads, and heavy and large were the copper armlets and bracelets he wore; his helmet was covered with beads, and had in its crest a great bunch of goose feathers. Altogether glorious was Shinte; no doubt awful and terrible—in the eyes of his subjects, although a sorry spectacle in those of European civilization. He had his lictors, too, like the old Roman consuls and emperors: these were three lads, with large sheaves of arrows over their shoulders; and his chief wife was there with a curious red cap on her head, no doubt thinking she looked very qucenly. And there, too, were about a hundred other women, gloriously appparelled, not in oil and red ochre, like the barbarous Balonda females of distinction, but bright red baize. Great was the rubbing in of ashes upon arms and chests by Sambanza and others who led the ceremony on this august occasion, and low and many the obeisances made by the different members of the party who were presented. Great the shouting of the savage-looking soldiery, as with frantic gesticulations they rushed towards the tree beneath which stood the missionary and chief men of his party, as if they intended to eat them all up; and admirable the order in which they wheeled round as they got close to them, having apparently altered their minds very suddenly; and then the capering,

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the running, and leaping, when the "picho" began! It was altogether a strangely grotesque scene. Backwards and forwards before Shinte stalked the spokesmen of Sambán/a and Nyamoáne, vociferating all they knew, and a good deal more, of Livingstone's history, and his connection with the Makololo; explaining the objects of his mission, and advising Shinte to give the white man a good reception, and to pass him safely on his way.

The king's musicians, with drums neatly carved from the trunk of a tree, having the ends covered with antelope skin, and a kind of piano, named *marimba*, consisting of wooden keys attached to calabashes, and having a cross parallel bar of wood, discoursed sweet music at intervals; and ever and anon, between the pauses of the speaking, the ladies burst forth in a sort of plaintive ditty, which was by no means unpleasant to the ears. With the soldiers, who numbered three hundred, there could not have been less than twelve or thirteen hundred people present.

Livingstone was the first white man the chief had ever seen, and though he retained his African dignity, yet he kept his curious gaze on him all the time. With exemplary patience he listened to no less than nine orations before he got up to leave; afterwards he expressed a desire that "the men who came from the gods should approach and talk to him." He was very good-humoured, and ready to listen to the missionary's advice. He said that his

mouth was bitter for want of ox-flesh, and Livingstone responded to this broad hint, and greatly delighted him by presenting to him an ox. But when his strong-minded niece, Mānenko, heard of this present, she declared that the animal was hers: "Did not the white man belong to her? Had she not brought him here?" So she sent her own people to fetch the ox, had it slaughtered, and gave a leg only to Shinte, who took it all as if it were a good joke. No such thing could possibly have occurred in the south, where the women have less influence. Several other interviews occurred between the missionary and the chief, who professed the greatest interest in his proceedings. He had always been a friend, he said, to Sebituane, and to his son, Sekeletu, he was not merely a friend, but a father, and how could a father refuse a request made by a son? Sekeletu was now left far behind, and the missionary must look to him, Shinte, for help, which should be always freely rendered; and he proved his sincerity by his unvarying kindness and valuable presents. So, after a pleasant sojourn of several days in his capital, the party leave to pursue their journey, with a hearty salutation from the friendly chief, and the wish, on their part, that God might bless him.

CHAPTER XI

STILL WESTWARD HO

PASSING down the lovely valley in which the town of Shinte stands, and then on through forest lands, the party reach a Balonda village, and halt for the night. Near them is a fine range of green hills, called Saloisho, inhabited by the people who work the iron-ore which abounds there. The soil of the country is dark, with a reddish tinge, and is very fertile ; maize and manioc grow freely with but little cultivation, and are the staple food of the people, who hereabout are hospitable and most polite in their manners. Orders are sent to all the villages on the route that Shinte's friends must have abundance of provisions ; and Intemese, the chief guide deputed by him to accompany them, sees that these instructions are carried out. Small presents of beads made to the villagers are always thankfully received. The travellers were struck with the punctilious manners of the Balonda guides ; they would not partake of the food cooked by the other travellers, nor eat at all in their presence.

After meals they stood up, clapped their hands, and praised Intemese. If the fire in the hut of one of these men should go out, he would light it again himself, and not, as is commonly done by the Makololo, take fire from the hut of another. It is probable that superstitious fears are at the bottom of much of this strict observance of etiquette.

In the capital it was observed that when inferiors meet superiors in the street, the former at once drop on their knees, and rub dust on their arms and chest, and continue their salutation of hand-clapping until the great ones are out of sight. In illustration of their superstition, we may note that when the woman who holds the office of water-carrier to Shinte passes along, she rings a bell to warn people that they must get out of her way, as it would be a grave offence for any one to approach the drink of the chief, lest an evil influence should be exerted on it.

The slave-trade had had a very deleterious effect on Shinte and his people; offences of the slightest character were made the pretext for selling the offenders to the Mambari traders, to whom friendless fugitives and kidnapped children were often sold. Indeed, children were looked upon as so much property, valuable only for what it would fetch; parents would often dispose of their own. Shinte presented a little slave-girl to Livingstone, and when he declined to accept it, offered him another a head taller, thinking the first was not big

enough for him. The missionary spoke to him privately on the subject, telling him how displeasing it must be to God to see His children selling one another.

Crossing the river Lonaje, and passing villages embowered in bananas, shrubs, and manioc, our party reach the Lecba, at a part much higher up than where they had left it, and encamp on its banks; they notice here a custom, which they had not observed elsewhere, of plaiting the beard in a threefold cord.

Lying away to the N.E. of Shinte, the town of the chief Cazembe was pointed out to them; it is celebrated for its copper anklets, which people come from far and near to purchase. Cazembe's subjects are Balonda, or Baloi, and his country is called Londa, Lunda, or Lui, by the Portuguese. Pereira and Lacerda are said to have visited this country; and a very old native told Livingstone that he had often heard of white men, but never before seen them, although one had been to Cazembe when he was young. Livingstone's Makololo attendants and Shinte's guides revelled in the abundance of food furnished by the natives, in accordance with their chiefs orders, and were not inclined to move on faster than they were obliged. Intemese himself was sometimes laid up with pains in the stomach, under which infliction, however, he was quite cheerful and talkative; his favourite remedy was a fresh supply of beef. One of his men stole a fowl which

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had been given to Livingstone ; no such instance of theft among the Makololo had ever occurred, and the Bakwains were strictly honest. Everywhere, hitherto, had Livingstone's property been considered sacred, perhaps because he was looked upon in the light of a public benefactor. Among the Balonda he was not so well known, and he subsequently found that the idolatrous people among whom he travelled were less mindful of moral obligations than the others, although they were scrupulous in their observance of the punctilities of life. Having crossed the Leeba the party entered upon a plain at least twenty miles broad and covered with water, which was ankle-deep at the shallowest parts. Intemese, who had lingered on the farther side, where Shinte's dominions ended and his powers of commanding food from the people consequently ceased, came on reluctantly after a considerable delay, and left behind the pontoon of which he had taken charge, saying that it would be brought on by the head-man of the village : this was never done, and so a most useful article was lost. To avoid the more deeply flooded plains of Lobale, the travellers keep as close as possible to the Piri hills on the right, or east. These plains are among the greatest reservoirs of water in South Africa, and the sources of supply to many important rivers, such as the Chobe. They are perfectly level, so that the water, which falls in prodigious quantities in the rainy seasons stands there until it soaks into the boggy soil, from which it after-

wards oozes and collects in the river channels. The flooded plains look like great prairies, being covered with thick grass of a pale yellow colour, interspersed with clumps of date and other bushes ; in some places the dreary flats were gay with lotus flowers. Here, on the calm still nights, the marsh-lights dance over the quagmires, and the tortoises, crabs, and other fish-eating animals come up from the deep pools, and pass from one feeding-place to another. Here, too, the buffaloes wallow, and the hippopotami flounder through the morasses, and the water-snakes wriggle along among the rank herbage, seeking for frogs and other small reptiles, or the nest of some marsh-building bird. Some antelopes, too, are found on these watery plains, such as the water, reed, and bush-bucks, the lechwe, poku, and nakong, all of which naturally flee to swamps for protection. In pursuit of these the leopard will sometimes come prowling here by night ; and the green monkeys, when driven out of their favourite shelter among the mangroves by the river, will go chattering and screeching from one to the other of the wooded knolls, which stand out like islets, shaking their wet feet and tails, and looking round frequently for the enemies which they know are not far off. •

On! on! no rest must be taken here, or the poisonous miasma will pass into the lungs, and fever will seize upon the frame, prostrating the energies and destroying the vital powers. They are obliged

to remain one night upon an island, and are badly supplied with firewood ; the rain pours down in torrents, and they are wretched and miserable.

Then on they march again, to a ridge of dry, inhabited land, where the people, according to custom, lend them the roofs of their huts for shelter ; but again the rain comes down so copiously that their beds are flooded from below. The men turn out to make fufrows around their sleeping places, and raise the centre. In the morning, when they want to go on, Intemese says they must wait until he has sent forward to apprise Katema, a chief whose residence, he says, is near at hand, of their coming, whereas the place is two days' journey off, and he lies to obtain more rest. So, on again, through a rich and fertile country, crossing streams, and halting at villages and the towns of chiefs, one of whom, Soána Molópo, scolded because the Makololo, of whom he was afraid, had been shown so much of the Balonda country. "Shinte did well to aid the white man ; but these Makololó could not be trusted." He, however, gave them a handsome present of food. Intemese was here left behind, in a fit of the sulks, because Livingstone refused to give him an ox. Stopped by the rain, they halt at the home of Mozinkwa, an intelligent and friendly man, who, with his wife and children, are the finest negro family Livingstone had ever seen. The woman asks the missionary to bring her a cloth from the white man's country, which he promises to do, but,

alas ! on his return afterwards she is dead, the hut in ruins, and the beautiful garden a wilderness, it being the custom for a husband to abandon the spot where his wife or any near relations had died.

They next visit Quendénde, the father-in-law of Katema, and find him so polite and intelligent, that they do not regret having to spend Sunday with him. He had a great crop of wool on his head, the front being parted in the middle, and plaited into two thick rolls, which fell down behind the ears to the shoulder, the rest being gathered into a large knot, which lay on the nape of the neck. The funeral of one of his people was just over, and the drum was beating the *Barimo*, or spirits, to sleep. One of the funeral drums is kept in every village, and it is heard going at all hours of the day, this being the mode of propitiating the souls of the departed, who are looked upon as vindictive beings.

A custom here came to Livingstone's knowledge, which seemed to be prevalent among the Makololo and other tribes. Each man of a party of travellers who might come to a village and receive food, without having the means of paying for it, would adopt one of his entertainers as a comrade, and be bound to treat him with equal kindness, should occasion arise. Here is a lesson for Christians ; we may learn much even from the heathen.

Messengers arrive at the village to announce the death of a chief, named Matiamvo, who was insane, and sometimes took a fancy to kill his

people, because he said they were too numerous, and wanted thinning. When asked if human sacrifices were common with them, as had been reported, they replied that they sometimes took place, when certain charms were needed by the chief. They were astonished at the liberty allowed to the Makololo, especially that they should have oxen of their own; only their chief kept cattle. They knew that there was direct water communication between their country and Sekeletu's, for one of them asked, if he were to make a canoe and take it down, could he get a cow for it? The messengers told a good many queer stories of the dead chief, who, if he took a fancy to any particular article of great value, would order a whole village to be brought up, and exchange them for it. He would seize the entire stock of a slave-trader who visited him, then send out a party to some considerable village, to kill the head-man, and sell the rest of the inhabitants to the trader for his goods. As with the Barotse, it is a custom of this people, when a chief dies, to slaughter a number of his servants to bear him company, and yet, though they thus acknowledge the continued existence of the soul, they have no notion of another world; but imagine that it always remained near the place of sepulture, hence their dread of burial-places. When spoken to of a judgment by God, who is no respecter of persons, they replied, "We do not go up to God as you do; we are put into the ground."

Our travellers now cross the river Lotembwa, and come to the chief town of Katema, who is a tall man about forty years of age, in a snuff-coloured coat, with a broad band of tinsel down the arms; he has a helmet of brass and feathers, and carries a large fan made of the tails of gnus, those curious animals with shaggy heads, almost like bisons, and bodies which in some respect resemble both the horse and the antelope, to which family, indeed, they belong; swift as the zebras and the wild asses, they scour the desert, and are very difficult to capture or kill.' So Katema, with his fan of gnus' tails, which had charms attached to it, kept himself as cool as he could, and talked to the white man, to whom and his party he had generously given meat and fowls and eggs. "I am the great lord Katema, the fellow of Matiamvo; there is no one in this country equal to us two. I and my forefathers have always lived here, and there is the house in which my father lived. You found no human skulls near the place in which you are encamped; I never killed any of the traders—they all come to me. I am the great *Moïne* (or Lord) Katema, of whom you must have heard."

There was a tipsy kind of dignity about this exalted personage which was very amusing to see. He was not a bad fellow though, for, besides feeding the travellers well, he gave them good advice as to the route they should pursue, which was more northerly than that trodden by the slave-traders;

and better still, he sent guides to direct them on their way. He wanted a coat, as his own was growing old, and Livingstone promised to bring him one on his return from Loanda. He was a laughing philosopher, extremely fond of giving and receiving compliments, and altogether a good specimen of an African chief; but he would not listen to anything serious. He had quite a number of beautiful cows, which he had bred from a couple brought when young from the Balobale; but he did not know how to milk them, and they were so wild that when one was wanted to eat, it had to be shot. He would not see Livingstone's magic lanthorn exhibited, because he thought he might be bewitched by it. His authority was not very absolute, for some of his people, whom he offered to Livingstone as carriers, refused to go. To be sure they were only fugitives, who had come to him from other tribes, and as African chiefs always encourage this kind of immigration, as it gives them more men, he did not punish them for their disobedience. The people here are fond of singing-birds, and have canaries, wild and tame, about them; they have also very beautiful domestic pigeons. There was not much game here, nor many troublesome flies nor mosquitoes; but they had a charming collection of spiders, some of them half an inch long, and venomous. Here the leader and several of the party are down with fever, and here they have that rarity in Africa, a cold wind from the north; usually from this

quarter the winds are hottest, and cooler from the south ; but they seldom blow directly from either of these points.

Notwithstanding the fever, they leave the friendly chief, and get on their way, and reach a lake called Dilolo, which is about three miles across at its broadest part, and abounds in fish and hippopotami. Livingstone is too ill to explore it, or determine its exact position by astronomical observation, so they push on, over a large inundated flat, across which they have to feel their way as it were, wading where there is no footpath, or one to be avoided rather, because it is trodden deeper than the rest of the earth. Here they notice that the sagacious ants build their house of soft clay upon the stalks of grass, at a point above high-water mark. This they must do before the waters begin to rise, as they could not get the material to the desired spots after they have risen ; their habitations are about as large as a bean, or a man's thumb.

After leaving this inundated plain, which appears to be the water-shed between the southern and western river, the travellers enter a district in which they have to cross a succession of valleys, each with one or more deep streams, running through it, over which some rude bridges have been thrown ; others have to be swum or forded ; but even where there are bridges, they are often submerged to such a depth that those who ride on ox-back get wet to the middle. Now, too, an unpleasant custom of

demanding toll at all difficult passages of water-courses or curves of roads begins to prevail; and endless are the disputes into which they are led in consequence; many times they are denied the liberty or means of passing a certain point, until they have complied with some exorbitant demand upon their fast-decreasing property. It is no uncommon thing for a chief to say he must have a man, a gun, or an ox, as toll; the first is out of the question; the second equally so, for it would be arming enemies against themselves; and for the third, it is like parting with life, for meat has got extremely scarce, and they are much reduced from having to live chiefly on manioc and other vegetable diet. They are in a tract of country where there are no wild animals to be seen, but where the people eagerly hunt for mice and moles, and esteem such food a delicacy. They breed no oxen here, and the Makololo are astonished that the people make so little use of the fertility with which God has abundantly blessed these rich slopes and well-watered valleys. The curse of the slave-trade is upon them; they are mercenary and extortionate, lying and deceitful, demanding far more than they ought to ask, and promising in return gifts which they have no intention of giving; and so poor Livingstone, smitten down by fever, weak and wasted to a mere skeleton, with scarce strength to sit upon the wet blanket, and clinging to the band which secures it on his ox—an ill-tempered creature, which every now and

then makes an unexpected plunge into a water-course, or darts into an opening of the forest, where the thick creepers, intertwining the trees, are pretty sure to catch and bring him to the ground—is obliged to argue and negotiate, temporize and threaten, and yield up, one by one, oxen and cotton and beads, even his own scanty stock of wearing apparel, and almost every article of value he possesses, to buy his way through the obstacles set up by these inhospitable tribes, whose contact with Europeans has taken away all their simplicity of character and rendered yet more repulsive and inhuman their native savagery. If a river has to be crossed, so wide and deep that it cannot be swum, or forded even, negotiations must be entered into for the use of canoes. “A shirt or a blanket? bah! what are they? A strip of cotton? won’t do! we want a man to sell to the Mambari; we want an ox to eat; we want a gun to go slave-hunting with. Give us one of these, or you can’t pass.” Yes, but if the reward is given first, the service will not be rendered. Or, at the farther end of the bridge, deeply submerged, perhaps, is a band of savages, ready to dispute the passage unless toll is paid. And the good missionary, weak and ill as he is, almost sinking with exhaustion, rouses himself to make the necessary effort, talks to them, reasons with them, gives them all he possibly can to avoid bloodshed, which, on several occasions, seems imminent. He has to pacify his own followers, too, who,

of course, are greatly enraged at this treatment, so different from what they have experienced in their own country, where hospitality to travellers is the rule, and where little is asked or expected, beyond, perhaps, a few beads, a strip of cloth, or a bit of common metal, for the most sumptuous feast which the head-man of the village can produce.

Not unfrequently the valleys were so deeply flooded that the men were up to their chips in crossing them, and sometimes on the bridges the water was breast-high; holding on by the tails of the oxen, the travellers would make their way across as best they could. On one occasion, Livingstone lost his hold of the belt by which the blanket was fastened to the ox which he rode, and had to strike out for the opposite bank. The Makololo, who did not know he could swim, were greatly alarmed for his safety, and about twenty of them dashed in to the rescue, leaving their loose articles of apparel to float down the stream. Their joy at his escape from this danger was unmistakable, and the missionary was gratified and cheered by this proof of their devotion. After this, when the natives had tried to frighten them by telling them of the depth of the rivers, they had to cross, they would laugh and say, "We can all swim; who carried the white man across but himself?"

Day by day, week by week, month by month, the disheartened party plod on, wearily, drearily, through the morass and the river bed and the tangled forest,

oftentimes with the tall grasses two feet above the heads of those who ride the oxen, on whom the moisture, with which these grasses are laden, falls as from a shower bath. Now hot and parched with the burning fever, with the blood flowing like liquid fire through the veins; now faint and trembling, with the dreadful chill which precedes it; with the clammy perspiration breaking out all over the frame, and a weight as of tons upon the throbbing brow and aching limbs. And then there is the gnawing hunger to add to all these miseries, and the inhumanity of fellow-men. No wonder, then, that the Makololo grow mutinous, and declare they will go back; they cannot face these dangers and dreadful privations, inured as they are to the difficulties and hardships of life in a wild country. The wonder is that the cry of this brave man should be still "Onward! onward to the sea, although it be yet hundreds of miles off; we must open a way for the missionary and the trader, to those fruitful lands and those broad rivers, which will become the highways of traffic; and, above all, to those benighted souls that wait for the glad tidings of salvation."

CHAPTER XII

AT LOANDA

ON the 31st of May, 1854, Livingstone, with his faithful followers, came in sight of the Portuguese settlement called Loanda, or St. Paul de Loanda, the place taking its name from an island on which the town is partly built, and which, stretching out at some distance into the Atlantic, forms a safe and commodious harbour. This is the capital of the Portuguese settlement of Angola, once a great African kingdom, called Abonda, and was a place of much importance in the early days of maritime adventure and discovery. Sailing up the river Congo, or Zaire, the above-named people had, by treaty or conquest, obtained vast tracts of land, in which they planted crops, and established trading stations, the chief commodities obtained being ivory and slaves.

Pleasant was it to the white man, as he came down the declivity that led into the town, and saw the waters of the great wide sea sparkling in the sunshine before him, and felt the fresh breezes play

about his temples, to think that he should once more enjoy communion with educated Christian men, and the comforts of civilization. Since he parted from his family at Cape Town, and turned his face once more to the north, in June, 1852, he had been a sojourner in the forest and the wilderness, either in solitude, or with strange faces around him and strange dialects in his ears. Hungry and weary and sick, longing for rest and refreshment, he now came to the sea once more, with a great purpose partly accomplished, and a strong, unquenchable desire to complete the object of his journey, although with strength so reduced by fever and dysentery that even thought was a trouble to him, and motion inexpressibly painful. Since he had left behind him the Chiboque and the Bengala and other savage tribes, who had threatened his life and demanded his property, he had been treated at the outlying stations of the half-caste Portuguese officials and traders, with the greatest kindness and attention. By the bishop of this province, who is also governor at Loanda, he was now received in a most friendly and generous manner; the services of the Government physician were placed at the disposal of the invalid, and everything done that could be to exhibit the respect and solicitude that was felt for him. Oh, the luxury of finding himself once more upon a good English couch, after sleeping so long on the ground, and of feeling secure from the attacks of unseen enemies! Oh, the enjoyment of

fresh, clean clothing, and of good food, properly cooked and decently served ; of intellectual converse, and the habits and conveniences of civilized life ! In the house of Mr. Gabriel, British Commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade, Livingstone rested, and recruited his strength. On the 14th of June he was able to pay a visit to the friendly bishop, and as this was a state occasion, his Makololo attendants accompanied him, arrayed in new dresses of striped cotton, with red caps on their heads, of which they were as proud as peacocks. Many questions did the great man ask them of their native country, and he invited them to visit Loanda as often as they pleased :—" Loanda, that wonderful place with stone houses—not huts, but mountains, with many caves in them," as they afterwards said, when describing these wonders ; " and ships as big as houses, nay, towns, into which you must climb by a rope. These are not canoes : bah ! we thought ourselves sailors. Only the white men are sailors, that come up out of the sea, where there is no more earth ; but earth says, ' I am clean gone, dead, swallowed up, and there's nothing but water left ; ' and the ships have masts like forest trees, and white sails like smoke, or the foam of the Great Falls ; and they carry big guns, full of thunder and lightning, to put down the slave-trade with. Wonderful ! Wonderful ! " Everything they saw was wonderful to these simple people. They were afraid at first to go on board the British cruisers, lest they

should be taken away as slaves, or eaten, as they had been told on the way they would be if they ventured into Loanda. But Livingstone re-assured them by telling them that the sailors were his countrymen. So they went, and soon were on very friendly terms with the Jack Tars, who slapped them on the back, patted their woolly locks, called them "hearties," gave them junk and biscuits, tobacco and grog, and got up no end of fun for their amusement. So they called the deck the kotla, and made themselves quite at home. During their stay at Loanda, they were not idle altogether; they cut firewood in the outskirts, and sold it in the town, and were engaged to unship a cargo of coals. But after working at it for a month they left off, declaring that the ship contained no end of the stones which burn. With the result of their labours they were able to make considerable purchases of cloth, beads, and other articles, to take back to their own country. The copper and iron rings, and almost everything they possessed of ornament or utility, had been parted with to the exacting savages who barred their way to the coast, and they were glad of this opportunity of obtaining a fresh stock of valuables.

Livingstone was strongly pressed by the captain of a British cruiser to recruit his health by a sea voyage to St. Helena; but although the offer tempted him strongly, for home and all that was dear to him lay in that direction, yet he refused. He could not leave his faithful Makololo, he must take them

safely back again, if God so willed ; and he must prosecute his design of establishing missions, and opening ways for lawful commerce into the interior ; yet greatly did he require a change of climate, and a long period of repose. The strong man of iron will and nerve was yet weak as a child. In August he had a return of the fever, which had for some time left him, and was again reduced to a mere skeleton ; but from this he soon recovered, and was glad to find that the lassitude which had hitherto prostrated his energies had left him. On looking about Loanda, he found it to be nothing more nor less than a great convict establishment—that is, as far as the European inhabitants are concerned ; most of them had been sent into exile for some political or other offence against the laws ; they are, however, greatly out-numbered by the blacks and half-castes ; there are 9,000 of the former, of whom 5,000 are slaves.

But little religious instruction among the natives seems to be attempted ; the convents of the Jesuits, who were formerly zealous teachers here, are now waste and tenantless. Sugar and rice and cotton, and most other tropical products, might be cultivated with great success, but the curse of slavery seems to rest like a blight upon every useful branch of commercial enterprise ; the wild excitement and horrible greed fostered by this lawless traffic in human beings seems to possess every mind, so that there are few, who will engage in the calmer pursuits

of agriculture or manufacturing industry. Livingstone noticed that the cotton-plant was growing wild all about, and wasting its silky filaments; that indigo and coffee, and other valuable products, might be had almost for the gathering; and that several sugar and other manufactories which he visited were not so successful as they might be if more spirit and capital were thrown into their management; and he sighed over the folly and inhumanity of man, in neglecting the bounteous gifts of God, and exercising cruelty and oppression on his fellows.

Gathering up his strength for another effort, he left Loanda on the 20th of September, 1854, passing round by sea to the mouth of the river Bengo, and so up that river through a district well adapted for the growth of the sugar-cane. Mosquitoes abound on the Bengo, or Senza, as it is sometimes called, more than elsewhere, and they are glad to get away from it. Advancing eastward, they reach higher ground, and enter upon a fine level road, adorned with a plant, named *bolcamaria*, which has a beautiful red blossom; the markets, or public sleeping-places here, are well supplied with provisions, and the native women are mostly engaged in spinning with a spindle and distaff, precisely like those used by the ancient Egyptians. In the market-place, good cotton is sold at one penny per pound; and very good table knives, made of country iron, for twopence each. Labour is cheap: handicraftsmen may be hired for fourpence a day, and agriculturists for two-

pence ; what need then of slaves? Livingstone now turns aside through Cazenzo, a district famous for the abundance and excellence of its coffee, the produce of real Mocha seed, first planted here by the Jesuits. Then accompanied by the Commandant of Cazenzo, he proceeds down the river Lucalla to Massangano, situated on a very fertile tongue of land between the Lucalla and the Coanza, the latter being a noble stream, about 150 yards wide. Here are the ruins of a large iron foundry, established in 1768, as a private enterprise, now partly worked by the Government, which pays its native workmen, not in coin, but a kind of fish called *cacusu*. Along the banks of the Lucalla, maize, manioc, and tobacco are cultivated, the latter sometimes growing to the height of eight feet, and having thirty-six leaves on a single plant. Fires are frequent here ; if one should consume the whole town, no record of it would be left, there being not a single inscribed stone in it, although it has two churches and the ruins of two convents, and an hospital. On the north side of the Coanza are lands belonging to a tribe called Quisamas, or Kisamas, which the Portuguese have never been able to subdue, owing to the scarcity of water in their country ; the reservoirs of which are formed in the trunks of the baobab trees, and when the natives retreat before an enemy, the supply is let out. This country produces much salt, which is a considerable article of commerce with its people.

There is another independent tribe, living amid

the mountain ranges not far from Massangano, called Libollo. Fowls, with the feathers curled upward, were observed here, this being a provision of nature, to protect them from the intense heat of the sun; the natives call them *kisafu*; the Portuguese, *arripiada*, "shivering." Returning to Golungo Alto, where he had left some of his men, Livingstone finds several of them laid up with fever; but they are cheerful and courageous yet, or their words belie them, for they say, "It is well you came with Makololo, for no tribe could have done what we have, in coming to the white man's country, we are the true ancients who can tell wonderful things." There were three very obstinate cases, and one of these, when delirious, said to his companions, "Farewell, I am called away by the gods," and he set off at the top of his speed; but he was caught before he had run a mile, and gently bound, to confine him, and prevent mischief. Instances of this kind had been noticed by the missionary before.

Waiting for his sick followers at Golungo Alto, Livingstone visits a deserted convent at Bango, a few miles to the west of this place; he learns that the Jesuits, and other Catholic missionaries, as the Capuchins, had, while there, diligently attended to the instruction of the people, but had produced no permanent effect, because they had not given them the Scriptures. They had been supplanted by other teachers, whose political opinions were more in accordance with the Portuguese Government, and these

had been allowed to die out, so that there were now no Christian ministrations in the place. The Sova, or chief Banga, received him in considerable state, having his councillors, etc., although he is subordinate to the dominant European power. The people are very much divided into classes, the highest being the councillors of the chief, who levies fines and inflicts penalties pretty much as he likes; and the lowest class, that is of the free men, for the slaves have no recognised position. There are gentlemen and little gentlemen in this complex society, and the former, although black as ebony, speak of themselves as white men, and the others, who may not wear shoes, as "blacks," and look upon them with contempt, although they themselves, for this privilege which they enjoy of wearing shoes, have to pay a fine to the chief.

There is here a fraternity of Freemasons, into which none are admitted who cannot shoot well; their outward distinction is a fillet of buffalo hide round the head. Being trustworthy and active, they are much employed as messengers, and are the most valuable soldiers in time of war, when the militia are of little use; these last are idle and intemperate, they are chiefly supported by their wives, and they spend much of their time in drinking *mólóva*, a kind of palm-toddy. They act as police, and guard the residences of commandants, stores, etc.

The chief recreations of these people of the Bango country appear to be marriages and funerals, both

of which they celebrate with much pomp, noise, and debauchery: to pay the expense of these celebrations they frequently impoverish themselves for years. Ask a man to sell you a pig, he will tell you he must keep it in case any of his friends should die. Ask another why he is drunk, he will perhaps give what would generally be considered a valid reason: "Why, my mother is dead." Very litigious are these Bango folk; if one can but say of an enemy, "I took him before the court," he is delighted. These, and many other things, did our traveller observe during his enforced sojourn in the place, which Livingstone was glad to leave on the 14th of December, being anxious to take back his Makololo, and to prosecute his researches. He had sold the ivory with which Sekeletu entrusted him to great advantage, and the produce of this, and the presents sent to the chief by the Governor and merchants of Loanda, such as a horse, colonel's uniform, two donkeys, and specimens of articles of trade, added greatly to the responsibility of his charge, so he pushed on as fast as he could, which was not very fast, owing to the weakness of his invalids, on whom the sudden changes of temperature had produced a bad effect.

Crossing two small rivers, the Caloi and the Quango, they reach Ambaca; they then and there pass over the Lucalla, and make a detour to the south for the purpose of visiting the famous rocks, of Pungo Andongo; they rise in columnar masses

to the height of 300 feet or more, and in their midst stands the village, approached only by narrow defiles, which a small body of troops might defend against an army. This was the stronghold of the Jinga tribe, who originally possessed the country. The Portuguese consider it a very unhealthy spot, so that banishment to its black rocks is a worse sentence than transportation to any other country. It is, however, in reality, one of the most healthy parts of Angola; it has pure water, a light soil, an open and undulating country, generally sloping down towards the river Coanza, which thirty leagues below Pungo Andongo reaches Cambambe.

There is a king of Congo, to whom the Jinga formerly paid an annual tribute in cowries, and who on their refusing to continue this, gave over their island to the Portuguese, who thus commenced their dominion in this part of Africa. This prince, who is professedly a Christian, still retains the nominal title of Lord of Angola, the European governor of which province he addresses as a vassal when writing to him. On the death of one who holds this high office, the body is kept wrapped up in cloth cerements until a priest can come from Loanda to consecrate his successor. There are twelve churches in the kingdom of Congo, the fruits of a mission established long since at St. Salvador. They are kept in partial repair by the people, but are not the centres of Christian civilization which they ought to be.

CHAPTER XIII

BACK TO LINYINTÉ

ON New Year's Day, 1855, the party is again in motion; leaving the black rocks behind, and shaping its course to Cassange along the right bank of the Coanza, through a rich, pastoral country. At the confluence of this river with the Lombe they leave it, and proceed in the north country direction to the village of Malange, where the path of the former journey is struck, keeping to which they come to Sanza and Tala Mungongo. Here they meet long lines of carriers bringing from the interior bees' wax and elephants' tusks for the merchants of Angolo, and of the natives they purchase fowls at the low price of a penny each.

On the fifteenth they descend from the heights of Tala Mungongo to the valley of Cassange, whose rivulets are now dry; but there is plenty of brackish water in the Lui and the Luare, and the fast ripening fruit of the palms, and the wild dates, and the *guavas* quench the thirst with their acid juices. The edible mussel, whose shells exist in all the alluvial

beds of the old rivers, as far as Kuruman, is here too; and a black lark, with yellow shoulders and a long tail, whose feathers are eagerly sought by the natives as plumes, floats over the grasses, with its tail in a perpendicular position; while the *lehututu*, a large bird resembling a turkey, utters the curious cry from which its name is derived, and goes on with its work of insect-killing.

At Cassange, which is next reached, they find the people a prey to the most degrading superstitions, notwithstanding their partial intercourse with white men: to cure a sick child a diviner is called in, who throws his dice, and works himself into a state of ecstasy, in which he pretends to communicate with the Barimo, or Great Spirit, a dim notion of a supreme being, which all people, the most benighted, seem to have. His fee for this divination is a slave, but he receives instead a brisk application of a couple of sticks to his back by the father of the child, who has no faith in his incantations; the mother rushes away, and commences the doleful wail of one who sorrows without hope, while as an accompaniment, her female companions elicit screeching sounds from an instrument constructed of caoutchouc. A woman is accused by her brother-in-law of being the cause of his sickness, and to prove her innocence offers to take the ordeal, that is, drink the infusion of a poisonous tree; if the stomach rejects it, she is considered innocent, if not, she dies, and that is a proof of guilt. If an accusation of witchcraft is made,

this is the mode of trial ; hundreds thus perish yearly in this valley of Cassange. The same superstitious ideas prevail all through the tribes who live north of the Zambesi, and seem to indicate a community of origin. That the souls of the departed still mingle with the living, and partake of their food ; that these spirits desire to take the living away from earth, and all its enjoyments ; and that in sickness it is necessary to appease them with sacrifices of fowls and goats, and even sometimes of human beings ; that in case of murder or manslaughter, a sacrifice must be made to quiet the spirit of the victim ; that charms must be employed to avert the dangers which encompass them, these are common articles of belief ;—shadows which nothing but the pure light of the Gospel will dissipate. How did the heart of the missionary yearn towards these poor, benighted heathens, whom he would fain teach better things. “How fearful,” he says, “is the contrast between this inward gloom and the brightness of the outer world, between the undefined terrors of the spirit and the peace and beauty that pervade the scenes around me. I have often thought, in travelling through this land, that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld, in still mornings, scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in an atmosphere of delicious warmth, to which the soft breeze imparts a pleasing sensation of coolness, as if from a fan. Green, grassy meadows the cattle feeding, the goats

browsing, the kids skipping, the groups of herdboys, with miniature bows, arrows, and spears; the women wending their way to the river, with watering-pots poised jauntily on their heads; men sewing under the shady bananas; and the old grey-headed fathers sitting on the ground, with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry branches to repair their hedges. Such scenes, flooded with the bright African sun, and enlivened by the songs of the birds before the heat of the day becomes intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten."

The Ambakistas, with whom the travellers came in contact on the eastern side of the Quango, are sometimes called the Jews of Angola, although they have nothing of the Jew about them except his subtlety and intelligence; they are shrewd men of business, and are much employed as clerks and writers, their penmanship being characterized by a feminine delicacy which is much esteemed among the Portuguese; they are the beaueclerks of the African tribes, having generally a pretty good knowledge of the history and laws of Portugal, that being, however, the only European country of which they do know anything.

The deleterious effect of the traffic in an inferior kind of spirit was painfully manifest among the people who had been brought most closely in contact with the so-called civilized race; casks of this liquor were constantly passing to the independent chiefs beyond the Quango, out of which the bearers

helped themselves by means of straws, and made good the deficiency with water. Sometimes it was conveyed in demijohns with padlocks on the corks, and these were carried off bodily, which, apart from its being an act of robbery, was not a circumstance to be regretted.

Now the rain comes down again: in truth "it raineth every day," and to meet the drenched travellers, out from his village comes the chief, Sansawe. He asks if they have seen the *Moene Put*,—"King of the white men, or Portuguese," and graciously intimates that he will come again in the evening to receive his dues, which he does in great state, mounted on the shoulders of his spokesmen, which excites much laughter among the Makololo. He presents a couple of cocks to Livingstone, and expects a far more valuable present in return; but he gets only, as a token of friendship, a pannakin of coarse powder, two iron spoons, and two yards of printed calico,* with a lecture on the impolicy of levying black-mail upon travellers through his dominions. The Portuguese traders, who now accompanied Livingstone, had to watch their native bearers very closely to see that they did not make off with the goods; salt was one of the articles they carried, and this became lighter as they went along, being, as they said, very liable to melt; a self-evident truth. Having to be so much in the water, often indeed sleeping in it, brought on Livingstone an attack of rheumatic fever, which forced him to lay by for

eight days, tossing on a sleepless bed, made up like a grave in a country churchyard, with grass on the top; here, covered with his little tent, with nothing but drip and drizzle around him, with aching head and racked limbs he tossed and turned about, scarcely conscious of what was going on, until, by the gentle remedy of a dozen leeches to the nape of the neck and loins, applied by a kindly Portuguese, he obtained partial relief; but he was much too weak to move on, and now arose another difficulty. The head-man of the village near-by had received a blow on the mouth from one of the missionary's followers, and this insult must be paid for; five pieces of cloth and a gun was given as an atonement; but this would not do; help from all the surrounding villages was called in to avenge the affront, and the matter really began to look serious; the more concessions the travellers made, the more the natives clamoured and demanded, until Livingstone resolved that he would yield no more, and ill and weak as he was, led his party forth, grim and ghastly, with his six-barrelled revolver in his hand; his appearance frightened his opponents, who had already made an attack upon the party, and the chief exclaimed, "Oh, I have only come to speak to you, and wish peace." When told to go away to his village, he expressed a fear of being shot in the back. So the doctor mounted his ox, and left him to carry out his peaceable intentions with his friends.

Their progress for awhile was very slow, seven miles being about the extent travelled on each day, when they moved on, which was not above one-third of the time, two-thirds being consumed in stoppages occasioned by sickness, or the necessity for seeking food.

The Portuguese, who bore the party company, were the bearers of large presents for Matiamvo, whom their countrymen desired to propitiate, and one of them had eight good-looking women chained together; when Livingstone was talking to the chief, they appeared to feel deeply their degraded position, and the missionary's heart bled for them, but he could not interfere then.

They crossed the Loange, and several other rivers, which were observed to flow in deeper valleys than they did at the parts crossed in the former passage. At length the rain ceased, and there was a fall in the temperature; the people amid whom they now were had a more slender form, and were of a lighter olive colour than those they had lately been accustomed to see. They had singular modes of dressing the hair; some ladies had a hoop, which encircled the head, from which the hair radiated like the rays of a star or spokes of a wheel, so as to form a kind of nimbus, or glory, such as we see on old paintings of saints and the Virgin Mary; others wear a kind of helmet of woven hair and hide, with a long fringe of buffaloes' tails hanging down behind; others weave their own hair on pieces of hide into the

form of a pair of buffalo's horns, which stick out on either side of the head ; while yet others have but a single horn projecting in front ; all of them no doubt considering this to be in exquisite taste. But in the matter of head-dresses, civilized Europe can hardly afford to laugh at uncivilized Africa ; the latter is as yet innocent of the monstrous chignon.

The travellers now make a detour to the southward, for the same reasons, which impel people with us to go to Wales, or the Channel Islands, viz., to get cheaper provisions ; they are now more out of the track of the slave-traders, and they find the natives more timid and civil. Some of the young men are great dandies here ; they are covered with ornaments, and the oil with which their hair is soaked drops upon their shoulders ; some are constantly strumming a musical instrument, and some never go out without a gun, or bows-and-arrows ; the one wishes to appear musical, the other warlike, neither of which they really are. Well, we must not blame them too harshly, as people nearer home do the like. These warlike gentlemen wear a piece of hide for every enemy they have killed, or say they have. And they have bird-fanciers there, too, who carry canaries about in pretty cages ; and ladies with lap-dogs, which they will by-and-bye eat. Our ladies do not exhibit their affection for canine pets in that way, at all events, nor do they eat moles and mice, as, in the absence of other animal food, these people do ; the traps set for "such small deer" may be seen

everywhere in the woods, with which the villages are generally surrounded. Up on the roofs of the huts fly the cackling hens, to lay their eggs in the baskets provided for them there, and when any travellers arrive, there is much noisy offering of these and other articles of food, and chaffering and haggling by men, women, and children, but all with the greatest civility and good temper.

Now on through the zigzag forest paths, beset with climbing plants, through which a way has often to be cut, and sometimes bitten; for the carriers, after tugging at the lithe yet tough stems that bar their progress, apply their teeth to them, and so break through the obstruction. Thus, slowly toiling on, they reach another river, abounding in crocodiles and hippopotami. Then they get among bogs, surrounded by clumps of straight evergreen trees; bogs on whose slimy surfaces the prismatic tints are exhibited, telling of their ferruginous origin. The river glens are green and shady, a few feathered songsters enliven the solitude, and there is a chattering and humming all about, which tells of insect life; but the level plateaux between the rivers are bare and dreary enough, presenting scarcely any signs of animated existence.

More streams, and yet more; the Kanesi and the Fombeji are crossed, and they reach Cabango, on the banks of the Chihombo. They are coming into a more densely populated part of the country where provisions are cheap and plentiful; four per-

sons can be well fed upon vegetable and animal food at the rate of about a penny a day, paid in cloth or beads. Hear this, O miserable starvelings of St. Giles! Hear this, famished operatives, working half-time, or no time at all; and Dorsetshire labourers, who manage to feed and clothe and house a wife and seven children upon ten or twelve shillings a week!

Cabango is a considerable town, of some two hundred native huts, and several real square houses, constructed of poles, with grass woven between; in these dwell the half-caste Portuguese, who act as agents for the Cassange traders. One of Matiamvo's subordinate chiefs is ruler here; he rejoices in the name of Muanzanza. No business could be transacted in the village for four days, because a person had died there, and the funeral obsequies would occupy that time. So Livingstone, who is now much better, employs the time in writing up his journal.

In Matiamvo's well-peopled country there is little or no trade; what there is consists of an exchange of calico, salt, gunpowder, coarse earthenware, and beads, for ivory and slaves. There are no cattle, except a herd kept by the chief, to supply him with meat; he is mild in his government, and more just than African chiefs generally are. We are now among the Balorua, who are better looking than the people nearer the coast; they are a sprightly, vivacious people, spending their time chiefly in gossip, and marriage and funeral ceremonies, at the

latter of which they are most merry and uproarious, probably to conceal their grief, which they manage to do most effectually. The women do not file or discolour their teeth, and many of them would be really pretty if they did not greatly expand the nostrils by inserting pieces of wood into the cartilage of the nose.

The travellers wish to strike out to the S.E., to visit an old friend, Katema, and Muanzánza lets them hire a guide, who insists upon giving pay for himself and his father too, beforehand; he goes with them one day's journey, and then coolly leaves them to get on as they can, with his unearned wages on his back in the shape of cotton. They manage pretty well without him, meeting with much kindness from the southern Balonda people, who are out of the track of the slavers, and consequently less sophisticated and mercenary. At the village of a chief named Bango they kill a cow, and offer him a leg, but he informs them that neither he nor his people eat meat of that kind, for they look upon cattle as human, living as it does at home among them. Cattle, too, they say, bring enemies and cause war; then why have cattle? The rivers here do not flow in deep channels, as they do more to the north, and oftentimes to the south, nor are the grasses so tall and luxuriant; the country is flat, suitable for cultivation, and game begins again to be plentiful; so that to refuse ox-flesh is no great privation, although Livingstone says there is no flesh like it.

either for flavour or nutriment. Bango, however, did not object to buffaloes' flesh, when it was brought to him, with other fruits of the chase, by tributary chiefs.

Bango is now left behind, and the river Loembwe reached and passed; then came bogs and gloomy forests, where the frequent idols, and little sheds with pots of medicine in them, attest the superstition of the people, who are generally mild and inoffensive, although Livingstone here saw the only instance of unarmed men striking each other he had ever known. They will quarrel and swear with frightful volubility, and having in this way let off the steam, will generally finish with a hearty laugh, whether at themselves or their opponents cannot be told. Clothing is here eagerly sought for by the women, who are mostly naked, they are delighted to get for a fowl and twenty pounds of meal a piece of cloth about two feet long. "See," they say, holding up their babies to excite compassion, "the fire is their only clothing by night." But at first sight of the white man they run away screaming with fear, or cautiously peep at him from behind walls and round corners, snatching up their babes, and making off when he approaches, as do the dogs, with their tails between their legs, as though they had seen a lion; they make of him a hobgoblin to frighten naughty children, just as ignorant people among us would a black man, simply because he is far removed from their standard of beauty.

It is now the second of June, and our party have reached the village of Kawawa, consisting of about fifty huts; a great hullibaloo was going on over the body of a dead man. Drums were beating, and women were making a clamorous wail at the door of the hut where the dead man lay, and addressing him as if he were alive. Early in the morning a person fantastically dressed with a great number of feathers, had gone away into the forest, and he, who represented one of the Barimo, or gods, would return in the evening to take part in the jollification. It was all very much like an Irish wake, only more picturesque and less quarrelsome.

Strangely familiar to Livingstone must have looked a jug of English ware, which the chief Kawawa showed him as the greatest curiosity he could produce! it must have carried his thoughts back to the old country, with its myriad forms and forces of manufacturing industry, exhibiting scenes so different from those he was now witnessing. Thinking that the pictures of his magic-lanthorn might amuse, if it did not instruct the people in some of the ways and works of civilization, he had an exhibition, at which all were greatly delighted, except the chief, who was frightened, and several times started up to run away, but he being in the front rank could not for the press behind him. Kawawa heard that to the Chibouque had been given an ox, as the price of a passage through their country, so he thought he might as well try his hand at a similar exaction; so when

the party were ready to start, he demanded not only an ox, but a gun with some powder, and a black robe that had taken his fancy; if this were refused, he must have a man and a book which would tell him if his paramount lord, Matiamvo, ever resolved to cut off his head. He told Livingstone very coolly that he had seen all his goods, and if his demands were not complied with, he would prevent the party from passing the Kasai river. "Never," replied the missionary, "will I have it said that a white man paid tribute to a black. I will cross the Kasai in spite of you." Kawawa had gathered his followers all around, and matters looked very threatening; but Livingstone presented a bold front, reassured his panic-stricken attendants, and with his goods moved on to the river. But the ferrymen had been ordered to refuse a passage, and took away their canoes, leaving them helpless on the banks. However, the quick eye of a Makololo had noted where the canoes were hidden, safe, as it was supposed, amid the reeds; and when it became dark, he and some more of his countrymen swam to the spot, quietly abstracted the boats, and before dawn the whole party were safely across, to the great astonishment of Kawawa's people, who shouted out, "Ah, ye are bad!" to which the Makololo replied, "Ah, ye are good! and we thank you for the loan of your canoes!"

We must now pass over the incidents of the rest of the journey back to Linyante, where they arrived

at the end of the winter season, that is, in August and were welcomed with every demonstration of joy. Livingstone found that the goods which he had left at Sekeletu's were perfectly safe, as were a quantity of things sent by Moffat for his son-in-law. A party of Matabele had brought the packages to the south bank of the river, and as the Makololo would not touch them for fear they might contain witchcraft medicine, they had left them there; but after a while the Makololo had so far overcome their superstitious terror as to convey them to an island in the middle of the stream, and build a hut over to protect them from the weather; and gladly, we may be sure, did the good missionary peruse the letters and papers they contained, although the dates were older than they should have been, and the public news was somewhat stale. It was probably new to him, cut off for so long a time from communication with Europe and *home*.

CHAPTER XIV

AT THE GREAT FALLS

THE next step to be taken was the subject of long and anxious deliberations between Livingstone, Sekeletu, and his people. It seemed unlikely that an available road could be opened to the west coast, and the thoughts of the traveller turned naturally to the east,—towards Tette, the most inland station of the Portuguese; or Zanzibar, on the Mozambique channel. If the former course were decided on, the river Zambesi might be rendered available for water carriage a great part of the way. A “picho,” or national council, was called, to discuss the advisability of a removal from Linyante to the Barotse valley, so that they might be nearer to the market, now rendered accessible to them, and which the presents from Loanda, and goods procured by the sale of their ivory, made them eager to have within reach. It is true the horse presented to the Makololo chief by the governor of Loanda had died on the way, and a pair of donkeys, intended also for him, had to be left in an exhausted state

at Naliele, where their music startled the inhabitants more than if they had been lions. But the colonel's uniform came safely to hand, as did the many other articles of use and ornament; the uniform excited the unbounded admiration of the chief and his people. There was a very animated discussion of this question of removal; some were very unwilling to abandon the line of defence against the dreaded Matabele, formed by the rivers Chobe and Zambesi; then in the Barotse valley there is much fever when the annual inundation subsides; it is a good cattle station, for there is no tsetse there, where the oxen breed faster than elsewhere. "But the grass is so long," say the young men, "we cannot run fast, and it never grows cool in that valley." Then the chief stood up, and said, "I am quite satisfied that we ought to go there to be nearer to Loanda; but with whom shall I live? You," addressing Livingstone, "are going away to the white men's country, to bring Ma-Robert. Come back with her, and wherever you wish to dwell, there you will find me," and Sekeletu no doubt spoke from his heart; he had a real liking for the good missionary, and he saw the advantage of having him always at hand as a friend and counsellor, and, if needs be, a protector against enemies. The wonderful stories which the people related of what they had seen on the way and at Loanda; how, sick and weak as Livingstone was, he had made friends, or frightened or outwitted enemies, and how the white men "at the end of the world,

where there was no more land," respected and loved him; all these reports had greatly raised Livingstone in the chief's estimation, and especially his disposal of his ivory to so much greater advantage than he expected. Then he could teach him how to extract the sweet juices from the sugar-cane, and make it an article of profit, and a number of other things, calculated to make the Makololo rich and prosperous. His medical knowledge, too, how useful that was! and all sorts of knowledge which he possessed. "Oh, he must go, but not yet; not until the rainy season commences, and the air becomes cooler; he must go, and come back again, with a sugar-mill, all kinds of handsome clothing, especially a mohair coat, a good rifle, beads, brass wire, and any other beautiful things that he may find in his own country."

So said the chief, anxious for his departure that he might be the sooner back, yet not willing that he should risk travelling in this terrible heat, with the temperature up to 138° in the sun, and in the shade but thirteen degrees less. So he supplied all his wants abundantly, and made much of him, and carefully selected two of his best men for guides, when he should set forth, and did everything in his power to make his stay pleasant, and his journey safe and successful. Pleasant, however, it could hardly be; much as Livingstone pitied these poor people, and desired to do them good, he could not help feeling a sad sinking of heart, and an utter loathing of their

heathenish ways and manners. At this season during the day they kept very much in their huts, which were cool compared with the temperature without; but towards evening, when the glare of the sun was not so intolerable, they came forth, many of them half maddened with the beer, or boyaloo, which they had been drinking, and then ensued such a crossfire of banter and raillery, with shouts of laughter and yells, and shrieks, and antic-dancing, as made the scene a pandemonium, and sleep out of the question. The women applauded all this with clapping of hands, and the men who were too old to take an active part in the mad revelry pronounced it "very fine."

Here, however, in this central region of South Africa, Livingstone sees before him a promising field of missionary operation. There are no actual impediments offered to instruction, as there are among the tribes nearer the coast, whom it is to the interest of the slave-trader to keep in a state of ignorance, and incite to war among themselves, or upon tribes farther in the interior. The chiefs and head-men of these alluvial plains and valleys are pleased to have an European visitor, or, better still, resident in their territory; by them his property is respected, and his life is an object of great solicitude. Any missionary station planted among them would be cared for, and protected to the extent of their power, and they would listen to instructors who could teach them so many useful arts, while imparting religious knowledge. No doubt the prevalence of fever, caused by

the malarious exhalations, drawn by the heat of the sun from the decay of the exuberant growth of vegetation produced by the rich moist soil, is a sad drawback ; but this may be avoided by choosing a site somewhat elevated ; and even in the low grounds there is a whole or partial absence of other diseases, such as consumption, scrofula, small-pox, measles, hydrocephalus, epilepsy, cholera, or cancer, etc. These are counterbalancing advantages, which should be taken into account, and which were seen and acknowledged by Livingstone, whose sufferings from fever are scarcely a fair criterion of what other Europeans might expect. He was constantly travelling, most usually in the rainy season, sleeping on the damp ground month after month, exposed to drenching showers, and having his lower extremities thoroughly wetted two or three times a day, in crossing rivers or wading through bogs ; often living on manioc roots and meal only, and exposed to the direct rays of the burning sun. The wonder is that he lived through it all, and made such journeys and discoveries. And now he is about to set forth again, this time in an easterly direction, to follow as closely as he may the course of the Zambesi, and see what facilities that great river affords for opening up the heart of South Africa to Christianity and commerce.

It was the 27th of October, 1855, when the first continuous rain of the season begins to fall, when he and his party made ready for their departure, and on the 3rd of November they set out, accompanied by

Sekeletu and two hundred of his Makololo. The mother of the chief had prepared for Livingstone a bag of ground-nuts fried in cream, with a little salt, which is considered a great delicacy; and Mamire, her second husband, made a farewell speech, expressive of hope for his safety, and quick return with his wife, Ma-Robert, whose coming to dwell among them they all seemed greatly to desire. So the cavalcade set out as it had done before, with Livingstone for a leader, and the friendly chief bearing him company on the way with a numerous escort. Towards night they have a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, and drenching rain, which wets the missionary to the skin; his clothes have gone forward, so he cannot change them, and Sekeletu gives him his own blanket to sleep on, going without himself, an act of kindness of which few savages would be capable; afterwards, he presents him with twelve oxen and hoes, and beads, etc., sufficient to purchase a canoe when they should reach the Zambesi, beyond the celebrated Mosi-oa-tunya, or "Smoke-resounding," Falls, which, after travelling for about a fortnight, they were now approaching. These falls, which are described as larger and more magnificent than Niagara, are caused by a deep fissure in the hard black basaltic rock which forms the bed of the river, into which the mighty volume of water suddenly leaps, down a sheer descent of unknown depth, with tremendous sound and a shaking of the earth which can be heard and felt many miles away. The river

is here about 1860 yards wide, flowing from north to south, and the crack in its bed, caused by some great convulsion of nature, lies right across it, being about as long as the stream is wide. The width of the crack, at its narrowest part, is eighty yards. So into this tremendous chasm, which has been plumbed to twice the depth of the Niagara Falls, plunges that mile-wide sheet of water, a spectacle the most sublime, perhaps, that this earth affords. On the verge of this awful precipice, and in the midst of the rushing water, dividing it into two nearly equal streams, stands Garden Island, a little spot of ground which, by skilful paddling, may be approached in a canoe, and looking from thence down the sheer descent of that crystal wall, one may see nearly half a mile of water, collected in a channel from twenty to thirty yards wide, flowing to the left, at exactly right angles to its previous course, while the other portion of the fall flows to the right. These two streams meet midway in a boiling whirlpool, and dash off, foaming and seething, through another rocky fissure, at right angles to the crack down which they first were precipitated, and from the eastern end of which this outlet is about 1170 yards, but not more than 600 from its western end. Through this narrow escape channel, which does not appear to be more than twenty or thirty yards wide, the Zambesi rushes southward, for about the distance of 130 yards, when it enters a second chasm, somewhat deeper and nearly parallel with the first. The eastern half of

this great chasm is left dry, and has large trees growing in it, while the volume of water goes steadily off to the west, forming a promontory, which has at its point the second escape channel, about 1170 yards long, and 416 broad at the base ; after reaching which, the river turns abruptly round the head of another promontory, flowing away to the east, through a third chasm ; it then glides round a third promontory, and away back to the west by a fourth chasm ; and in the distance it seems to round yet another promontory, and bend once more back to the east in a fifth chasm. There has been no wearing away of the rocks by the long-continued action of waters here, as at the great American Falls ; but right throughout the course of this gigantic zigzag they are so sharply cut and angular that it can at once be seen that the hard basalt has been broken into their present form by a force acting from beneath, how many ages since no one can tell ; but, as Livingstone conjectures, it was probably done when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.

From the different promontories, views may be obtained of the falls under varying aspects, all agreeing in the one element of sublime grandeur ; but perhaps there is no finer than from Garden Island, where the whole body of water rolls clean over, quite unbroken, but after a descent of ten or more feet the whole mass suddenly assumes the appearance of a mighty snowdrift ; portions of it, like comets with streaming

tails, leaping off in every direction, twisting and whirling in a mad dance that dazzles the eye and makes the brain giddy to look upon; clouds of these aqueous comets, invested in finer spray, rush up in columns, as it were of steam, to the height of 200 or 300 feet; they may be seen at the Batoka village, Moachemba, about twenty miles off, and it is from these, and the sounds like thunder which may be heard as far as they can be seen, that the name Mosi-oa-tunya, or "Smoke-resounding," has been applied to the falls. This vapour, becoming condensed, falls in constant showers upon the evergreen trees upon the island and banks, from whose leaves the heavy drops roll like globules of quicksilver, and form rivulets, which, running down the face of the rock, are licked off their perpendicular beds by the uprising column, and sent again into the air, to be again returned in showers upon the trees, and again thwarted in their efforts to find the level of the main stream, that goes rushing and roaring in the narrow escape-channels, or gliding with a smoothness that indicates the vast depths of the hollows which receive it, round the tree-covered promontories, on which one can stand and view the amazing spectacle. When the morning sun gilds these smoke-like columns, double and treble rainbows flash and coruscate about them. In the evening there is a yellow sulphurous haze, as if from the mouth of the bottomless pit. "Have you any smoke-resoundings in your country?" was one of the first questions put by Sebituane to the first white

man he ever saw ; and he again asked, " What causes the smoke to rise so far out of the water ? " ° This was in 1851, when Livingstone, with Oswell, approached the falls, within two days' journey ; but it was not until now, in 1855, that he beheld them, and he was obliged to confess, that of all the wonders of the lands he had visited, he had seen no such stupendous spectacle as this, and there is no doubt that he was the first European who had ever gazed on it. He did not, on this occasion, make a lengthened examination of the falls, for Sekeletu and his 200 followers were with him, and these could not be detained the necessary time ; besides, he wanted to explore this eastern route as closely as possible. In 1860 he again visited the spot, and made a careful examination of the falls. This was at the end of a drought, and the river was then at its lowest, but his brother, Charles Livingstone, who was with him, and had seen Niagara, gave the palm to Mosi-oa-tunya. At flood, the volume of waters here must greatly exceed that of the American fall ; and the tortuous course of the channel, the many deep chasms into which the current leaps, the numerous points of view from which it may be seen, and the effects produced, are so strange and startling, that it must ever be an object of wonder and reverential awe. One is not surprised to learn that the ancient Batoka chieftains considered Garden Island and Boaruka, another small island farther west, and also on the verge of the descent, as sacred spots for worshipping the deity, of

whose existence they had some misty and confused consciousness. Under these cloudy columns lighted up with brilliant rainbows, upon ground that seemed to rock and tremble, and with this ceaseless rush and roar in their ears, they might surely here, if anywhere, realize the presence of an omnipotent Being, and tremble at His majesty and power.

Short as was his first visit to the place, Livingstone endeavored to turn to account the moisture that fell from the columns of watery vapour, by planting some fruit trees, which he hoped might here obtain nourishment and thrive, and which he charged his Makololo friends to hedge about, and protect from the hippopotami, which it was plain sometimes came to the spot. On his second visit he found that the trees had been destroyed, as he feared they would be, by the great river-horses, that venture so near the edge of the falls, that the wonder is that they are not carried over, as it is likely they sometimes are, although the current above is very calm and smooth, giving no indication of the tremendous leap it is about to take into the abyss that has so strangely opened across its way. On the other side of this abyss there is the promontory, or tongue of land, which forces it into a zigzag course, on the same level as the banks of the river, and beyond that another, another, and yet another promontory, all covered with herbage and trees. It is as if one had taken a piece of forest land, and divided it into triangles, the base of one corresponding with the apex of another, so that there

should be a continuous channel between, through which the water, poured into it from above, should flow alternately from east to west, and from west to east, until it finally escaped below. But what kind of power was it that cut those channels, or, rather, broke them up from beneath, in the hard basalt, which formed the bed of the river? The same power, no doubt, which cleft the edge of that rocky basin, and let the waters escape, which once made a vast inland sea of the whole of central South Africa, compared with which Ngami, Nyassa, Tanganyika, and the other lakes recently discovered, are but as the pools and puddles left when the tide flows out, and leaves the lately submerged marshy lands firm and dry for a time; and like the little ditches and water-channels, which are then seen going in every direction, and often crossing each other, and communicating with these pools, are the great rivers, which form a net-work through the central basin, rich with alluvial soil, rank with vegetation, thickly inhabited, and annually overflowed with an abundant rainfall. And this geographers once thought to be a waste of burning sand, wherein no human being could long exist! This is one of the geographical illusions that Livingstone has dispelled, and to him belongs the honour of a great discovery, fraught with consequences of the utmost importance to mankind at large, and especially to the tribes inhabiting those hitherto inaccessible regions. First was he of all Europeans to cross the inhospitable

table Kalahari desert ; first to stand by Lake Ngami ; first to view the broad expanse of Lake Nyassa ; first to make his way through obstacles and difficulties which scarcely another man would have braved, and could have overcome, from the central country to the western coast, then back again, a fever-stricken, famished man, yet with an indomitable spirit, and with a firm dependence upon God's helping and sustaining hand. He has explored rivers of great length and volume, whose names even were unknown to geographers, made observations which will be of the greatest use to travellers, and opened to commerce and Christianity realms of exhaustless fertility, rich in animal, mineral, and vegetable productions, and inhabited by tribes of men, numerous beyond calculation, gentle and teachable, who only need the quickening and enlightening influence of the Gospel of Christ to lift them from their state of degradation, and make them useful members of the great human family. He has marked and exposed the evils of that cruel system of slavery which is eating its way like a cancer farther and farther into the heart of South Africa, corroding and corrupting all whom it touches ; and now he stands by the wonderful falls of that great river Zambesi, whose course and capabilities he was the first to determine, and of which he hopes to make a broad highway for the merchant and the teacher. Now, bidding adieu to Sekeletu, who here leaves with him 114 men, he turns his face northward, and sets forth again on his toilsome travels.

CHAPTER XV

AWAY TO THE EAST COAST

ON leaving the valley in which the Lckone flows at the village of Moyara, and directing their course more to the north-east, over a rough and rocky soil composed chiefly of red sand, they pass through a tract of country which was formerly thickly populated, but is now bare and desolate. The Batoka tribes, among whom they now travel, have some peculiar customs, such as knocking out the front teeth of both sexes when they arrive at the age of puberty, causing the upper lip to fall in, so that the under one protrudes in a very unsightly way; this gives an old appearance to the face, and makes a smile hideous. No Batoka belle would like to show herself abroad with her upper incisors in; this, like the elongation of the lip caused by wearing a metal ring in it, practised by so many of the South African tribes, is one of their peculiar notions of beauty, of which we can only say—there is no accounting for taste. The Batokas give as a reason

for this practice that they wish to appear like oxen, and not like zebras; for which latter animals they have an abhorrence.

The great chief, Sebituane, strove to abolish this pernicious practice; he gave orders that none of the children living under him should be subjected to it; but still it went on; the power of fashion was too strong for him, as it has proved for most potentates who have set themselves against it. "Such a shaft of ridicule as "Look at his great teeth," aimed at one unfortunate individual, was sufficient to make him ashamed of himself, and very soon his offence against propriety would be expiated.

Very dark in colour are these Batoka of the Zambesi, and very degraded in their appearance and manners: much given to a kind of intoxication, caused by smoking the *mutokwane*, a kind of hemp, which causes a species of frenzy; its use is common to most of the interior tribes; its effect upon some is to magnify every object they see, so that they lift their feet as high in passing over a straw as if it were the trunk of a tree.

Livingstone's party consisted of nine of these Batoka, with some of the Bashubia, and Barotse, the latter being chiefly useful on account of their ability to swim and navigate canoes; they carried their paddles with them. Sekeletu's tusks were borne by the Batoka; these were to be sold, or exchanged for other articles on the east coast, towards which they began to descend after passing the Un-

guesi, a tributary of the Zambesi, which falls into it a little above the rapids.

They now meet with the baobab and other trees, similar to those which are found in the descent to the west coast, notably one called *moshuka*, yielding a fruit which looks like an apple and tastes like a pear, of which there were great quantities ; it grows to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and has leaves as large as a man's hand, hard and glossy. There was also the *manéko*, a hairy-rind fruit, about as large as a walnut, full of a sweet gummy water ; and the beans called *nju*, contained in a large square pod ; these are freely eaten by the men ; and the pulp from between the seeds of the *nux vomica*, which yields the deadly poison called strychnine. That magnificent evergreen tree, the *motsikiri*, bears up its masses of dark foliage, contrasting with the light-leaved acacias, which, like the *mopane*, fold their leaves together, presenting the least possible surface to the action of the hot sun. There are palms in the surrounding country, but they are not of the oil-bearing kind, and through the parched soil many bulbous and other plants are pushing up their emerald spikes, and putting out their leaves to clothe the ground with verdure and beauty. Conspicuous among all stands the *mola*, with its spreading oak-like form, covered with brownish-green leaves, looking as if they were bronzed.

It is now the 30th of November ; another river, the Kalome, about fifty yards broad, with a rapid

current, which falls into the Zambesi below the falls, is crossed, and before them, to the eastward, is a treeless, undulating plain, covered with short grass; they are on the elevated ridge which encloses the great central basin on the east and west, and on which the climate is by no means unhealthy, so that missionary stations might be established here, from whence operations might be carried on among the natives on both sides of them. Here they meet with that rare sight in Africa, a tuskless elephant, and see herds of buffalo feeding in all directions during the day, a sure sign that they have not been much disturbed, as, where this is the case, they retire into the densest forests, and only come out to feed by night. Inexpressibly refreshing and invigorating it is to look out upon a wide expanse of country, after having travelled for a long time in thick forest lands, where the air is hot and close, and danger may be lurking within a foot or two. Here, upon this elevated ridge, there are no obstructions to the view; no pitfalls and morasses to entrap the feet; the step becomes more firm and elastic: the lately sluggish pulsations more quick and distinctly marked; despondency is banished from the mind, and hope and cheerfulness resume their sway. So the party went on rejoicing in the altered circumstances of their route. The peculiar whistle of the honey-guide was frequent in their ears. "Come and see! come and see!" he said, and the men answered him by a peculiar

response, in their own language, which might be interpreted, "All right! go ahead! we'll follow!" and some of them would go after the bird, which flew off slowly, so that they could keep it well in view, and it would not be long before it settled upon some tree, in the hollow of which the wild bees had stored up their honey, which was borne off in the dripping combs by the natives, for a feast, while the bird made a meal of the detached portions which fell around; this probably is the inducement for the invitation which it gives to all and sundry to come and rifle the sweet treasure.

Over the Mozuma, or river of Dila, now they pass, leaving the *Taba Cheu*, or "White Mountain," to the south-east. Between the banks of the river, in which no water flows at present, Livingstone observes with much satisfaction pieces of lignite, probably indicating the existence of coal, everywhere a great adjunct to civilization. Here were ruins of large towns which had been depopulated by war, most likely caused by the atrocious slave trade; millstones, with the balls of quartz with which the grinding was effected, were left behind, showing that death had overtaken the inhabitants, or that they had made a hurried retreat. Here it was that Sebituane had lived before he removed finally into the conquered Makololo country; from hence he made his forays into the surrounding districts, and here collected great herds of cattle, with which the country then was exceedingly rich. The

advantage of this position for a missionary settlement was pointed out by Sekwebu, who was the head man of the party of natives, he having received his chief's orders to do so; and to Livingstone the only want seemed that of population, the Batoka having fled into the hills.

Being now in the country of those who were considered rebels against Sekeletu, some apprehensions were entertained of their friendly reception, and some furious manifestations were made against them, which all ended in angry words and gesticulations; but when they got beyond this fringe of malcontents, they found the Batoka or Batonga people quite friendly; they hailed with great joy the appearance of the first white man, and offered presents of maize and *masuka*. They have a singular mode of salutation, throwing themselves on their backs, rolling in the dust, and slapping their thighs, exclaiming, "*Kina bomba*." As they advanced, the population became more dense, villages crowded upon villages, and the people came forth in multitudes with ground-nuts and maize and corn for the good missionary, who spoke to them of Him who had sent forth the proclamation—"Peace on earth, good will to men;" and this scattered and war-scourged people, who had been driven from place to place, and never allowed to remain long in quiet, without understanding the full import of the message, gladly seized upon the central idea of peace. "Give us peace," they said, "give us rest

and sleep; we are tired, of flight and warfare. Oh, give us rest!" And well might they say this; well might they long for rest and quietude, over whom the tide of conquest had so often swept. First, from the south-west, the country of the Zulus, came a chief named Pingola, who devastated their whole territory, sweeping away oxen, cows, and calves, leaving them scarce a single head; they were just beginning to recover from this blow, and get up their stock again, when Sebituane came in upon them like a flood, and carried off what was left of their cattle; and after him the Matabele, under Mosilikatse, made inroads into their territory, and stripped them, so that they became a truly scattered and peeled nation.

Sunday, the 10th of December, was spent in the village of Monze, who was the principal chief of the Batoka. On the hill, called by the pleasant name of *Kisekise*, lived Monze, and from thence the eye had a range of thirty miles over open undulating country, covered with short grass, with but few trees. Formerly the people lived much in large towns, but since the devastating wars to which they had been subjected, they had adopted a more wide-spread mode of habitation, the better to see and give warning at the approach of an enemy. On Monday comes Monze to roll in the dust, and scream "*Kina bomba*," while his wife, armed with a small battle-axe, screamed in concert, but did not roll. A few goats and fowls were all the live stock Monze and

his people now possessed, and he gave one of each to the missionary, and was highly delighted to have in exchange some printed cotton handkerchiefs, with one of which he proposed to decorate his child, and then send for all the people to dance round it. No white man had ever visited Monze before, and the black traders who came to him had from him ivory, not slaves; on the whole, he seemed a very good sort of a fellow, as African chiefs go.

We must not tarry with him longer, the east coast is before us, and we must push on to reach it. But first, who are these men, with tall extinguishers on their heads? These, like the Bashu Kulompò, have the hair plaited into a cone; sometimes they eke out their own hair with that of animals, as ladies in civilized Europe are said to do—of course we don't believe it. The operation by which this is effected is a painful one; but what is pain to fashion? The scalp is drawn tightly up so that it is difficult to close the eyes: the cone is often eight inches round, and from eight to ten high; sometimes it is bent forward, so that it resembles a helmet; the head-man of the party, who visited Livingstone, had in his a wand, which projected full a yard from the head. Making a *détour* a little to the north, to visit an influential chief named Setnalembue, they slept at the village of Monze's sister, who conducted them some distance on the road next day, and sent forward orders for their entertainment at the place where they would again rest. At parting she said

"How pleasant it would be to sleep without dreaming of any one pursuing with a spear!"

Crossing the rivulet Nakachinta, which flows eastward into the Zambesi, with the range of tree-covered hills, called Chamai, before them, they now proceed to a lower level, where the ground is fertile, but the vegetation nowhere rank; the *masuka* and other trees, with which they had lately been familiar, had been left behind, and the orchilla weed, with lichens on the trees and mosses on the ground, begin to appear. As they pass along, the people supply them with food in abundance; they had somehow found out that Livingstone had medicine, and they brought their children and sick folk to be cured by him, much to the disgust of his followers, who wished to monopolize his skill and remedies. Here for the first time was heard the curious cry "*Pula, pula*," signifying "Rain, rain," uttered by a bird, probably a kind of cuckoo. The natives call it *Moskwa reza*—"Son-in-law of God," and say that its cry predicts heavy falls of rain. This is a bird of good repute; not so the crow, whose nests are destroyed in times of drought to break the charm, which it is said seals up the windows of heaven. More and more beautiful does the country now become, being furrowed by deep valleys, which abound in large game, such as buffaloes and elephants; three of the latter are shot, and a plentiful supply of meat obtained, in which the natives are glad to share. Leaving the elephant valley they cross the rivulet Losito, and reach the

residence of the chief, Semalembue, situated at the bottom of the rocky ranges, through which the Kafue finds a passage; this is on about the same level as Linyante: the river is here about 200 yards wide, and abounds in hippopotami. The chief was very friendly, giving them large supplies of food, and making at the same time many apologies for being obliged to keep them hungry, as a gentleman in more civilized countries might apologise to his guests for setting before them so poor a repast, which probably consists of all the delicacies of the season. Semalembue was a considerable merchant, receiving large quantities of ivory from the surrounding tribes, and transmitting it to other chiefs on the Zambesi, who sent in exchange English cotton goods, brought from Mozambique by Babisa traders. His attendants were mostly large men, with fine crops of wool on their heads, which were drawn up together in a tapering bunch at the crown, or twisted in little strings like a fringe on one side, and allowed to hang down on the other, so that it looked like a little cap cocked jauntily on one side. A present of a shirt to the chief, who accompanied Livingstone partly on his way, highly delighted him. The country about here is well cultivated; the people industrious and keen traders; maize, ground-nuts, and sweet potatoes are the chief produce; the sugar-cane is also cultivated to some extent.

On they march, like a triumphal procession, with much clapping of hands by the men and lulliballooing

by the women, out of the dominions of the friendly chief, and across the hills towards the confluence of the Zambesi with the Kafue. The precipitous nature of the ground makes their progress slow here, so that they are three days before they reach the top of the outer range of hills, and look upon a glorious prospect. At a short distance below was the Kafue, winding its way to its confluence with the Zambesi, which was hastening over a forest-clad plain to join it; a long range of dark hills at its farther end, with a line of fleecy clouds at their base, marking the course of the great river. The plain below was crowded with large game; in the open spaces grazed buffaloes and zebras; beneath the trees fed majestic elephants, in numbers quite astonishing. As they descended amongst them, they found these animals remarkably tame, not having been much disturbed by the natives, who live chiefly on the hills and have no guns. As they approached the Zambesi, the cover became thicker, and they had frequently to shout to elephants to make them get out of the way, and even to shoot one of a herd of buffaloes which wanted to become too friendly with the oxen. Water-fowls begin to abound as they get to the banks of the river, of which the Barotse say that "its fish and fowls are always fat." On an island in the Zambesi, about a mile and a half long and a quarter broad, a herd of sixty buffaloes have their feeding-ground, and are always ready to fight for its possession.

In a valley between ranges of hills, through which the Zambesi flows, they find on the north side the Batonga, and on the south the Banyai. They have two ways of killing the elephants: one is to erect stages on trees over the paths they frequent, and as an animal passes beneath, it is struck in the back by a spear with a blade twenty inches long by two broad, and a handle four or five feet long, and as thick as a man's wrist. The wounded elephant rushes off, and the handle of the embedded weapon, striking against the trees, makes frightful gashes, which cause death. The other plan is to insert a spear in a heavy beam of wood and suspend it by a cord that passes over the branch of a tree, and is attached by its other extremity to a latch, placed in the path; this being struck by the animal's foot flies back and releases the cord, so that the beam falls, and the spear, which enters the back, being poisoned, death quickly ensues.

They have now rains and flooded lands again, and have to make their way through damp and rank vegetation by following the footpaths of the wild animals; different kinds of antelopes are abundant, as well as wild pigs, so there is no lack of food. The head-man of the village furnished grain, and quickly conducted the party on. All were friendly except Selole, who, having been some while before, with other chiefs, attacked and robbed by an Italian named Simoens, who had married a chief's daughter, and came up the river from Tette with some armed

slaves, suspected that Livingstone was another Italian, or Simoens, who had been killed in the expedition, come to life again. But he was soon pacified by an explanation, although he and others continued to view the party with suspicion, and it required constant care and watchfulness to keep them together and safe from an attack. An office something like that of the priesthood exists among the chiefs of these parts, who are supposed to have power to propitiate the Deity. Supposing that he possessed this power, hunters of elephants, hippopotami, and followers of other vocations, came to Livingstone to beg for medicines which would give them success. The missionary pointed them to a higher Power for aid in all their good undertakings. A strong, muscular race of people are those about this part of the course of the Zambesi, which is their great highway. Both men and women cultivate the ground; they have the lower lip deformed by artificial means, which so disfigures most of the tribes; their villages are picturesquely situated among the hills, and their valleys are occupied by gardens, where maize and native corn grow luxuriantly; they cannot keep oxen for the tsetse, and look upon white men as marauders, having been much robbed by the half-caste Portuguese, whom they call Bazunga. "They have words of peace all very fine," they say, "but lies only, as the Bazunga are great liars." They knew not then that they might trust the *Makōa*, the "English."

CHAPTER XVI

HOMeward BOUND

REACHING, on the 14th, the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, the party crossed the former river on the 15th, in presence of a large armed concourse of natives, from whom they expected an attack ; this, however, did not take place, and they proceeded along the bottom of the range, called Mazanzwe, where they found remains of houses and a church, indicating the site of a once flourishing commercial settlement of the Portuguese, who were now at war with the native tribes around, which rendered the course of a white traveller among them somewhat perilous. They pass several inhabited islands in the Zambesi, which belong to independent chiefs, who do pretty much as they like. They are greatly delayed in their march by being obliged to stop at every village, the people of which would consider it an insult if the travellers had passed without doing so. Rain falls daily, and everything is beautifully fresh and green ; their oxen, however, are bitten by the tsetse, and cannot march above two miles an

hour, and they are anxious, too, on account of the uncertainty of their reception by each chieftain in whose territories they advance.

The people of Mpende surround their encampment at night with strange wild cries, and seem about to attack them ; but are content with the performance of certain incantations intended to render them powerless, or at least to frighten them. When Livingstone sends word to the chief that he is an Englishman, his reply is, " We don't know that tribe, we suppose you are a Mazunga (Portuguese), the tribe with which we have been fighting." Assured that this was not the case, something like the truth dawned upon the native mind, and the exclamation broke forth, " You must be one of that tribe that loves the black man." What an honourable distinction is this ; it established friendly relations, and the chief did all he could to aid their progress ; the people of a large island are ordered to ferry them across the river, here 1,200 yards wide, and 700 or 800 deep. They are now among the Babisa ; to the north lies Senga, which abounds in iron ore ; English cotton goods begin to be abundant, and the name of an Englishman is a passport to the favour of the natives. " He is a man," say they, " his countrymen are enemies to the slave-trade ;" and when the slaves themselves report Livingstone's approach to Tette, then about ten days' journey off, they say, " Oh, this is our brother who is coming." Still the enmity of all the tribes on the north of the

Zambesi to the Portuguese, and their practice of making night-attacks, renders travelling more dangerous the nearer they come to Tette, which, however, they at length reach on the 3rd March, and are hospitably entertained by the commandant, who does all he can to recover Livingstone from his emaciated condition, and make his followers content to remain awhile; a house of his own is assigned them, until ~~they~~ they can build huts for themselves, in order that they may escape the bite of a venomous insect called the tampan or *carapatos*.

The town, or village, of Tette is built on a slope up from the river, close by whose edge stands the fort, which has been the salvation of the Portuguese power in this quarter; although it mounts but few guns, and has only thatched apartments for the residence of the troops, yet it is strong enough to resist the attacks of the natives, and to keep them in some kind of awe. Lately, however, they have approached very near to it, burning and destroying the houses up to its very walls. This was done while the commandant was absent on an expedition against Nyande, a man of mixed Asiatic and Portuguese breed, who had built a stockade at the confluence of the Luenya and the Zambesi, and levied blackmail upon all the traders who passed up or down. Learning that the commandant was on the way to attack him, this worthy despatched his son with a strong party up the left bank of the river, who plundered and burnt the place, in which there are about thirty

houses for Europeans, built of stone, cemented with mud instead of mortar, and thatched with reeds and grass, and 1,200 huts for natives. The house of the commandant, with the church and fort, were not destroyed by the rebels, who carried off all the cattle they could find, and much other plunder. When news of this countermove reached the army before Nyande's stockade, a panic seized the men; they dispersed and fled home, each by the way he thought best, and being thus separated, many of them were captured by Katalosa, "a half-caste," who had hitherto professed to be friendly with the Portuguese, while another, named Kisaka, who lived on the opposite bank of the Zambesi, also rebelled. He imagined, or chose to say, that his father had been bewitched by the Portuguese, and in revenge he plundered all the plantations of the rich merchants who had their villas on the north bank of the river. Thus were the people of Tette impoverished, and the trade of the place ruined. An effort was afterwards made to punish the chief rebels, who kept the Portuguese shut up in their fort for two years, so that they could only get goods sufficient to buy food by sending them overland along the north bank of the Zambesi to Quillimane. This man was eventually pardoned by the home government, probably because he was able to bribe largely. Major Sicard, the commandant of Tette, when Livingstone reached the place, had considerable influence with the natives, which he had exerted to restore peace, which, however, had not

lasted long. He had been told by some natives that "The son of God, who was able to take the sun down from the heavens, and place it under his arm (this was in allusion to the sextant and artificial horizon), had come," and having previously heard that Livingstone was on his way thither, felt sure that this was he, and prepared to receive him.

There is much coal in the vicinity of Tette, and iron; and a gold-field, which is only fitfully and partially worked by the natives, lies at no great distance. Large crops might be raised of maize, indigo, and cotton, with other tropical produce, and labour is cheap, or might be, did not the goose with the golden eggs get constantly killed by the deportation as slaves of the natives, who would gladly work for low wages. As it is, a fine country is made comparatively unproductive, and what might be a thriving and industrious population thinned and converted into blood-thirsty ruffians by the odious slave traffic.

There was formerly an establishment of Jesuits, called Micombo, at a distance of about ten miles from Tette; but this has been suppressed, and the only religious teachers now in this part of the country are two gentlemen of colour, natives of Goa, to whom the European residents of the town send their children for education. There is but one school in the place, where the native children are taught to read and write.

• Livingstone was anxious to start for Quillimane

early in April ; but suddenly there occurred a change of temperature, and the commandant himself and many others in the place were prostrated with an attack of fever. The only medical man there was the apothecary with the troops, and the missionary was glad to exert his medical skill in the service of those who had treated him so kindly ; his stock of quinine was exhausted, but he found that a plant possessing strong febrifuge properties grew plentifully in the country, and he used this with much success. When the commandant was fairly recovered, and Livingstone sufficiently strong, he prepared to descend the Zambesi. Selecting sixteen men who could manage canoes to accompany him, he left the rest at Tette, where Major Sicard gave them a portion of land in which to cultivate their own corn, supplying them with sufficient for sustenance in the meantime. They had also permission to hunt elephants and purchase goods with the ivory and dried meat, that they might have something to take home when they returned ; many more would have accompanied Livingstone, but he heard that food was scarce at Quillimane, and therefore took no more than he absolutely required.

Leaving Tette on the noon of the 22nd, the party proceed on their canoe voyage down the noble river, with whose name that of Livingstone will be ever associated. Past the stockade of the rebel Nyande they go, not approaching it nearer than they are obliged ; it is composed of living trees, and therefore

cannot well be burnt. It might soon be destroyed by the guns of a vessel, but musketry would have little effect on it. On the 27th they arrive at Senna, which stands on the right bank of the Zambesi, with many reedy islands in front of it, and much stagnant water about, which renders the place unhealthy; stagnation and ruin seem to be its marked characteristics. Like Tette, it has suffered greatly in the wars between the natives and the Portuguese; an old fort of sun-dried bricks, with the grass growing over its walls, and mended at places with palings, offered but a mockery of resistance to an invader. A tribe of the warlike Zulus called the Larddeens visit the village periodically, and levy fines upon the inhabitants; in league with them appear to be the half-castes, who convey information to them when resistance is contemplated or any attempt made to coerce them, and who pay them tribute when it is forbidden by the commandant, Senor Isidore, a man of considerable energy, who was about to surround the village with pallisades to protect it against these enemies. Many of the natives here had been instructed in boat-building and carpentry, at the expense of the commandant, and were now employed by him in constructing boats and launches of from £25 to £100 value, and the wood-work of houses, in both of which branches of trade they evinced great skill and dexterity. All colonial Portuguese officials are so badly paid, if they receive pay at all, that they are obliged to engage in some kind of commerce by

which to support themselves ; and it is happy if they do not take to slave-dealing, as too many of them do ; hence the always covert, and often open encouragement given to it by those in authority. Manica lies three days' journey to the north-west of Garongózo, which can be seen from Senna ; it is the best gold country known in Eastern Africa, and is supposed by some to be identical with the ancient Ophir of Scripture. The Portuguese say that there is a small tribe of Arabs there who have become completely assimilated with the other natives. There are said to be several caves in the country, with walls of hewn stone, which the people say were the work of their ancestors.

Livingstone left Senna on the 11th, and was accompanied to his boats by the commandant and the principal inhabitants, who had furnished an abundant supply of provisions. About thirty miles below Senna they pass the mouth of the river Zangwe on the right, and five miles lower that of the Shire on the left ; it appeared to be about 200 yards wide, and brought down into the Zambesi immense quantities of a gigantic duckweed, and another aquatic plant, which the Barotse called *njéfu* ; it bore in the petiole of the leaf a pleasant tasted nut, which was so highly esteemed by Sebituane that he made it part of his tribute from subjected tribes. These plants are found growing on all the branches and lagoons on the Leeambye, in the far north, and their existence here in such abundance seems to prove that the Shire

flows from the same large collections of still waters. It is said by some about Tette to have its origin in the southern extremity of a lake called Nyanja, situated about forty-five days N.W. of that place, and that the flat marshy region through which it flows is numerously occupied by a brave population. Leaving the mouth of the Shire a few miles behind, they lose the hills entirely, and sail between extensive flats, well-wooded. All the country on the right is subject to the Landœns, who generally levy a tribute on passengers, and consider the whites a conquered tribe. Livingstone was desirous of meeting with some of them, to ascertain if they were really Zulu Kaffirs, or of the Mashona family; but they did not make their appearance. •

Here at Mazaro the Zambesi is a magnificent river, more than half a mile wide, and without islands to break its broad expanse. Forests of fine timber cover its banks; but here begins the delta, and all before is an immense flat, covered with high and coarse grass and weeds, amid which are a few mango and cocoa-nut trees. Turning aside from the main stream, which had already been explored from the sea up to this point by Captain Parker, Livingstone entered what in reality is one of its branches, although it bears a distinct name, which is Mutu, this being the direct route to Quillimane. They cannot, however, sail up this river, it being narrow, overhung by trees, and obstructed by aquatic plants and reeds; so they had to leave their canoes behind them, and carry

their luggage about fifteen miles, after which the channel receives the tributary waters of several other rivers, and becomes navigable. Taking the name of the town to which it conducts, it is termed the river of Quillimane, or, as it is often spelled, Kilimane. This is a seaport in Eastern Africa, which may be called the capital of the Portuguese territory of Mozambique, although it is scarcely more than a village, built upon a mud-bank, surrounded by mango-bush and marsh; it has a harbour, but with no great depth of water, and with a most dangerous bar at the entrance. Its population, including that of the surrounding country, is said to be 15,000. The small stream which connects the Zambesi with the river of Quillimane is dry, or nearly so, for nine months of the year, and all communication with the interior has to be accomplished by land-carriage; anywhere, at a depth of two feet, water may be reached at Quillimane; and the soil is so soft and spongy that houses built upon it are continually sinking. A more unhealthy spot can perhaps scarcely be found, and no European remains longer there than he is obliged; he is sure to be smitten by fever, and if of plethoric habit, is generally carried off. This place Livingstone reached on the 26th of May, 1856, just about four years after he set out from the Cape; during the whole of that time no news of him had reached Europe, and the worst apprehensions were entertained of his safety by his friends.

In this unhealthy spot he had to remain six weeks,

at the end of which time H.M. brig *Frolic* arrived off the bar,¹ which is above twelve miles from the town. An offer of a passage to the Mauritius was made to the missionary, and thankfully accepted, and he left Quillimane on the 12th of July, accompanied by Sekwebu and one other native attendant only, who pleaded so very hard to come on board ship with him that he could not refuse. "You will die if you go to so cold a country as mine," said Livingstone to him. "That is nothing," replied the faithful creature; "let me die at your feet." It was so all through with these Makololo, they proved most devoted servants to the missionary, ever ready to peril their lives for him. Eight of them had begged to be allowed to come as far as Quillimane, and they would have come farther, in order that they might obey Sekeletu's injunction that they should not return until they brought Ma-Robert back with them. "Wherever you lead, we must follow," said they, when the difficulty of crossing the sea was explained to them. They were, however, sent back to their companions at Tette, there to await the return of the white teacher with his wife from Europe. Some of Sekeletu's tusks are sold to purchase them calico and brass-wire for clothing and trading, and the rest are consigned to the care of Colonel Munes, with instructions in the event of Livingstone's death, or failure of return, to sell them, and give the produce to Sekeletu's men. When this was explained to them, they said, "No, father, you will not die, you

-will return to take us back to Sekeletu;" and he promised that nothing but death should prevent his doing so; they, on their part, engaging to wait until he came back. So he left them to hunt, and till the ground, and cut up firewood for sale, as they did at Loanda.

A sad accident had occurred to damp the joy felt by Livingstone at the prospect of seeing his friends and the old home once again. He had learned that, previous to his arrival, Commander MacLune, with Lieutenant Woodruffe and five men of H.M. brigantine, the *Dart*, had been lost on the bar, when coming in to see if they could pick him up; and the gloom caused by this event was deepened by the death of his faithful attendant, Sekwebu, who embarked with him in the *Frolic*. Everything he saw was so new and strange that the poor fellow got quite bewildered and crazed; and leaping overboard in a fit of insanity, although a good swimmer, he was drowned, having actually pulled himself down by the chain cable, hand under hand. His body was never found.

At Mauritius, Livingstone remained until the fine climate and rest and proper treatment had nearly restored him to health; then, in November, he came up the Red Sea in the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company's ship *Canada*, and on the 12th of December was once more in dear Old England. He records his thankfulness in these words: "No one has cause for more abundant gratitude, to his fellow-

man and to his Maker than I have; and may God grant that the effect on my mind be such that I may be more humbly devoted to the service of the Author of all our mercies!"

CHAPTER XVII

BACK AGAIN TO AFRICA

ON the 10th of March, 1858, Livingstone again left England in the *Pearl*, H.M. colonial steamer, with the object of exploring the great river Zambesi, and its mouths and tributaries, with a view to their being used as highways for commerce and Christianity to pass into the interior of Africa. He had come among his friends like a man from the dead, and related such particulars of his wonderful travels and discoveries as he could, within the compass of public addresses, with the modest reticence which characterized the man, and the hesitancy of speech of one long unaccustomed to the use of his mother tongue. Everywhere he was hailed and honoured as a great discoverer and philanthropist. The gold medal of the Royal Geographical Societies of London and Paris were awarded to him, and our national Universities conferred on him the honorary degrees of LL.D. and D.C.L. respectively. Other distinctions were also conferred upon him. Wherever he went, crowds assembled to listen to his descrip-

tions of regions hitherto unexplored, and savage tribes of whose existence the civilized world had, till then, been unaware. Strange and startling as were the revelations which he made, yet no one doubted their truth; every word that he uttered bore the stamp of veracity; this was no idle boaster, no self-sufficient egotist, proclaiming his doings upon the housetops, and calling all men to listen and applaud. He was compelled to speak and describe what he had seen and heard, for only by so doing could he advance the great cause to which he had devoted himself; else would he gladly have remained silent: this was evident, and no less so was it that all he had so nobly dared and done was for the glory of God and the salvation of his fellow-men. A man of iron frame and determined will, few could have borne and suffered and accomplished what he did, and yet how gentle and humble and modest was he! and such is ever the truly great man. With strength impaired and constitution enfeebled by sickness and privation and exposure to burning heat and pestilential miasma, and all the ill effects of a tropical climate, he had come home to rest and recruit himself, and enjoy the sweet converse of those near and dear to him, and one would not have wondered if he had remained here much longer to enjoy the repose he so greatly needed, and the delights of home and family. But no; he had taken up the yoke, and would bear it while his strength lasted. The cry of those poor benighted

Africans was ever in his ears, and he must return to save and succour them. Much sooner he would have done this, but his book, which he hoped would call the attention of Christendom to their wretched and degraded state, required time for its preparation and revision, and no hand but his own could accomplish this.' So he kept his faithful Makololo waiting for him at Tette longer than he had intended, and now, having obtained the help of Government for his enterprise, he was again on his way to the Cape, accompanied by his brother Charles, Dr. Kirk, and Mr. R. Thornton, the second-named being the naturalist of the party. At Cape Town Mr. F. Skead, R.N., joined them as surveyor, and they proceeded round to the east coast, which was reached in May. It was found, on examination, that the Zambesi pours its waters into the ocean by four mouths; viz., the Milambe, which is the most westerly, the Kongone, the Luabo, and the Timbwe, or Muselo. There is also a natural canal, when the river is in flood, which winds very much among the swamps, and is used as a secret way for conveying slaves from Quillimane to the bays, from whence they can be shipped, or to the Zambesi. The Kwakwa, or river of Quillimane, which is far from the mouths of the Zambesi, has long been represented as the principal entrance to that river, in order to put the cruisers upon a false scent; while they are watching this false mouth, slaves can be quietly shipped from the true ones. A map, recently issued by the

colonial ministers of Portugal, propagated this error: can it be designedly? The best entrance was found to be the Kongone, and into this the *Pearl* was taken, and also a small steam launch, named *Ma-Robert*, which was brought out in three sections, and screwed together when the spot was reached at which her aid would be required in the work of exploration. Navigation on the east coast is rendered especially dangerous by the bars of sand which are caused by the waves of the Indian Ocean rolling in and forming the sand into banks, on which the sea breaks with great fury. These bars cause the waters of the delta, in most cases, to find their exit sideways. The name Kongone, applied to the channel by which Livingstone entered, is that of a fish. The banks were covered with mangrove thickets, into which the natives escaped from their canoes directly they saw the white men, taking them probably for Portuguese slave-traders. In the grassy glades, buffaloes, wart-hogs, and antelopes of several kinds were feeding, so that animal food was easily procured. The heron, the kingfisher, and many other birds are here; and every now and then the loud "ha! ha! ha!" of the glossy ibis resounds through the glades, warning his fellows that danger is nigh.

Leaving behind the mangrove swamps, the river passes over level plains of rich dark soil, covered with grasses from five to ten feet high, amid which hunting is impossible. Every year, in the month of

July, when the herbage is driest, the natives apply fire to it, and a sea of flame roars across the plains, driving out the animals that seek covert there, and destroying all but the most hardy of the trees, such as the borassus palm and *lignum vitæ*. On the right bank of the river, huts, raised by poles a few feet above the low damp ground, peep out from the bananas and cocoa-palms. The soil hereabout is wonderfully rich, and the people appear to be industrious cultivators of rice, pumpkins, and other produce; the sugar-cane is also grown here, and so wide is the field that all Europe might be supplied with sugar from this source alone. The people here are mostly Portuguese "colonos," or serfs; they are almost naked, but appear to be pretty well fed. As the steamer passed up, they stood on the banks, wondering at its size and mode of propulsion; all were eager to sell fowls, baskets of rice, and meal, and paddled after the vessel or ran along the banks, shouting, "*Malonda, malonda!*" — "Things for sale."

Very broad generally is the river Zambesi, but the deep channel, or *Quete*, as the canoe-men call it, is narrow and winding between sand-banks, which make the navigation difficult; when the wind freshens and blows up the river, which it usually does from May to November, the waves upon this channel are larger than elsewhere, and a line of small breakers marks the edge of the shoal-banks. The draft of the *Pearl* was found to be too great

for the river, so the goods belonging to the expedition were taken out and placed on an island about forty miles from the bar, and the vessel returned to the sea, with Mr. Skead, the surveyor, so that the party were left very much to their own resources. Boats were employed to carry the luggage up to Shupanga and Senna, and this was a source of some danger, as the country was still in a state of war. Some of the party remained on Expedition Island, as they named it, from June 18 to August 13, and here had their first experience of African life and African fever; their state of inactivity in the malaria of the delta rendered them very liable to this. Active employment is the great safeguard, and those who were working with the boats strained every nerve to complete their task, so that their fellows might be removed from their perilous position. The weather was fine, with an occasional shower or fog. Those who remained on the island employed their time in botanizing, and taking meteorological and magnetical observations. Daily, as they looked abroad to different points of the horizon, they could see large columns of smoke arise, showing where the natives were burning off the crops of tall grass; buffaloes, zebras, and other large game were plentiful, but no hunters were to be seen. The small seed-eating birds were very numerous and the orderly evolutions of their flocks were most amusing. On reaching Mazaro, from whence is a communication with the Quilkmane river, they

found that a half-castè, named Mariano, or Matakènya, which signifies trembling or quivering, like trees in a storm, had set the Portuguese at defiance, built a stockade at the mouth of the Shire, and claimed all the land from that point back to Mazaro; this was the old iniquitous story of murder and rapine. Mariano was a keen slave-trader, and he cared not where he obtained his victims; he had a large number of well-armed men, and committed frightful atrocities in order to carry on his inhuman traffic and make his name dreaded. After a war with the Portuguese, which lasted six months, he was taken and sent to Mozambique for trial, and soon after, his stockade, which was defended by his brother Bonga, was destroyed, and the rebellion crushed. Livingstone several times came in contact with both parties, and was regarded as a man of peace and a friend to both. Mazaro means the mouth of the creek; the country around is called Maruru, and the people Mutu. The Portuguese say they are expert thieves, and that the goods of the merchants, while in transit from one river to another, suffer losses by their adroitness. They generally man the canoes that ply from Senna to Tette. Not being trusted themselves, they give no trust to others, but insist upon payment beforehand, saying in the words of a favourite canoe-song: "*Uachingere, Uachingere, Kale!*"—"Thou art slippery, slippery, truly!"

Lords of the right bank of the Zambesi are the

warlike Landeens, and every year they come in force to Senna and Shupanga, for the tribute which the Portuguese pay, and the more land they find under cultivation the more tribute they demand; so that it is like a tax upon improvement, and operates to retard it. The merchants of Senna, on whom the tax chiefly falls, complain of it bitterly; but a refusal to pay would involve a war with these savage people, who, with much flourishing of spears, and smiting of shields, and grotesque dancing and gesticulating, advance their claim, and back it with an imposing array of stalwart warriors. Like true lords of the soil, they even levy contributions on those who use the timber growing therein; thus, for permission to cut down timber of the Gunda trees, which makes good boat-masts and has medicinal properties, a Portuguese of Quillimane pays them 300 dollars a year.

The governor of the Province of Mozambique made Shupanga his head-quarters during the Mariano war; his residence stands on a gentle slope which leads down to the Zambesi, with a fine mango-orchard to the south, while to the north stretch away cultivated fields and forests of palms and other tropical trees, beyond which towers the lofty mountain, Morambala, amidst the white clouds, while yet more distant hills are seen faint and far in the blue horizon. Beautiful are the green islands in front, reposing on the sunny bosom of the tranquil waters; and pleasant the shade beneath the great

baobab-tree, where now, far from their native land, rest in peace those who were very dear to the leader of this expedition; one, especially, whose grave is marked with a white cross, of whom we shall by-and-by have more to say.

The province of Mozambique costs the home government between £5,000 and £6,000 annually, and yields nothing in return, great as its capabilities are. The Portuguese officials generally were very friendly towards Livingstone, notwithstanding his denunciations of the slave-trade, from which most of them derive considerable profits. Colonel Munes and Major Sicard were especially kind, causing wood to be cut for the small steamer, *Ma-Robert*, which had now been put together, and sending men to help in unloading her. Ebony and lignum vitæ were the woods often burnt in her furnaces; what should we think of using them for such a purpose in England? On the 17th of August, 1858, the expedition started for Tette. The Zambesi from Shupanga to Senna is wide and full of islands, and the black pilot often took the wrong channel, and ran the vessel aground, which greatly incensed the Krooman sailors, who had the work of getting her off; she was badly constricted and consumed an immense amount of wood; it took a long while to get up steam, and when in motion her progress was so slow that the heavily laden country canoes nearly kept up with her, and the lighter ones shot ahead, the paddlers looking back at the toiling "asthmatic,"

as Livingstone called her. She does, however, at length reach the shoal channel, on which Senna stands, and, as she could not be taken up, is left at Nyaruka, a small town six miles below, and the party walk up in Indian file through gardens and patches of wood, with singing-birds all around them; but somehow their music is not like that of the sweet songsters of the woods and fields at home—it seems all in a foreign tongue; the natives, whom they meet going to their work in the gardens, the men being armed, and the women carrying hoes, greet them courteously, with bows and curtseys, standing aside to let them pass.

CHAPTER XVIII

ABOUT SENNA AND TETTE

ON a low plain, on the right bank of the Zam-besi, stands Senna, surrounded by a stockade of living trees, to defend its inhabitants from the attacks of enemies. There are a few large houses, some in ruins; a weather-beaten cross, marking the site of a church; the remains of an old monastery, and a dilapidated mud-fort close by the river. There is little or no trade in the village, and the Senna merchants send parties of slaves into the interior, to hunt for and purchase ivory. Let no one imagine he is safe from fever at Senna because he does not take it on the first day; it is sure to come on the second, or soon after. The redeeming feature of the place is Senhor H. A. Ferrão, a son of the late governor. The benevolence of this gentleman is unbounded: no one is ever sent from his door hungry; he feeds the starving natives in times of scarcity, when hundreds claim him as their master whom he never sees, at any other time. He received the

travellers kindly, and gave them a bountiful breakfast. "When it's to their interest, blacks work very hard," said some of the principal men of the place, who came to confer with Livingstone about cotton cultivation by free natives, and this seems to be the opinion of most men who have had an opportunity of observing the negro on his own soil, or in any way working for himself. The party were also entertained by another very honourable Portuguese of Senna, Major Tito A. d'A. Sicard, who told Livingstone that his discovery of the Kongone entrance to the Zambesi had ruined Quillimane; he also said that when the war was over he would take Livingstone's goods up to Tette in canoes, and this promise he afterwards performed.

They return to their little steamer, and receive a visit from a head-man with a "seguati," or present, consisting of a few ears of maize, for which he expects to receive at least double value in return. This seems to be a very common practice. Say to the shrewd African, when he makes his offering, "We will buy it"; "Oh no, sir, it is a seguati; it is not for sale." It is something like the reply given in our own country, when one asks the price of a service performed: "I'll leave it to your generosity, sir." And this customary, if crafty, piece of politeness, was generally submitted to, with the understanding that the offer was a compliment, and nothing more.

At a little island called Nyamptobsi, the travellers

find a party of hippopotamus hunters, who have been driven by war from their own island; these hunters are a distinct people, seldom intermarrying with others; one reason for this probably is, that many of the native tribes look with as much abhorrence on the flesh of this animal as the Jews and Mohammedans do on that of swine; they would not use a pot in which the flesh has been cooked. These hunters are known by the names Akombwi or Mapodzo; they are a comely race, with smooth black skins, and are without the lip-rings, or any other so-called ornaments, which so frightfully disfigure most of the natives. It is their custom to go out on long expeditions, taking their wives and children, cooking pots, and other utensils, in their canoes. When Livingstone spoke to the chief of this party about a common Father, he demurred, saying, "How can that be? We could not become white, let us wash ever so much." Of the huge river-horse, which it is the business of these people to destroy, we have already spoken several times; let us now supplement our remarks thereon with a few descriptive lines:—

THE BEHEMOTH.

Mighty is the great Behemoth, king of rivers, lord of floods,
When he opes his mouth the waters foam, and tremble all
the woods;
When he snorts, the alligator shivers in his coat of mail,
And his breathing 'mid the rushes seems the rising of a
gale.

Mighty is the great Behemoth ! floating idly on the wave,
With his open throat that seemeth like an ivory-gated cave ;
When he drinks, the full stream sinketh down into its oozy
bed,
When he blows, a fountain playeth in the sunshine overhead.

It is now the month of August, and the heat steadily increases, yet foggy mornings are rare ; a strong breeze blows up stream every night, commencing early, and gradually getting later ; for a short time it makes the frail cabin doors fly open, and sends arfything that may be loose flying before it ; then it drops suddenly, and a dead calm succeeds. Game is here very abundant ; herds of zebras, pallahs, water-bucks, and wild hogs are seen at the places where they stop for fuel, and the marks in the river-bank show where elephants and buffaloes come down at night to drink. At one of these places they find a baobab-tree of immense size, which has bark within as well as without—a peculiarity of this kind of tree. Now the river broadens out into an expanse of two or three miles, with numerous islands, which makes the navigation difficult, and now it is compressed into a deep narrow channel, called the Lupata Gorge, up which the heavily laden native canoes are drawn in two days by means of strong ropes ; but the little steamer stems the current bravely, notwithstanding the whirlpools and eddies which abound there. The superstitious natives place offerings of meal on the rocks, to propitiate the turbulent deities, who are

supposed to preside over the most dangerous spots ; and the Portuguese, almost as superstitious, take off their hats to the river gods, and pass them in solemn silence, and when once beyond the promontories, fire off their muskets for joy, and give the canoe-men grog. Beyond Lupata the country becomes more hilly and picturesque, and more thickly populated. Crowds of people come out of the villages, and gaze in astonishment on the steamer, imitating the motions of the paddles with their arms.

On the 8th of September, 1858, the ship anchors off Tette, and Livingstone is once more among his faithful Makololo, who rush into the water to embrace him, but are restrained by the fear of spoiling his new clothes. They hear of Sekwebu's death with sorrow, but console themselves with the philosophical reflection — "Men die in any country." Thirty of their own number had died of small-pox, and six young men who had got tired of cutting firewood for a living, and had taken to dancing instead, had been killed by the half-caste chief, Bonga, of whom we have already heard, on the pretence that they had brought witchcraft medicine to kill him. According to the belief of the Makololo, the victims of small-pox had been bewitched by the people of Tette. "We do not mourn for them," said the survivors ; "but our hearts are sore for the six youths who were murdered by Bonga." Regret, however, was useless, and justice on the murderer

out of the question. He still held his stockade, and the home government winked at his offences against its authority, hoping thus to coax him into a recognition of it.

The poor Makololo regretted that they had no oxen, only pigs, to give their friend. "We shall sleep, now he is come back," they said, and the minstrel of their party extemporized a song, which he sung to the jingling of his native bells, in praise of the good missionary, to whom Major Sicard had kindly granted the use of the Government House for a temporary residence. It had been stated that the Portuguese Government would support the Makololo while Livingstone was away, and this promise had much relieved his mind during the time he was at home, preparing his journal for the press; but he found that no such order had been issued to the authorities at Tette, whose pay, indeed, was several years in arrear, and who, if it had been, must have supported them out of their private means, if at all. So the poor fellows had to hunt, and cut wood, and do what they could for a living; some of them, as we have heard, took to dancing, and paid dearly for it. Major Sicard very generously assisted them at his own cost.

Tette stands on the right bank of the Zambesi, which is here 1,000 yards wide; the houses are built on a succession of low sandstone ridges, so that shallow ravines, running parallel with the river, form the streets, about which indigo, senna, stra-

monium and capers grow as weeds, and are annually hoed off and burned. The place has the usual church and fort, and is surrounded by a wall of stone and mud, outside of which the native population live in huts. The soldiers here are chiefly of the convict and the incorrigible classes, living mostly on the produce of the gardens of their black wives.

The people of Tette are superstitious above all others; droughts are frequent here, and these are ascribed to the influence of evil spirits or to witchcraft. They worship the serpent, hang hideous little images about the dead and dying, and propitiate the invisible spirits of the earth and air by offerings of meat and drink. Livingstone put up a rain-gauge in his garden, and this was looked upon with great dread and suspicion as a kind of machine for the performance of incantations; "it frightened away the clouds," said some of the knowing ones among them.

These people of Tette believe that if a man plants a mango-tree he will soon die, and nothing will induce one of them to do this; although the fruit of the tree, which grows luxuriantly about the place, is a delicious and refreshing food during four months of the year. The Makololo had imbibed this superstition, and when advised to take some mango-trees and plant them in their own country, they refused, although very fond of the fruit, because they did not wish to die too soon. It is

also believed that if a man plants coffee he will never be happy; yet they drink coffee, and enjoy it very much.

"Give us rain, give us rain," is the cry of the perishing people to their unseen gods; but, like Baal, they are deaf to their entreaties, so a native chief gets up a grand performance, full of ceremonies and incantations, to call down the desired boon, but it comes not. Then, not to be outdone by the heathen, the Goanêse padre of Tette has a public procession, and prayers to St. Antonio, who also is awhile deaf to the supplications of the faithful; relenting when again appealed to, after a new moon had arisen, he sent so much rain that the roof of the residencia gave way, and the whole of the place was flooded. Then was St. Antonio greatly honoured, and a golden coronal, worth £22, was placed on the head of his image, to which many knees were devoutly bent. How much alike in practice were the savage and the pseudo-Christian!

There is much slavery in Tette, but the Portuguese do not make bad masters; it is the half-castes who commit the greatest enormities. Men cunning in the preparation of charms abound there: the elephant-doctor, the crocodile-doctor, the gun-doctor, and a host of others, all "medicine men," who for a consideration will furnish charms, each one of which gives immunity from some particular kind of danger, or ensures success in some par-

tidular pursuit. The dice-doctor is a diviner; by casting his cubes, and reading the numbers, he can tell where stolen property is hidden, and all that it is the business of the detective to find out.

They now reach that part of the Zambesi where its course is crossed by the range of hills called the Kabra-basa, or Kaora-basa, meaning finish or break of the service, in reference to the change which here takes place from water to land transit, as the canoes cannot pass up the rapids, and luggage has to be conveyed overland to Chicova. The river, which is here half a mile wide, flows through a groove in the rock of from forty to fifty yards in width, the sides of which are polished and fluted by the boiling action of the water, which when at flood overflows this narrow channel, and confines it to the breadth of the river below. The rapids of Kebra-basa are explored with the view of ascertaining if they are navigable, and also the cataract of Morumbwa. Higher up the travellers scramble over rocks so hot that they blister the soles of the feet. In the valleys below live the Badema tribe, their state of insecurity being indicated by their practice of hiding their provisions in holes and crags in the wooded hill-sides, sewn up in cylindrical vessels made of the bitter bark of a tree to which mice and monkeys have an antipathy. On the hills above, and on the banks, are the Banyai, who, even at this short distance from Tette, are independent of the Portuguese.

traders; they demand a tribute for passing through their country. "Why don't you come on shore like other people?" they say to the men on board the steamer. "Don't you see we are held to the bottom with iron?" is the ironical reply; "we are not like you Bagunzu." They wanted the travellers on shore, that they might extort something from them. Not always, however, nor often, do the party sleep on board; generally they encamp for the night, not far from the river, and usually they find the natives friendly, and disposed to furnish them with food on fair terms of exchange. Sometimes musicians will come and play on the *marimba*, which is formed of bars of hard wood, of varying breadths, and thickness, laid upon different-sized calabashes, and tuned, the whole being placed in a frame; they are struck with rounded sticks with knobs, and give out a pleasing kind of music; they have also the *sansa*, a stringed instrument; and reeds fastened together, and blown into, like what we call Pan-pipes. After playing awhile, they receive a piece of cloth, and thankfully depart. Back again to Tette, where they find that a Portuguese captain of infantry has been sent prisoner to Mozambique for administering the *muave*, or poison ordeal, and killing the suspected person on that evidence alone. While they were away the river rose a foot, and became turbid, and a complaint was made to the Commandant that the English were doing something to cause this.

Christmas is come; but how can one recognise it in such a summer dress? The birds are singing, the corn is springing, and the hum of busy insect life is heard over all the flowery plains; brilliant butterflies flit from flower to flower, vying in the brightness of their tints with the charming little sun-birds, which, hovering on tireless wing, here represent the humming-birds of the west and the sun-birds of the east. The ant communities are all hard at work storing up food; overhead hovers the brown kite, sending down his shrill call, like a boat-swain's whistle.

The yellow wagtails and blue drongo shrikes, which are here winter birds of passage, are all gone; the little cock whydah-bird, with a pink bill, has assumed his summer-garb of black and white, and has graceful plumes attached to his new coat; and the weavers have laid aside their garments of sober brown, and put on scarlet and black in honour of the season of love and feasting; others of the same family have donned their doublets of green, and appear in bright yellow, with patches like black velvet. Black, with a red throat is one which comes a little later, wearing a long train of magnificent plumes, which greatly impede his motions; he is like those who sacrifice ease to dignity, or follow fashion to their great discomfort. Such, too, is the case with a kind of goat-sucker, or night-jar, which, with a body only ten inches long, has a couple of feathers twenty-six inches

long in each wing; generally the bird flies very quickly, but when its flight is retarded by these appendages, it can be easily captured. Not only is there this difference in the climate, but almost everything one meets with in Africa is at variance with our preconceived notions of "the eternal fitness of things"; this was remarked long ago by one who said that "wool grows on the heads of men, and hair on the backs of sheep. "And," says Livingstone, "in feeble imitation of this dogma, let us add, that the men often wear their hair long, the women scarcely ever. Where there are cattle, the women till the land, plant the corn, and build the huts; the men stay at home and sew, spin, weave, and talk, and milk the cows. The men seem to pay a dowry for their wives, instead of getting one with them. The mountaineers of Europe are reckoned hospitable, generous, and brave; those of this part of Africa are feeble, spiritless, and cowardly, even when contrasted with their own countrymen on the plains. Some Europeans aver that Africans and themselves are descended from monkeys; some Africans believe that souls at death pass into the bodies of apes. Most whites believe the blacks to be savages; nearly all blacks believe the whites to be cannibals: the nursery hobgoblin of the one is black, of the other white. Without going further on with these unwise comparisons, we must smile at the heaps of nonsense which have been written about the negro

intellect." After going on to remark^d on the nonsense which is often addressed to aborigines by travellers, as if they were children, and the ludicrous mistakes which are made through ignorance of their language, he continues, "Quite as sensible, if not more pertinent, answers will usually be given by Africans to those who know their language, as are obtained from our uneducated poor; and could we but forget that a couple of centuries back the ancestors of the common people in England, probably our own great-great-grandfathers, were as unenlightened as the Africans are now, we might maunder away about intellect, and fancy that the tacit inference would be drawn that our own is arch-angelic. The low motives which often actuate the barbarians do, unfortunately, bear abundant crops of mean actions among servants, and even in higher ranks of more civilized people; but we hope that these may decrease in the general improvement of our race by the diffusion of true religion."

CHAPTER XIX

UP THE SHIRE

FINDING it impossible to ascend the Zambesi beyond the rapids of Kebrā-basa with a steamer like the *Ma-Robert*, of only ten horse-power, Livingstone sent off an application to Government for a more suitable vessel, and with characteristic energy turned his attention at once to the Shire, a northern tributary, which joins it about 100 miles from the sea. So covered was the surface with duckweed and other aquatic plants, and so hostile the natives who lived on its banks, that after two or three attempts to explore it by the Portuguese, the task had been given up as hopeless. But, nothing daunted, Livingstone turned the bow of his little steamer into those waters which no European had ever navigated far up, bidding defiance alike to the poisoned arrows of the blood-thirsty Manganja and other perils of the way.

The first attempt was made in January, 1859, when the river was found much encumbered by

the floating water-weeds, but not sufficiently so to prevent a canoe, or any other craft, getting up; and this nearly ceased after the first twenty-five miles, at which point they reached a marsh from which it appeared chiefly to come; a little beyond this was a lofty hill, called Mount Morambala, and here they first experienced the hostility of the natives, who had sent their women out of the way, and were evidently prepared to resist their advance. A chief, named Tingane, who was notorious for being adverse to all intercourse between the Portuguese half-caste traders and the natives farther inland, collected his followers to the number of 500, and commanded the party to stop. The men behind trees were observed taking aim at those on board the steamer, and a conflict seemed inevitable. But Livingstone, without exhibiting any sign of alarm, went on shore, into the midst of the excited savages, and calmly explained to the chief that he was English, and had come neither to take slaves nor to fight, but to open a way for his countrymen to come and purchase cotton, or whatever they had to sell, except slaves. His fearlessness and candour had due effect, and Tingane became at once quite friendly.

In all his communications with the natives, Livingstone always spoke openly and plainly of the English detestation of slavery. The efforts made by his countrymen to suppress the slave-trade were by this time pretty well known to those who had

engaged in the traffic at all, and they could quite understand the motives which induced him to come among them and advise them to plant and sell cotton and other products, instead of capturing and selling their fellow-men. The belief, too, in a Supreme Being, who is Maker and Ruler of all things, and in the continued existence of departed spirits, being universal among them, they were quite prepared to see and acknowledge the force of his arguments, founded on the will of that Great Father of all as revealed in His Book. The idea that this Great and Good Being is displeased with His children for killing and selling each other gains a ready assent, and they respect the teacher of such doctrines, even when they, from self-interested motives, continue in their evil ways. It is difficult to make them *feel* that they have any relationship with the Son of God, who appeared among men, and still speaks to them in His Book, although the story of His life and sufferings always awakens their interest and admiration. Their moral perceptions are so blunted that they cannot understand, and the eyes so darkened that they can see but indistinctly the beauty of the picture presented to them; nor can they comprehend how divine a thing it is to follow in the steps of such a Leader. Their moral elevation can be secured only by the instruction and example of good Christian men residing among them for a long period. So Livingstone found ready credence for his words, and

approval of his course of action, even from those who made no resolutions of amendment themselves, but kept on in their evil ways.

• Their farther progress up the river was not interrupted until they came to the lowest of a series of cataracts, to which they gave the name of the distinguished, president of the Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison. Not deeming it prudent to risk a land journey beyond the falls, among a strange and savage people, who looked with suspicion upon their movements, they resolved on returning to Tette. They were now about 100 miles up the Shire, as the crow flies, but had probably gone double that distance in following the windings of the river. Down stream their progress was much faster than it had been up, being aided by the current. The floating hippopotami got out of the steamer's way; but a huge crocodile would sometimes rush at it with open jaws, thinking it some great beast, and go suddenly down like a stone when a yard or two from it, having doubtless discovered the mistake.

• In the middle of March, 1859, Livingstone started for a second trip up the Shire; from the natives, who were now very friendly, he easily obtained rice, fowls, and corn. About ten miles below the cataracts he found the chief Chibisba, a remarkably shrewd and intelligent man, with whom he entered into amicable relations. He had sent an invitation to the white man to come and drink beer with

him when he first visited the spot; but his messengers were so terrified at the sight of the steamer, that they jumped out of their canoe, which they left to drift down stream, and swam away to the shore as for dear life, first shouting out the invitation, which nobody understood. A great deal of fighting had fallen to the lot of Chibisba; but then it was never his fault, but always some one else who began it. He was a firm believer in the divine right of kings, and felt that he could do no wrong; 'for was he not a chief, clothed with authority, and possessed of wisdom? His people revered and feared him, and it was thought so did the crocodiles, to protect his people from the bite of which he placed a medicine in the river, so that they could bathe or swim without danger.

From Chibisba's village, near which they left their vessel, the party set out in search of Lake Shirwa, of which they had heard, and which, after many difficulties and dangers, they reached on the 18th of April. They found it to be a considerable body of brackish, bitter water, with islands like hills arising out of it, abounding in leeches, fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami; the shores were covered with weeds and papyrus; the length of the lake might probably be about sixty or eighty miles, by twenty broad. But this, they were told, was nothing in extent when compared with another lake to the north, from which it is separated only by a narrow tongue of land.

Finding the people to be still suspicious of their movements, and even in some instances hostile, and wishing to gain their confidence before proceeding farther, they resolved to return to the ship, which they did by a new passage to the southward, close by Mount Chiradzuru, among the relatives of Chibisba, and thence, by the pass Zedi, down to the Shire. They find their quartermaster, who was left in charge, stricken with fever, and treat him with large doses of calomel, which were very effectual. On the 23rd of June *Ma-Robert* is again anchored in front of Tette, where she undergoes repairs, and is then despatched down to the Kongone to receive supplies from one of H.M. cruisers; the Kroomen, who had hitherto navigated the ship, were here dismissed, and the crew made up of Makololo.

The newly invented steel plates, of which *Ma-Robert* was built, were but the sixteenth of an inch thick, and they now began to show that they were not adapted for this kind of service; some chemical action on the metal caused small holes in them, from which minute cracks ramified in all directions, so that the bottom soon became like a sieve; as soon as one hole was stopped, another was discovered. Add to this source of discomfort the frequent heavy showers which fell, flooding the cabin floor and wetting the cushions on which they slept, spoiling the botanical specimens laboriously collected by Dr. Kirk, and doing other mischief. A quantity of the stores with which they had been

supplied were spoiled. The assertion of the Portuguese that they had known the Kongone entrance to the Zambesi long before Livingstone went up it, was contradicted by the testimony of one Paul, a relative of the rebel Mariano, who had just been to Mozambique to "arrange" with the authorities, and who now told Livingstone that the Governor-General knew nothing of the Kongone, but thought that the Zambesi entered the sea at Quillimane.

About the middle of August the ship again left Tette, and for the third time steamed up the Shire, between the ranges of wooded hills which bound the valley through which it flows. Past the hill called Morambala—"the lofty watch tower"—they go, from whose precipitous side next the river a village peeps out. Here the people have a bracing atmosphere, and are above mosquito range; during the rainy season fleecy clouds rest upon the top; farther down lemon and orange trees grow wild, and pine-apples when planted. Amid the great trees at the base are found antelopes, rhinoceroses, monkeys, and large birds. A hot spring bubbles up on the plain, at the north end, which boils an egg in two or three minutes; to the west is a rich plain, forming the tongue of land between the Shire and Zambesi, with clumps of palm and acacia trees. According to the reports of the canoe-men, lions come here after the large game. On, now, for many miles, winding through a marsh, like a broad sea of fresh green grass, and then before them stands

the dome-shaped mountain Makanga, or Chikanda, with other gigantic peaks, stretching away to the north, and forming the eastern boundary of the valley; then past a broad belt of palms, where game is abundant, and elephants have been feeding on the sweet, fruity nuts. Here the great serpents called pythons twine among the branches, and the buffaloes charge furiously upon the men who are cutting wood, so that they can only escape by jumping into the river. These are pleasant incidents to enliven the way. Then, in the evening, the men go fishing, agitating the waters directly after throwing in the line, to attract the attention of the finny people, as the disciples of Izaak Walton do at home. Maize, pumpkins, and tobacco fringe the marshy banks, belonging to the natives of the hills, who, besides raising their crops, catch fish and dry it for future consumption. A deep stream, about thirty yards wide, now flows in from a body of open water several miles across: natives are busy at different parts filling their canoes with *nyika*, a kind of lotus root, which is extensively used as food; when boiled, or roasted, it resembles chestnuts. This lagoon is called *Nyanja ea Motope*, "Lake of Mud," and out of it the chief part of the duckweed which covers the Shire flows. Another name for it is *Nyanja Pangono*, "Little Lake", while *Nyanja Mukulu*, "Great Lake," is the name applied to the Elephant Marsh farther up the river; and these Nyanjas appear to have been the bound-

daries of Portuguese geographical knowledge in this district. Of the existence of the Shire cataract, only 150 miles from Senna, they do not seem to have been aware.

Steaming on for another day, they come to the village of Chikanda-Kadze, a female chief, and ask to purchase rice for the men: time seems to be of no account here, so they are coolly told, that if they wait until next day they shall have some. Forty hungry men have to be fed, however, and they go a few miles farther, to another village. All around them are rich lands, waiting only for tillage to yield an abundant supply. "Plenty," thinks Livingstone, "has the Almighty Father given. Oh, that there should be so many perishing for lack of food!" One of the men is here drowned by the capsizing of a boat, which they are obliged to tow astern to lighten the steamer, as she could not carry all the hands they needed.

Next day they reach the village called Mboma, where the people are eager to sell rice, and where in the evening a native minstrel brings his one-stringed fiddle and serenades them with a number of wild but not unmusical songs; he has a quaint kind of instrument, which looks like a small drum, made out of a carved calabash, with a long handle, parallel with which, and on the top of the drum, is stretched the single string, and screwed tight with a peg, round which it is wound; the bow is much curved, and clumsily made, but our savage Paganini

managed to scrape some sweet sounds out of the calabash with it. He talked of spending the night with his "white comrades" in the big canoes, but as this would have been too much of a good thing, they bought him off with a piece of cloth and sent him away happy.

Next day on goes the vessel, puffing along close to the bank; a huge hippopotamus is frightened from his morning bath by this strange monster, and in his hurry to escape, rushes directly under a trap. Down comes the heavy beam, driving the poisoned hardwood spike a foot deep into his flesh; in an agony he plunges back into the river; but he dies in a few hours, and his carcass floats, to be drawn ashore by the natives, who cut out the meat just around the wound, and feast on the rest rejoicing. More and more crazy and leaky does *Ma-Robert* become, and Livingstone has christened her the "Asthmatic," she labours and breathes so heavily; the cabin floor is always wet, and has become a favourite breeding-place for mosquitoes, whose presence commonly indicates that the spot is malarious, and warns man off to one more healthy.

Tingane, the beat of whose war-drums can speedily muster hundreds of armed men, is again visited, and is found very friendly. Soon they come in sight of the majestic mountain Piroae, to which they give the name of Mount Clarendon. The River Rao, which is said to have its source in the Milanje

mountains, flows into the Shire a little above Tiganane's, and a short way behind lies the great Elephant Marsh, in which vast herds of these animals find shelter and safety from the attacks of the hunters, who cannot follow them into the swamps. As many as 800 of these monstrous and sagacious creatures were counted from the steamer's deck; truly a magnificent spectacle!

Such herds as these are mostly found in remote and secluded districts; and they generally select a level tract of country, overgrown with rank and luxuriant vegetation, through or near which flow large streams or rivers, in which they delight to bathe, walking deep into the water, and throwing it up in streams with their trunks, and letting it fall over them. A very noble object is the lordly elephant tranquilly browsing amidst the wild magnificence of an African forest, or taking his morning bath in the strong glare of the burning sun, which seems in no way to affect him. Terrible, too, is his anger, as with trunk upreared and shrill trumpeting he rushes after his assailant with a swiftness wonderful in so ponderous an animal; the mounted hunter has to put his horse to its utmost speed, and even then cannot perhaps escape except by turning suddenly round, and letting his pursuer go crashing on like an avalanche through every obstacle. Baldwin and other travellers relate some marvellous escapes which they had from infuriated elephants, which they had wounded but not unto death; won-

derful is the quantity of lead they will sometimes take before they succumb; and it is only by poisoning their assegais that the natives can succeed in killing them without firearms.

Great numbers of wild-fowl congregate about these marshes; plotuses and cormorants with snaky necks are there, and flocks of pretty ardettes, of a light-yellow colour when at rest, but seemingly of a pure white when they stretch their wings and fly over the green surface of the swamp, to settle, it may be, on the backs of buffaloes and elephants which are hidden in the rank vegetation. Snowy pelicans glide over the water fishing, while melancholy herons stand motionless, and gaze intently into the pools. Disturbed by the noise of the steamer, the large black and white spur-winged goose springs up, and circles round for awhile, then settles down again with a splash. From the clumps of reeds, rise on the wing hundreds of linongolos, which build in the low trees, from whose pith hats are made; and charming little red and yellow weavers fly in and out of the tall grass, or hang to their pendant nests, chattering to their mates within. Overhead are kites and vultures, beating the ground in search of carrion, while the equally foul-feeding marabout stalks solemn and stately on the same quest. Men and boys in groups are busily searching for lotus and other roots, and some are standing up in canoes, on the weedy ponds, spearing fish, or stooping down to examine their sunken baskets. As evening

approaches, hundreds of pretty hawks are wheeling and circling above the reeds and grass, or darting in among them to catch the locusts and dragon-flies on which they feed. The scissor-bills, in flocks, are standing in the water, ploughing it with their lower mandibles, which are nearly an inch longer than the upper. Everywhere is there this exuberance of life, turning the stagnant marsh into a scene of beauty and enjoyment. At the south-eastern end of the marsh is a forest of palm-trees whose grey trunks and green tops give a pleasing tint to the colour of the scene. This is the borassus palm, not an oil-bearing tree, but very useful; the fibrous pulp round the large nuts is eaten by men and elephants; the sap that flows freely out when the top of the root shoot is cut off, makes palm wine, which is not intoxicating when fresh, but highly so after standing awhile; used as yeast, it makes bread very light. During summer, men and boys remain by the trees night and day, living upon the nuts and wine, with fish from the river. As they pass beyond the marsh into the higher country, the population continues to increase; at one place is a long line of temporary huts, where crowds of men and women are hard at work making salt, with which the soil is here impregnated; in such soil it is observed the cotton is of finer staple than elsewhere, and both on the Shire and Zambesi there are large tracts of this rich, brackish soil, admirably adapted for the cultivation of this valu-

able plant. A number of low fertile islands now stud the river, and the large village of the chief, Mankokwe, who owns a number of them, is passed on the right bank. And so on, till they reach, on the 25th of August, Dakanamoio Island, opposite the cliff on which Chibisba's village stands; this chief is away on the Zambesi, but his head-man is very civil, and promises guides and whatever else may be required. Cleaning, sorting, spinning, and weaving cotton is here the common employment; each family has its cotton-patch, just as in Scotland, each, in days gone by, used to have its patch of flax, from which most of the homely garments of the family were made; but here, not only is the cotton useful as clothing—it stands in the place of money, being the common medium of exchange.

CHAPTER XX

ON LAKE NYASSA

ON the 28th of August, 1859, a party, numbering forty-two in all, four being whites, thirty-six Makololo, and two native guides, left the ship, bent on the discovery of Lake Nyassa. Crossing the valley in a north-easterly direction, they reach the foot of the Manganja hills, up which they climb by a toilsome road. On reaching an elevation of a thousand feet, and looking back, they behold a lovely prospect, which we must not pause to describe; resuming their weary march, they at length halt at Makolongwe, the village of Chitimba, which stands in a woody hollow, on the first of the three terraces of these hills. Like all Manganja villages, it is surrounded by a hedge of poisonous euphorbia, so thick as to be impenetrable; no grass grows beneath this sombre tree by which fire could be conveyed to the huts inside, and the branches act as a fender to all flying sparks. After the usual chaffering with the people of the village for the needful provisions, the party sleep under the trees,

the air being cool and pleasant and free from mosquitoes. At early dawn the camp is again in motion, and the ascent is continued until the upper terrace is reached ; this is 3,000 feet above the sea-level.

The fertile plains, the wooded hills, the majestic mountains, and other features of this splendid scenery, now gazed on with delight for the first time by European eyes, were seen to great advantage from this elevated plateau. The air was fresh and bracing as that of the Scottish mountains, and here in some of the passes they found bramble-berries, reminding them of home and its thousand endearing associations. They spent a week crossing the highlands in a northerly direction, then descended into the upper Shire valley, which has an elevation above the sea of 1,200 feet ; it is wonderfully fertile, and supports a large population.

A pleasant and well-watered land is this Manganja country ; rivers and streams abound in it ; its highlands are well wooded, and along its water-courses grow trees of great size and height ; it is a country good for cattle, yet the people have only goats and sheep.

Every village has its chief, or head-man, and all those of a certain district pay allegiance to a paramount chief, called a Rondo, or Rundo ; part of the upper Shire valley has a lady-chief, named Nyango, in whose dominions women rank higher, and are treated more respectfully, than their sisters on the hills ; there, if a chief calls his wife to his

presence, she drops down on her knees, clasps her hands in reverence, and receives his orders in this position. All the women of the hill-tribes knelt beside the path as the travellers passed; but there was a great difference when they got to Nyangô's country. The head-men of the villages here consult their wives before concluding a bargain, and are much influenced by their opinion.

The sites of the villages here are chosen with much judgment and good taste; a flowing stream is always near, and the ground is shaded with leafy trees. At the end of the village is the *boalo*, or "spreading-place," usually comprising an area of twenty or thirty yards, made smooth, and close beside it the favourite baobab, or banyan-tree. During the day, the men sit and work here, and smoke tobacco and bang; and in the delicious moonlight nights they sing their national songs, dance, and drink beer.

The first place to which a party of travellers proceeds on entering a village is the *boalo*, where mats made of split reeds are usually spread for them to rest on. The natives then gather about, and the guides tell them who their visitors are, whence they come, where they want to go, when return, and what are their objects. The chief is duly informed of all this, and will perhaps come at once to greet the strangers. If, however, he is timid and suspicious, he will stay until he has used divination, or summoned his warriors from outlying hamlets.

As soon as he makes his appearance, all the people begin to clap their hands in unison, and continue doing so until he has sat down opposite his guests. Then his counsellors take their places beside him ; he makes a remark or two, and is silent for a few seconds. The guides, who are the spokesmen for the party, then sit down in front of the chief, and they and he and his counsellors lean forward, looking earnestly at each other, until the chief says some such word as "Ambuiatu" (our father, or master), or "Moio" (life), and all clap their hands : another word, two claps ; a third, yet more clapping. Then each touches the ground with both hands placed together. Then all rise, and lean forward with measured clap ; then sit down again, with clap, clap, clap, growing fainter until it dies away ; it is ended by a smart loud clap by the chief. In this kind of court etiquette, perfect time is kept. The guides now tell the chief, in blank verse often, all they have told his people, with the addition perhaps of some suspicions of their own. He asks some questions, and converses with the strangers ; but always through the guides, for direct conversation is not customary ; all parties are wonderfully polite and ceremonious, until the usual presents are exchanged, when etiquette is thrown aside, and eager bargaining commences.

It would be interesting to multiply such pictures of savage life and manners, and show how nearly some of them approach to those of a higher state

of civilization. Interesting, too, would it be to dwell on the features of the panorama which is unrolled before us, as we ascend these rivers of Africa, and explore its vales and mountains, where everything is so new and strange. But we must hasten to tell how the intrepid pioneers of the Gospel pushed their way on, on, through numerous obstacles and dangers, until they stood by Lake Nyassa, a little before noon, on the 16th of September, 1859, undoubtedly the first Europeans who had looked upon that inland-sea, notwithstanding all that the Portuguese authorities may say to the contrary, and the claims since set up by one or two other travellers to its discovery. Dr. Roscher, an enterprising German, was, it seems, the nearest to them in point of time, he having reached the Lake on the 19th of November, so that he was only two months later than Livingstone, who struck upon its northern end in $14^{\circ} 25'$ S. Lat., and $35^{\circ} 30'$ E. Long. The exact position of Nussseewa, on the borders of the Lake, where the German stayed for some time, is not known; he was murdered by the natives, on his way back by the Arab road to the usual crossing-place of the Rovumã; his murderers were seized by one of the chiefs and sent to Zanzibar, where they were executed; the particulars here stated are derived from the statements made by Dr. Roscher's servants, after they had reached the coast. We shall have more to say about this lake presently. Now we must turn our attention to the

great curse which rests upon its borders, and desolates some of the most fertile and beautiful places that a tropical sun ever shone upon. Close to the confluence of the lake with the river Shire, is one of the great slave-paths from the interior, and Livingstone was told by an old chief, who hospitably entertained him, that a large slave-party, led by Arabs, was encamped close by. They had been to Cazembe's country, and were returning with plenty of slaves, ivory, and malachite. Some of the leaders came to see our travellers, and offered them young children for sale, probably wishing to get rid of the incumbrance. On learning, however, that these were English, they hastened away, and decamped in the night; some of this very party were afterwards taken near the coast, by H.M.S. *Lynx*, and the slaves released. They were a villainous-looking set, armed with muskets, and ready to commit any atrocity. Livingstone could probably have set these captives free, but he knew not what to do with them, and if left to themselves they would no doubt have been again taken and sold by any of the Manganja chiefs who could lay hands on them; for these will even sell their own people to the Ajawa and slave-dealers, who are encouraged to come among them for this kind of traffic. "We do not sell many, and only those who have committed crimes," they say, when remonstrated with; but there is no doubt that others are sold as well as criminals. It is easy to get up an accusation of

witchcraft, or other assumed crime, against any person, and the temptation is strong upon them; they have little else to give for the brass rings, pottery, and cloth offered by the traders, for up in the hills they have little or no ivory. Hence it is that orphans and other friendless people often disappear from their villages, and no questions are asked about them; and all down the mountain slopes, and through the Shire villages, coastward goes the daily increasing cavalcade of human misery, the wretched captives manacled and fastened to each other, kept apart, so that they cannot give mutual assistance, by the insertion of the necks of the stronger of them in forked sticks, with pins through the extremities of the forks, and guarded by brutes in human guise, who would not hesitate to leave a sick and fainting fellow-creature to perish by the way, or to cast to the crocodiles, dead or alive, a child who might encumber the march. Truly—

“Man's inhumanity to man
Does make the angels mourn.”

Constantly, in his explorations up the Shire and around Lake Nyassa, did Livingstone come upon ruined villages, and fugitives hiding among the reeds and tall grasses, perishing of hunger and exposure, while skeletons and human forms in every stage of decomposition attested the frightful character of the deeds which are committed in carrying on this horrible traffic, which has converted a peaceful and

industrious people into idle and dissolute robbers and assassins, or miserable crouching creatures, who scarcely dare to call their souls their own; who look upon every stranger as an enemy, and have no confidence even in their own friends and relatives. Urged by the greed of gain, one portion of a tribe will not unfrequently set upon and overcome the other, that they may sell the conquered ones; some members of a family will seize and sell the rest; hence, all social ties are broken, and a state of demoralization ensues, compared to which a simple state of primitive savagery is innocence itself.

Livingstone found the Manganja tribes more suspicious and less hospitable than those on the Zambesi; and no wonder. Often a party has come to a peaceful village on pretence of trading, got permission to remain for a while, and begun to cultivate plots of ground for their maintenance; then suddenly in the night thrown off the mask, attacked the village, slaughtered those who resisted, and carried off the rest as slaves; this had been repeated in so many instances, that it seemed quite likely that when the rites of hospitality were extended to strangers, the people might be entertaining not angels, but devils unawares. A small steamer placed upon Lake Nyassa might do much to suppress this traffic, and restore confidence and peace to the natives; and Livingstone strongly advocates this measure. The Englishman is known every-

where as "the friend of the black man," and he is feared and respected by the slave-traders; his constant presence in those inland waters, around which the detestable traffic is carried on, would assure the oppressed natives of succour and safety, and act as a check upon the Manganja chiefs and the half-caste traders, and also upon the Portuguese officials, who would be conscious of an ever-watchful eye being kept upon their proceedings, and feel compelled to observe treaty obligations better than they now do. Legitimate trade, too, might be amazingly developed by the constant presence of a small body of active and energetic men, capable of instructing the natives in improved modes of culture, and pointing out the value of the products of their rich and fertile soil, which are now growing to waste. And all this might be done without firing off a single gun in hostility, or sacrificing a human life. Poor Bishop Mackenzie, when he attempted to form a settlement among the hills above the Shire, unhappily got embroiled in the quarrels of the natives, in which no missionary should ever take part, and so his efforts were rendered nugatory, and his valuable life was sacrificed.

Livingstone compares the outline of Lake Nyassa to that of Italy, it being somewhat like a boot in shape, that is, looking at it from the southern end. The narrowest part, which is about the ankle, is eighteen or twenty miles across; from this it widens to the north, until it becomes fifty or sixty miles

over. The whole length is about 200 miles, in a direction nearly due north and south. The western shore is a succession of bays, the depth varying, at a mile out, from nine to fifteen fathoms. In one rocky bay where soundings were taken, it was 100 fathoms. It seems likely that no anchorage can be found far from shore. The lake appears to be surrounded by mountains, those on the west side being only the edges of high table-lands. Like all bodies of water that are so enclosed, it is subject to sudden and tremendous storms; at one moment the surface may be perfectly calm, and the next lashed into fury by a squall of wind, that rushes down from a mountain gorge with the force of a perfect hurricane. Livingstone's boat was caught in one of these storms, when anchored a mile from the shore, in seven fathoms of water. There was a furious surf on the beach, and the big waves, driven by the wind, came rolling on in threes, with their crests driven into spray streaming behind them; if any one of these had struck the vessel, there would have been an end of her, and probably all on board; but, happily, she escaped, after riding it out for six hours. These storms usually occur in September and October, and during their prevalence the travellers had to beach the boat every night, to prevent her being swamped at her moorings. The annual rise of the water in the lake is about three feet; this does not take place until January, although the rains begin in November. On

the low and fertile land, which borders the lake on the west and south, the population is very dense. On the beach of every little sandy bay, dark crowds stand gazing at the novel sight of a boat under sail. When the travellers land, they are immediately surrounded by hundreds, who hasten to stare at the *chirombo* (wild animals). If they sit down to take a meal, they are hedged in by a thicket of dusky forms, who watch their proceedings with great interest; they are quite civil, and attempt no exactions in the shape of fines or dues. They catch large quantities of fish, and cultivate the soil. Near the northern end of the lake the vessel sailed through what seemed at first a dense fog, but proved to be a cloud of midges or gnats, called by the natives *kungo*, a cloud or fog. They filled the air to an immense height, and swarmed upon the waters in countless millions. The people gather these insects by night, and, after boiling, press them into cakes, which they eat as food.

The men on the lake fish chiefly by night; they have fine canoes, which they manage with great dexterity, standing erect while they paddle; they do not mind a heavy sea. They suffer much from fever. Although there are many crocodiles in the lake, they seldom attack human beings, having plenty of fish, which they can easily see in the clear water. The natives here are all tattooed from head to foot, and the women make themselves hideous with the lip-ring and other ornaments, as

they consider them. Livingstone says, "Some ladies, not content with the upper *pelele*, go to extremes, as ladies will, and insert another in the under lip, through a hole almost opposite the lower gum. A few *peleles* are made of a blood-red kind of pipe-clay, much in fashion, sweet things in the way of lip-rings, so hideous to behold, that no time nor usage could make our eyes rest upon them without aversion." A northern chief, who generously entertained the travellers, asked, pointing to his own bracelet, which was studded with copper and much prized, "Do they wear such things in your country?" On receiving a negative reply, he took his off and gave it to Livingstone, and his wife did the same with hers. Another asks them to come and spend a whole day drinking his beer, which is quite ready. The slave-trade was going on at a terrible rate on the lake; an Arab "dhow," crowded with wretched captives, was running regularly across it; 19,000 slaves from this Nyassa country alone pass annually through the custom-house at Zanzibar, and it has been estimated that not above one in ten of those in the interior reach the coast, where—

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The rolling billows break on Afric's shore,
With a monotonous and sullen roar;
Night-breezes sigh palmetto leaves among,
Like spirits wailing o'er a deed of wrong;
And early dawn with dark and misty wings
As yet enshrouds all dead and living things;
And as a mourning veil about the sun,
Hides from his view the deeds of horror done.

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CHAPTER XXI

TO THE MAKOLOLO COUNTRY AND BACK

ALL these facts, and many more, Livingstone obtained on his second visit to Lake Nyassa when his exploration of it extended from September 2nd to October 27th, 1861. In the interim between his first and second visits, many things had happened of which but a very brief summary can be given. Leaving Dr. Kirk and his associates to pass overland from the Shire to Tette, Livingstone once more takes poor *Ma-Roberi* down to Kongone, and has her beached for repairs. While there, H.M.S. *Lynx* calls in for supplies. One of her boats is capsized in the heavy breakers on the bar, and the mail-bags, containing Government despatches and private letters for the travellers, are lost. The governor of Quillimane comes down in a boat to find out the best place for ships to anchor and boats to land; he takes the fever, and goes back without accomplishing his mission. A Portuguese naval officer is subsequently sent to examine the different entrances; he goes and looks, and publishes a report, using,

without acknowledgment, Livingstone's soundings. On the way back, opposite Expedition Island, *Ma-Robert's* furnace-bridge breaks down : more waiting for repairs. At Shupanga they remained eight days for cotton cloth from Quillimane ; they can do nothing with the natives without this, any more than the slave-traders, who give four yards for a man, three for a woman, who fetches more if she is young and handsome, and two for a child, if it is not thrown in as a make-weight. As much as two hundred pieces of this cotton cloth, besides beads and brass wire, have been paid to different chiefs by a trader for leave to pass through their territory, during a trip of six months, and this territory is marked in the Portuguese maps as belonging to them. Twenty-four fowls are sold in the market of Senna for two yards of calico ; if you want to engage a native to perform any kind of work, the stipulated price will be so much calico ; it is a cumbersome kind of money, but the only kind in general use at present. Learning that it would be difficult for his party to obtain food beyond Kebra-basa, before the new crop comes in, Livingstone determines on delaying his departure for the interior until May, and runs down again to Kongone, hoping to get letters and despatches from the man-of-war that was to call in March. At Senna he hears news of the lost mail, which had been picked up on the beach and forwarded to Tette, passing him somewhere on the river.

Having now, a prospect of obtaining a steamer proper for the navigation of the lakes, which could be unscrewed and taken up the rapids in pieces, the engineer, Mr. Rice, was sent home to superintend her construction; he took with him, botanical specimens collected by Dr. Kirk for Kew Gardens.

Feeling bound by his promise to take the Makololo back to their own country, Livingstone determined to discharge this obligation now; he therefore made preparations for this long expedition, and set out on the 15th of May. The men did not leave so willingly as one would have expected; some of them had taken to themselves wives of the slave-women, and had children, who were claimed by the women's masters, and therefore could not be taken away; some of these preferred to remain where they were. By a law of Portugal, all baptized children of slave-women are free; but this law becomes void on the Zambesi, "possibly," as the officials say, laughing, when these Lisbon-made laws are referred to, "by the heat of the climate they lose their force." So the Makololo remain with their wives and picaninnies, and the party set off without them, accompanied by three men, sent by a merchant of Tetete, with presents for Sekeletu, whom they reach on the 18th of August, at his new town of Seshake, still afflicted with leprosy, and fretful and suspicious, issuing contradictory orders, and evidently much worse in mind and body than when Livingstone left him; he is, how-

ever, kind as ever to his white father, as he calls the missionary, and welcomes back his people with joy

Strange and wonderful adventures have they gone through in the out and home journeys, and long tarriance at Tette; they are men of consequence now, great travellers, who have seen both ends of the world, and all that is in it; big ships with cannon, and white men with muskets, thousands upon thousands; mountains higher than the moon, with white caps on their heads, and clouds half-way down them; and rivers that wind round and round the earth and come back again; and lakes deeper than the sea, with fish so thick in them that you might walk on their backs; beautiful birds, with feathers like the rainbows above the great Smoke-Falls of the Zambesi, and songs sweeter than anything they had ever heard! Such riches! beads and ivory and brass wire, mountains of them; and cotton cloth enough to spread all the way from Loanda on the west to Quillimane on the east coast! But they were glad to be back again with their father, Sekeletu, in that quiet valley; they had suffered as well as seen much, and the cruelties exercised upon their dark-skinned brethren by the fierce Ajawa and white traders had sorely frightened and afflicted them. Yes, glad to be back again with something to talk about for the rest of their lives. And they were never weary of praising the good missionary who had brought them back, and shown such tender care and solicitude for them. "Why does not he bring Ma-Robert, and live among

us?" said they. "But she comes not. Poor Sekhose went to fetch her, and was swallowed up in the angry waters. Will she ever come? we hope so!" This was the burden of their story, and admiring groups gathered around them to hear it.

Not long does Livingstone remain with Sekeletu; on the 17th of September he sets out again, convoyed by Pitsane and Leshore, two Makololo head-men, who go on a diplomatic mission to the tributary chief, Sinamane, who lives below the falls, and will be able to supply canoes for the passage down the river. Leshore was commissioned to commend the party to whatever help the Batoka could render. This worthy had a curious way of inspiring confidence in the people of the villages by or through which they passed; his followers were men of the subject tribes, and, according to his account, great rascals. "Look out," he shouted, as soon as he came within hearing, "look out for your property, and see that my fellows don't steal it."

But we must not pause by the way, although there is much to engage our attention; with the thunderous sounds of the great Smoke-Falls in our ears, and their misty columns, glorified by rainbows, behind us, we pass on to where the Zambesi runs broad and smooth again, and where dwells Sinamane of "the long spears," the most redoubtable of the Batoka chiefs, who, in his possession of the river, held the key of the Makololo country, which could hardly be invaded by their old enemies, the Matabele, while he

remained in alliance with Sekeletu. They spend a quiet Sunday with this chief on his islet, called Chilombe, and there part company with their convoy.

In five canoes furnished by Sinamane, and manned by his people, they pass down the river, which is here 250 yards wide, and flows serenely on between high banks towards the north-east. The Batoka are great tobacco cultivators; they salute the travellers by hand-clapping in the usual way. At a large island called Mosanga lives the chief Moemba, who, hearing that Livingstone had called Sinamane's people together to talk to them about the Saviour, wished his also to be "Sundayed." The canoes of the other chief were here sent back, and fresh ones obtained to take the party on, and so the whole passage was accomplished with fresh relays at each stopping-place, as people here would post from inn to inn, and with them, as with us, the pay was always ready in such coin as was well understood and valued.

On they go, down the rapids of Nakansalo, near Kariba, without having a cunning man to pray to the gods for their safety; through herds of hippopotami, with crocodiles tugging at one they killed and had in tow; with excited natives rushing along the banks, apr' clamouring for the meat; past rocks and tree-covered hills, gardens and villages, on they go, amid a people friendly and industrious, who bring them food in abundance, so that they have a merry time of it. Past the beautiful island of Kalabi, and

the village of Sequasha, the great elephant-killer, who has travelled far, and can speak a dozen different dialects. He has brought home some American clocks from Tette, which have got him into trouble: he set them all going in the presence of a chief, who was frightened at the strange sounds they made, and looked upon them as witchcraft agencies; so a council was called, and it was decided that Sequasha must be heavily fined for his exhibition of clockwork. The fun of it was, nobody had the least idea of the use of these time-measurers.

Now the Zambesi is full of islands, to which buffaloes are attracted by the fresh young grass; now it is narrowed again by the mountains of Mburuma, and there is another rapid which the canoes enter without previous survey, and the large waves of the mid-current begin to fill them; without a moment's hesitation, two of the men jump overboard from Livingstone's canoe, and desire a third to do so, although he cannot swim, for, say they, "The white man must be saved." Holding on to the gunwale, amid the foaming waters, they guide the canoe safely down, and nobly do their duty. A passing call upon their old friend Mpenle, who had to pay a fine for driving away the clouds and causing a drought; and then through thunderstorms and turbid waters they go, amid the Banyai, and past the base of the Manyerere mountains, where the coal seams crop out. Then on to Kebra-basa rapids, where two of the canoes are swamped, and much valuable property,

1
To the Makololo Country and Back 267

including a chronometer, barometer, notes of the journey, and botanical drawings, are lost. Thus, amid storm and sunshine, joy and sorrow, like that of the journey of life, they go, and reach their destination, which is Tette, on the 23rd of November.

CHAPTER XXII

MISSIONARIES AND SLAVE-TRADERS

THE new ship, called the *Pioneer*, reached the coast on the 31st of January, 1861, but the weather being stormy, she did not venture in until February 4th. At the same time came two of H.M. cruisers, bringing the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to the tribes of the Shire and Lake Nyassa, consisting of Bishop Mackenzie, with six Englishmen and five coloured men from the Cape. The *Pioneer* was under orders to explore the Rovuma, and it was arranged that the bishop should proceed in her with Livingstone, while the rest of the mission party returned for the present to Johanna with the British consul. On the 25th of February the *Pioneer* anchored in the mouth of the Rovuma, and there waited for Mackenzie, who did not come until the 4th of March, when the ascent of the river was commenced; but they had only proceeded about thirty miles up when the water suddenly fell; and as the March flood was the last of the season, and there was danger of their vessel getting stranded, they de-

cided on putting her back to the sea without delay, then to return to the Shire, see the mission party safely settled, and afterwards to explore Lake Nyassa and the Rovuma downwards from the lake. So they went over to Johanna for the missionaries, and from thence to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, up which they passed into the Shire. The *Pioneer* was an excellent vessel in every respect except her draught of water, which was too great for the upper part of the river, where she frequently grounded, when much time and labour were consumed in getting her afloat again. Up this river Charles Livingstone had given much attention to the subject of cotton-growing, in which he had endeavoured to induce the natives to engage, and with some success. In this district a cotton-field of great extent was opened, and if the mission about to be established were only moderately successful, a new era of happiness and prosperity might be looked for here. The confidence of the natives was gained; they had a great desire to trade, and would gladly avail themselves of opportunities which might be offered them of doing so. It had been settled to attempt to found a mission station on the high ground which overlooked the Shire, belonging to the friendly chief Chibisba, and now having reached this point, they learned that there was war in the Manganja country, and the slave-trade was going on briskly. Marauding parties of the Ajawa were desolating the land, and there seemed little chance that missionary work could

be carried on successfully at present. Still it was resolved to take the goods up the hills, and attempt to establish the mission. Accordingly, on the 25th of July, they started for the highlands, to show the bishop his new scene of operation. Haking at a village the second day, they were told that a slave-party, on its way to Tette, would presently pass that road, and in a few minutes a long train of manacled men, women, and children came along the road; the black drivers, armed with muskets and decked with finery, marched before, behind, and at the middle of the line in a jaunty manner, and ever and anon blew exultant notes out of long tin horns. Seeing the white men, they darted off into the forest as fast as their legs would carry them; the chief of the party alone remained, and could not well escape, because he had his hand tightly clasped in that of the leading slave. He was at once recognised by Livingstone as a well-known slave of the late commandant of Tette. He said he had bought the captives, but they asserted that they had been taken in war, and while the inquiry was going on, he too darted off, and escaped with the rest. Then all hands were busy cutting free the women and children, and releasing the necks of the men from the forked sticks, into which they were firmly pinned. The poor people could hardly believe their ears when told that they were free, and might go where they liked, or remain under the protection of their liberators; this they at once decided on doing, and set to work with alacrity,

making a fire with the slave sticks and bonds wherewith to cook the meal which they carried with them for breakfast. They told Livingstone that two women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the strings, that one mother had her infant's brains knocked out because she could not carry her load and it; and that a man who had fallen from fatigue had been despatched with an axe. Such are the tender mercies of the wicked, and yet people talk of self-interest as a preventive of undue cruelty of the master to his slaves! Eighty-four persons, chiefly women and children, were thus liberated, and attached by the strongest ties of love and gratitude to the missionary. Sixty-four more captives were freed in the course of the journey to the highlands, where the bishop wished to settle, although the actual spot was not decided on until he received a spontaneous invitation from a chief named Chigunda to come and live with him at Magomero, where he said there was room enough for both.

A resolution having been made to visit the Ajawa chief, and endeavour to persuade him to give up his evil ways, and direct the energies of his people to more peaceful pursuits, and learning that he was burning a village a few miles off, they leave their rescued captives and set off to seek the desired interview. Crowds of Manganja, who are fleeing from the war in front, meet them, leaving all they possess, except the little food which they can carry. They pass field after field of Indian corn and beans standing

ripe for harvest, but none are there to cut it down. Soon the smoke of burning villages is seen, and triumphant shouts are heard, mingled with the wailing of the Manganja women over the slain. The bishop and his party kneel down and pray ; on rising they see a long line of the Ajawa warriors with their captives rounding the hill. Their presence only makes the conquerors more furious ; they are surrounded and attacked, and in self-defence fire their rifles and drive them off. This was a bad commencement of a missionary enterprise, and it led to other troubles, which eventually broke up the mission and caused the death of Bishop Mackenzie, who appears to have been a very earnest, energetic, and estimable man. He was placed in a very difficult position, and no doubt made some grave mistakes, for some of which it has been said Livingstone was to a certain extent answerable ; but had his advice been followed, many of those disasters which occurred would have no doubt been avoided. The connection of the members of the Zambesi expedition with the bishop's mission ceased immediately after the above events took place, for the ship then returned to prepare for the journey to Lake Nyassa, the results of which have already been given in Chapter XX. With the after-collisions that took place between Mackenzie and the slavers Livingstone not only had no part, but the steps which led to them were taken contrary to his advice. We may as well mention here that only once more did our traveller see Bishop Mac-

kenzie; he came down from his station, after the return of the party from Lake Nyassa, with some of the *Pioneer's* men, who had been up on the hills for the benefit of their health; he then was well and in excellent spirits. The Ajawa, having been defeated and driven off, had sent word that they wished to live at peace with the English. Many of the Manganja had settled round the station to be under the protection of the bishop, and it was hoped that the slave-trade would soon cease in the highlands, and the people be left in the secure enjoyment of their industry. Three other Europeans had joined the mission, one a surgeon; another, Mr. Berfup, expected his wife out, and two other ladies, the bishop's sisters, who were coming there to make up an agreeable and mutually helpful party. But soon after, all this is changed; the Ajawa, incited by the half-caste rebel Mariano, who, although sentenced to a three years' imprisonment, had effected his escape with plenty of arms and ammunition, were committing greater depredations than ever. A party sent by the bishop to find a short route down the Shire were misled by their guides to an Anguro slave-trading village; retreating, they were attacked, and their goods and carriers captured, the others barely escaping with their lives. The wives of the captured carriers came to Mackenzie, imploring him to rescue their husbands from slavery, and it seemed to him a duty to endeavour to effect this object. He therefore went with an armed party to the village, which

was burned, and the prisoners liberated. This took place during the rains, and the wet, hunger and exposure brought on an attack of diarrhoea; while they were still suffering from this, the bishop and Mr. Berrup set out on an expedition down to the Ruo, by the Shire. Going on by night, the canoe was upset by one of the strong eddies of the river; clothing, medicines, tea, coffee, all were lost; fever seized on the bishop, he was at once prostrated, and on an island called Malo, in the mouth of the Ruo, he died in a native hut, the wretched shelter of which was grudged by the owner. His grave was dug on the edge of a dark forest, and in the dusk of the evening his body was conveyed there by his faithful attendants, who had watched over him to the last. Mr. Berrup, himself far gone with dysentery, staggered out and repeated from memory—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection of the dead, through our Lord Jesus Christ" Not long did Mr. Berrup survive him; he was taken back to the mission station, and expired soon after reaching it. Deprived of its leader, the mission fled from the highlands down into the lower Shire valley, where it lost more of its chief members by fever, always prevalent there. Oh, this fever—what a terrible scourge it is in all tropical lands! how it prostrates the strength of the strongest, and hurries off the weak to a premature death! Many times was Livingstone stricken down by it, but his iron constitution and temperate habits en-

abled him to fight with the pest, and rise triumphantly from the bed of sickness on which it so often laid him. A sad record would that be which should give the muster-roll of its victims. Good Bishop Mackenzie and his fellow-worker, with two others of the mission who died in the Shire valley, are the latest we have to notice. Hitherto it had spared the members of the Zambesi expedition, but now it seized upon a fine healthy young man, the carpenter's mate, who came out in the *Pioncer*, and he died suddenly, to the great regret of Livingstone. This was in November, 1861, about two years and a half from the commencement of the expedition, that had enjoyed a long immunity,—that is, from death, for the leader and several of the party had suffered from attacks more or less violent, but not terminating fatally; but now, as if to make up for lost time, the pest followed them very closely. They were on the Shire, detained by a shoal, five weary weeks, waiting for the permanent rise of the river, with marshes all around them, when the young man died. Released at length from this place of peril, they got down to the Zambesi on the 10th of January, and then steamed down to the coast. On the 30th arrived H.M.S. *Gorgon*, with Mrs. Livingstone and the ladies who were to join the Universities Mission, which had been so disastrously broken up. The sections of a new iron steamer, intended for the navigation of Lake Nyassa, also arrived, and was brought in with the help of the officers and men of the *Gor-*

gon. But they were detained six months in the delta, the *Pioneer* not being equal to the work assigned her of carrying the portions of the new vessel up to Shupanga, where she was to be put together. The captain of the *Gorgon* took the mission ladies out of the malarious influence of this part, conveying them in his gig to the mouth of the Ruq, where it was expected the bishop would be waiting for them ; but not finding him there, he proceeded on to the station, and there learned the melancholy news which we have already related, so they brought the bereaved and sorrow-stricken ladies back to the *Pioneer* ; and soon a greater grief than any he had yet known fell upon Livingstone. Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk, who had accompanied him, became dangerously ill of fever, and for a time only one of his men was fit for duty, all the rest being sick with the malaria, or the vile spirit secretly sold to them by the Portuguese officials ; and, saddest of all, that dear wife from whom he had been so long parted also took the infection. About the middle of April she sickened, and speedily sank ; obstinate vomiting came on, which nothing could allay. All medical aid was useless, and her eyes were closed in the sleep of death as the sun set on the eve of the Christian Sabbath, April 27th, 1862. What a sad Sabbath was that for the bereaved missionary, so far away from the comforting and sustaining influences of home ! It required fortitude and faith to enable him to bear up against this blow, and say to his heavenly Father,—

"Thy will be done!" No Ma-Robert now for the expectant Makololo; no helpmate now for the lonely man who had suffered and done so much in the cause of Christ. Calmly she sleeps under the shade of the great baobab-tree at Shupanga; the white cross, planted on her grave, shines out of the gloom on the green slope that margins the Zambesi river. Many who pass that way will see it, and ask about her and her brave husband, who has written her epitaph in these words:—"Those who are not aware how this brave, good English wife made a delightful home at Kolobeng, a thousand miles inland from the Cape, and as the daughter of Moffat, and a Christian lady, exercised a most beneficial influence over the rude tribes of the interior, may wonder that she should have braved the dangers and toils of this down-trodden land. She knew them all, and in the disinterested and dutiful attempt to renew her labours was called to her rest instead. *Fiat Domine voluntas tua!*" •

Shine out, white cross! shine out amid the gloom—

The mental gloom of that benighted land;
Be the wild radiance of that lonely tomb
A warning beacon, and a guiding hand
To tell of danger; comfort and command
The ignorant and erring; give them grace,
And let them in the light of freedom stand,
That they may look upon their Maker's face,
And be not, as of old, a lost, degraded race.

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The next victim to fever is Mr. Thornton, who, prompted by his generous nature, had volunteered

to fetch from Tette a supply of goats and sheep for the survivors of Bishop Mackenzie's mission, who were suffering for want of fresh meat in the Shire valley. He accomplished his task, and also took bearings by the way ; but the journey was too much for his strength ; he returned in a greatly exhausted condition, dysentery and fever set in, and he died on the 21st of April, 1863.

Soon after this, nearly the whole of the expedition were attacked by dysentery. Dr. Kirk and Charles Livingstone suffered so severely that it was thought advisable to send them home ; so that their counsel and assistance were lost to the party, which they left on the 19th of August. After it had been decided that these two officers, and all the whites that could be spared, should be sent down to the coast to wait for a passage to England, Livingstone himself fell ill with dysentery, which reduced him almost to a shadow ; Dr. Kirk remained with him until the worst had passed before leaving for home.

Previous to these events, the *Lady Nyassa*, as the new steamer was called, was put together, launched, and on the 10th of January, 1863, she entered the Shire, towed by the *Pioneer*. She was taken to pieces below the first cataract, and carried up piece-meal over about forty miles of land portage, trees having to be cut down and stones removed to clear a way. No fresh provisions could be obtained except what was shot, and the food for the native crew

had to be brought 150 miles from the Zambesi. Little help could be got from the natives, as the slave-traders had depopulated the district; but before they could effect their object, a despatch was received from the Home Government, ordering the recall of the expedition. The devastation caused by slave-hunting and famine was on every side of them. From the great Shire valley labour had been as completely swept away as it had been from the Zambesi, wherever Portuguese power or influence extended. So the *Lady Nyassa* is screwed together again, and it is resolved to take her along the northern end and collect data, and then sail down the river, while the *Pioneer* has to wait for the December floods before she can return. In the interim Livingstone visits much of the country adjacent to the lake, and is everywhere horrified by the sights and sounds of woe which attest the suffering and wide-spread devastation of the slave-traffic. While this is connived at by the Portuguese Government, it seems utterly impossible that much good can be effected by missionary or any other effort, and he is sorrowfully compelled to acquiesce in the wisdom of the orders which he has received from England. On the west coast, where the slave-trade does not exert such a baneful influence, Livingstone found, when he was there in 1861, that there were 110 principal mission stations, 13,000 children in the schools, and 19,000 members of the churches. Bishop Tozer, who was Mackenzie's successor as the head of the Universities

Mission, thought so badly of his prospects of success here, that after making a faint effort to form a settlement at a place about as high as Ben-Nevis, on the humid tops of misty Morambala, where few were likely to join it, retired from the scene, and went home to recommend the abandonment of the enterprise altogether. Livingstone by no means gave up heart or hope. To Christianize South Africa, this was now the cherished object of his life; and when, in obedience to orders, he turned his back upon this great mission-field, now so familiar and so dear to him,—doubly dear as the last resting-place of her whom he first loved and married there,—and steamed out of Zanzibar in the little *Lady Nyassa*, bound on a voyage of 2,500 miles to Bombay, he resolved to return as soon as opportunity served, and renew his efforts for the conversion and civilization of the black people, who were indeed to him “men and brethren.”

The *Lady Nyassa* was a capital sea-beat; she left Zanzibar on the 30th of April, 1864, and reached Bombay in the beginning of June, having encountered very stormy weather. Her crew consisted of thirteen souls in all, seven native Zambesians, two boys, and four Europeans; viz., one stoker, one carpenter, one sailor, and Livingstone himself, who directed the navigation. The Africans proved excellent sailors, although not one of them, before they volunteered for the service, had ever seen the sea; they were selected from hundreds who were

willing to go with the good missionary wheresoever he might take them, and it is curious to remark that during the whole voyage only one of them was laid down with sea-sickness, although the white sailor and carpenter, who were most anxious to do their duty, were each of them rendered incapable of it for a week or more. Often when the little vessel was pitching bows under in a heavy sea, one of these ebony Jack Tars, lithe of limb and nimble as monkeys, would climb out along a boom, reeve a rope through a block, and come back with the end of it in his teeth, although at every lurch of the vessel he was submerged in the foaming brine. At first Livingstone had to take the wheel every alternate four hours; but as this was very wearisome, he initiated his Africans into the mysteries of steering, which some of them were soon able to manage very well; their wages were ten shillings per month, and this no doubt was their great temptation for entering on so untried a career, although attachment to and confidence in the missionary had much to do with it.

So on went the little *Lady Nyassa*, dancing gracefully, as only a lady can, up the east coast with the current, at the rate of 100 miles a day, to within ten degrees of the equator; then out into the wide and trackless ocean, with the dolphins and flying-fish and sharks all around her; amid storms and calms she went, until the seaweeds and serpents floating past her told that land was not far off, and

soon they sight it, although nearly hidden in a heavy mist; and now the daring voyagers, with their bark so small as to be unobserved, are amid the forest of masts in Bombay Harbour.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOPES AND FEARS

AT the close of 1864, Livingstone was again in England, but not to remain here long; early in 1865 he began to make preparations for a further exploration of those regions to which his attention had latterly been directed. Much as Speke and Grant and Baker had added to our knowledge of Central Africa, and much as he himself had discovered and made public, there were still many geographical problems to be solved; and above all, there was that terrible slave traffic, and its attendant evils, to be more fully exposed and denounced. That great Nile mystery, too, which had for so many centuries baffled the efforts of explorers, although partially unravelled, was not wholly so, and "his object now was to proceed as nearly parallel as possible to the course of the Rovuma, to reach the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and ascertain whether this and Lake Tanganyika (known to exist in a north-westerly direction) joined waters. From thence he would endeavour to extend his

explorations northwards on the chain of lakes, working upwards towards the Nile sources."

From various and scattered notices which have since appeared in the public prints, but especially from the narrative of the Search Expedition conducted by Mr. E. D. Young, we gather the few facts respecting Livingstone's last expedition which we are enabled to set before our readers. It was organized in Bombay, and consisted of eleven Christianized Africans, from a Church mission there, two of them being young Ajawa, whom Livingstone had brought with him to India; eleven Sepoys of the Bombay Native Infantry; and some Johanna men, the chief of whom, named Ali Moosa, had been with the Doctor during the two years of his last exploration of the Zambesi and Lake Nyassa.

As a British consul, Livingstone was now invested with a certain amount of governmental authority, and might command such services as he required in carrying out the objects of his expedition. From the Foreign Office despatches, which were read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held in March, 1867, we learn that the last letter received from him was dated May 18, 1866; he was then at the confluence of the Niende and the Rovuma, in the same route as that pursued by the German explorer, Dr. Roscher, who was murdered in 1860, after having struck upon Lake Nyassa at a date about two months later than that of its discovery by Livingstone, who, now, at a place called Ngomano,

crossed the Rovuma, and remained some time with a friendly chief. Beyond this point it seemed no white man had ever penetrated, and travelling was now especially dangerous, as all the country around was devastated by the Mafite, a marauding tribe of Zulus, who had settled on the west of Nyassa, and caused great terror by their depredations. There was also a great drought, which added to the difficulties of the way; food was scarce, and the means of transport greatly diminished by the death of all the camels and many of the oxen, with which the party had been provided, they having been bitten by the tsetse. Still Livingstone resolved to push on, as his practice ever had been, in spite of difficulties; he took a westerly direction, and after a day's march, parted with the Rovuma, whose course they had followed for some time. They then passed over several plains and tracts of forest land but thinly peopled, the hill slopes clothed with bamboo jungle, which led into a mountainous region inhabited by Waiao and Makua tribes, who were very friendly; here was a cool climate and much cattle, and chiefs of considerable power ruled over the scattered villages. The party, however, had been much weakened by desertions; all the Sepoys had left and returned towards the coast, except the havildar, or leader, who had promised at the outset to stand by Livingstone, and did so until he died, as we shall hear presently. Some of the educated Africans had also absconded, reducing the whole number of

followers to about twenty. Livingstone knew that his only chance of preventing further desertions was to keep them marching on, so as to increase the distance from home, and so lessen the chance of a successful flight. On, therefore, he went, and after eight days' march, reached Makata, near the northern end of Lake Nyassa, which was crossed in canoes lent by the inhabitants of a small fishing village, at a part where it was but six miles wide, and landed at Kampunda; from thence to Marenga and Maksura, lying to the north-west, and then, after two days' march over a marshy tract of mud, "into a land full of fear and dread." The sick havildar, who had faithfully kept with Livingstone while he was able, worn down by dysentery and fatigue, had to be left behind at Kampunda, where he breathed his last soon after. On, then, into the country of the dreaded Mafite, whose chief may perhaps be reached and propitiated, or whose marauding parties may not be fallen in with, for the country is wide and desolate; they are few in number, and their parties must be far between. So on: since Marenga and the mud-marsh are left behind a day and a half has passed, and the travellers are not molested; the yet undiscovered Lake Tanganyika lies somewhere in this direction, the last, and perhaps the greatest, of the chain of lakes which furnish the head waters of that ancient and mysterious river, Nile. This is "the missing link" of a great geographical puzzle, and Livingstone is



EX - 11 - EX - 11

anxious to grasp it, to finish the solution of the dark problem which has puzzled geographers in all ages of the world's history.

But the dream of success is rudely dissipated. It is about 9 a.m., and he is marching on at the head of his party, over level ground, covered with grass three feet high, and scattered jungle and forest bush, when he and his negroes, the Johanna men being some distance behind, are suddenly attacked by a party of the Mafite, who come on with a rush, uttering their war-cry, and striking their shields with their broad-bladed spears and axes. A musket-shot from Livingstone brings down one or two of the attacking party and checks their advance, for a moment only; the negroes present their pieces, but owing to trepidation their fire is harmless, and the yelling savages are upon them, just as the doctor is in the act of reloading. One swift stroke at the back of the neck with an axe nearly severs his head from the body, and he falls dead. The Johanna men, who are coming on with their burthens, stop aghast, throw them down, and hide themselves in the interposing thickets. Only Moosa, who is somewhat in advance, and gets behind a tree for shelter, sees all that passes, notes the partial stripping of the dead body of his leader, and waits until the foe have retired; then, collecting his scared countrymen, cautiously approaches the spot. A shallow grave in the sands is scraped with some sticks, and the good missionary, with that horrible

gash in the neck, which must have caused instant death, is placed therein ; and then, leaving the bodies of three or four negroes, and several of the Mafite who have fallen in the conflict, to be devoured by the vultures and wild beasts, the party made a quick and stealthy retreat, without troubling themselves about the goods they were carrying, but glad enough, to escape with their lives.

Making their way with all possible speed to Kampunda, they there witness the death of the havildar of the Sepoys, are deprived of their weapons by the chief of that place, join an Arab slave caravan, recross Nyassa, and make for Keetwa, a great slave outlet on the Zanzibar coast. But when within eight days' journey of this place, they again encounter the Mafite, who scatter the caravan, seize the slaves and ivory, and send the Arab traders fleeing for their lives. Eventually they reach Keetwa in a most destitute condition, and from thence, by the kindness of the people, they are sent on to Zanzibar, where they arrive on the 6th of December, and tell their sad story of disaster. Such was the circumstantial detail of Livingstone's death, which was given by Moosa and his Johanna men, and which was afterwards proved to be a fictitious narrative, made up to excuse their desertion of the traveller in a time of great difficulty and peril.

This report of the murder of Dr. Livingstone was first made known in England by a letter from Dr. Kirk, at Zanzibar, dated 25th December, and

addressed to Mr. Bates, assistant-secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, whose president, Sir R. Murchison, published it on the 7th of March. Dr. Kirk believed in its authenticity; but there were others who entertained grave doubts on the subject. Circumstantial accounts of the untimely death of the intrepid explorer had before reached England, and his friends cherished the hope that he might still be alive, and pushing on his researches. Afterwards came despatches from Dr. Seward, acting political agent and British consul at Zanzibar, where the vessels of all nations which were then at the port had exhibited their flags half-mast high on the arrival of the sad intelligence above related; they stated that himself and Dr. Kirk were about to sail for Quiloa, a port more to the south, to make inquiries of the Arabs there, and gain what intelligence they could. Then came other despatches relating briefly the result of these inquiries. Nothing was learned which contradicted the evidence of the Johanna men, nor which directly confirmed their story; But all that they related was consistent with Dr. Kirk's knowledge of the country said to have been traversed. So from that time to this the minds of Livingstone's friends, and of those especially interested in the prosecution of geographical discoveries and the spread of Christianity, have been agitated by alternate hopes and fears, and the latter seem to have greatly predominated at the meetings of the Geographical Society when this subject has been discussed.

Mr. J. S. Moffat, however, Livingstone's brother-in-law, and himself an African missionary, did not take this desponding view. Writing to the editor of the *Cape Argus*, under date September 17th, he said :—

“People are incessantly asking me whether I have not given up all hope respecting Dr. Livingstone. There appears to me no necessity for us to make up our minds on the subject at present. I put off writing to you until we should hear once more from England, and, as no further intelligence about Dr. Livingstone has been received, I shall say once for all what appears to me to be the state of the case.

“All the evidence to the effect that Dr. Livingstone was murdered by the Mafite comes through one channel, namely, the Johanna men, with Moosa at their head. Two or three different accounts have been given by these men, and no one account is reconcilable with the others. I will not occupy space or time by going into details, but any one may satisfy himself on this point.

“Reports have been received through other channels, not corroborating, but absolutely contradicting, the account given by the Johanna men. Arab traders have come from the immediate vicinity of the spot where the murder is alleged to have occurred, and yet have not heard of an event which could not have failed to cause a good deal of excitement through an extended region. A message has been sent to the Sultan of Zanzibar by a chief

inland, that Livingstone had passed his territories alive and well, at a point beyond the scene of the supposed murder.

"What has become of the Africans who were with Livingstone? He started from the coast with three sorts of people. The Sepoys soon came back, unable to bear the hardships of the climate and journey. The Johanna men came back with the story which has made so much noise in the world; but where are the negroes, of whom there were nine or ten, who had been sent with Livingstone and the Sepoys from Bombay? It is not said that they were killed. What has become of them?"

"The continued silence of Dr. Livingstone is said to look bad. How long has he been silent? Not much more than twelve months. He was silent longer than that when he crossed the continent further south at a narrower place. I myself have been twelve months without communication with the civilized world, though I have never been in such secluded regions as those to which Livingstone was directing his course when the Johanna men say he was killed. If Livingstone is off the caravan routes which lead to the coast near Zanzibar, he is not likely to find any one to carry his letters. If, as I think quite possible, the negroes are still with him, having got so far, he would not be likely to return, but would continue his journey, and I should not be in the least surprised if he turned up in some most unexpected quarter.

"Probably the Johanna men, like their neighbours on the continent, can tell most circumstantial lies. My father has been killed, and buried too, before now, with all the necessary formalities; and so have I on a smaller scale.

"My own belief is that when the Johanna men found that Livingstone was going into a region too remote for their taste, they did what many servants, black and white, have done before them—took to their heels some fine night when the explorer was asleep, and made the best of their way back to Zanzibar."

It will presently be seen that this belief, so confidently expressed, proved to be well founded. Through the instrumentality of the distinguished president of the Geographical Society, who could not give up his friend Livingstone as lost, a search expedition was organized; it was commanded by Mr. E. D. Young, an old companion of Livingstone in his Shire and Nyassa expeditions, who chose for his companions Messrs. Reid and Buckley, both old and tried hands, well inured to the African climate. An enterprising volunteer, H. Faulkner, Esq., lately an officer in H.M. 17thth Lancers, also joined the expedition, which left England early in June. They took out with them a boat thirty feet long by eight broad, and three-and-a-quarter deep, built in Chatham Dockyard, of ^{steel} plates but little thicker than a penny piece, in sections, so that it could easily be taken to pieces and carried past the rapids

and other obstructions to navigation. In due course they reached the Cape, and after a little time spent in the necessary preparation, were taken, with their portable boat, stores, etc., by H.M. corvette *Petrel*, to the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, where they arrived July 25th; but eventually they entered the great river by the Kongone mouth, and set out on their perilous expedition. Two native boys, named Chinsoro and Sinjeri, who had formerly been rescued from slavery by Dr. Livingstone, and had been under Christian instruction at the Cape, had willingly accompanied the party, and a native crew were now engaged to work the boats up to Shupanga, and on the 6th of August they had got through the intervening obstacles, and were fairly in the Zambesi, sailing up which river they arrived at Shupanga, where it will be remembered Mrs. Livingstone was buried. Here they dismissed their crew, and engaged another, among whom were many who had served under the conductor of the present expedition, and having known the doctor, were interested in his fate.

We need not detail the difficulties which were encountered and overcome, such as carrying the steel boat piece by piece over sixty miles of rocky and precipitous ground, in order to get her above the rapids, and then voyaging painfully onward, amid swift currents, or swamps and reedy lakes where it was almost impossible to discover an outlet. Sometimes aground in shallows, breathing the poi-

sonous miasma drawn up by the hot sun from the rank, decaying vegetation ; sometimes threatened by hostile natives, tormented by mosquitoes, parched with thirst, and near sinking with fatigue, yet they bore bravely on up the Shire, or Chirri, as Mr. Young tells us the river is called, visiting on the way the grave of poor Bishop Mackenzie, and doing what they could to lighten each other's labours and conduce to the success of the expedition. Suffice it to say, that on the 6th of September they reached the southern end of Lake Nyassa, into a little sandy bay on the east shore of which they were driven by a gale which threatened their destruction ; and here, where they would never have thought of inquiring, they came at once upon the track of the lost explorer. The first native they encountered told them how an Englishman had gone through his village, had been kind to his people, and given them presents, etc. This welcome informant pointed out where he had lived, further up the lake, and sail was immediately made for the spot, but the wind again freshening, they had to seek shelter in another bay, where more natives were encountered who, in their dramatic way, so well described the traveller who had visited them as to leave no doubt of its being Livingstone himself. They even remembered and repeated the names of the two native lads who were with the doctor, and who spoke the Nyassa language.

Keeping firm hold of the clue thus providentially

obtained, Mr. Young, with great tact and judgment, followed upon the track which was here indicated. It was now plain that Livingstone had abandoned his first intention of visiting the north end of the lake, and had indeed made for the crossing of which he had in his former travels obtained a knowledge. Village after village was visited by the searchers, and everywhere they met with cheering proofs that the doctor had been there before them. Articles that were recognised as having been his property, or that of one or other of his party, were openly shown by the natives, and his likeness was pointed out in Mr. Young's photographic album. Thus they traced him along the southern shore of the lake to the Arab crossing place. Livingstone had certainly been there; one man, who had helped to carry his luggage two days in a north-easterly direction, described him and his dog most accurately; this he said was about a year ago. From this informant they learned that M'Sungu (the white man) had slept at his village, which was called "Paca Ioma," and was distant about five days' journey inland, and said it was useless to attempt to catch him, as he was gone to the Babissa country, which it would take them moons to reach. When told of the report that Livingstone had been killed by the Mafite, or Ma Zitu, as Young calls them, the people laughed, and said—"Why, he went this way on purpose to avoid them, and we know he went far beyond, where it would take months to walk."

This testimony at once disproved the story of Moosa, according to whom the death and burial of Livingstone took place a long distance backward from the spot where these witnesses had seen him alive, and pushing on yet further northward. Still pursuing their course up the lake, they arrived at Marenga's village, to which they were guided by a native who had known Livingstone when he had called there on a former journey, and who had on this last occasion assisted to carry his luggage. His chief had furnished the traveller with canoes to cross a marshy tract, which saved him a long *détour* round it. Moosa and the Johanna men were with him then, but two days after they returned to the village, saying that they were merely Arabs, who had come across Livingstone in their wanderings, and had consented to help him, but now as he was about to enter a dangerous country, they did not feel justified in incurring the risk, and had therefore left him, with the intention of returning to the coast. Marenga apprised Mr. Young that nothing could have happened to the doctor within three months' journey from this spot without his knowledge. This chief was a very friendly and jovial sort of potentate; at his village, or capital city as we ought perhaps to call it, singing and drinking were the order of the day; he was very seldom sober, and Mr. Young thought him the best modern representative of "Old King Cole" he had ever seen. He was very fat, and had forty wives, whose chief busi-

ness it was to keep him supplied with music and drink. The approximate date of Livingstone's visit to Marenga's village was shown by some leaves of the Nautical Almanac for the year 1866, of which Mr. Young possessed himself there.

Feeling that it was useless to pursue the inquiry further, and that he had accomplished the object of the expedition, the outlet of the lake by the river Shire was sought for, and found; but before leaving Nyassa, a short stay was made at the village of the chief Mapunda, where Livingstone had also been, and where he left one of his Ajawa lads, Wakotani, whose feet were so bad that he was unable to continue travelling. Unfortunately he was then away with the chief, and was not likely to return for a long time. Many circumstances were related by Mapunda's mother, which gave assurance of the truth of her story of the visit of the white man, who had evidently made a most favourable impression. We cannot resist quoting here the tribute which Mr. Young pays to the character of Livingstone:—"His extensive travels place him at the head of modern explorers, for no one has dared to penetrate where he has been; no one has, through a lengthy series of years, devoted so much of life to searching out tribes hitherto unknown, and I believe his equal will rarely, if ever, be found in one particular and essential characteristic of the true explorer. He has the most singular faculty of ingratiating himself with natives.

whithersoever he travels. A frank, open-hearted generosity, combined with a constant jocular way in treating with them, carries him through all. True, it is nothing but the most iron bravery which enables a man thus to move amongst difficulties and dangers with a smile on his face, instead of a haggard, care-worn, or even a suspicious look. Certain it is, also, that wherever he has passed, the natives are only too anxious to see other Englishmen, and in this way we must crown him king of African pioneers."

It was part of Moosa's fictitious narrative that he and his party had been plundered of the goods at Mapunda, in their flight to the coast after Livingstone's death. When this was mentioned to the old chieftainess, her indignation knew no bounds. She had previously mentioned that "the doctor's heart was sick on account of Moosa, and those who were with him. They were," she said, "a set of runaway cowards." And, standing erect in the midst of her assembled people, she stooped and picked up a handful of sand, and then looking up to the sky, and again down to the ground, she slowly let it trickle from her hand, and with all the solemnity of a heavy oath she declared that every word was utterly false.

With emphasis she said that Livingstone was her son's true friend, and that he had done all he could to help him on his way. As to evil befalling him, she knew it was false; if it had come to him at

Màrenga's, her son's people would have avenged him, strong as Marenga was; and Mr. Young believed her, as well he might.

Passing down the Shire, through lands devastated by the Mafite, the travellers reach Cachéché's, at the head of the rapids, where the steel boat must be taken to pieces again for land portage. The once-dreaded Ajawa, whose turn it is to flee before the more powerful Mafite, had by this time learned to recognise the English as their best friends, notwithstanding that Livingstone and Mackenzie had once found it necessary to oppose and punish them for their slave-trading atrocities. They volunteered to carry down the pieces of the boat, and although the calico with which they were to have been rewarded was, by the negligence of the man in whose charge it had been left, totally spoiled, they were content to receive such inadequate remuneration for their heavy toils as Mr. Young could then offer.

At Chibisba's, below the Falls, where the party arrived on the 18th, they found a miscellaneous gathering of the various native tribes, drawn together by a common danger; amongst them were the native survivors of the Universities' Mission, so disastrously ended by the death of Mackenzie and his coadjutors. Here, however, they did not tarry, but on again through swamps and marshy lands, and the terrible heat and many dangers of such a journey; sometimes short of food, and glad to eat hippopotamus' flesh, although more than "rather

high." They visit again the grave of poor Bishop Mackenzie and plant a new cross thereon, and finally reach Shupanga on the 5th of November, having thus accomplished the object of the search in three months, and this without the loss of a single life. Mr. Young fulfilled his instructions to the letter, and the conduct of the expedition reflects great credit on his professional skill and judgment. The account of "The Search after Livingstone," which he published soon after his return to England, in December, 1868, is given in a manly, modest, and straightforward manner. It gives evidence of the writer's sincere attachment to the great explorer, and of his earnest regard for the temporal and eternal welfare of the oppressed and suffering natives of the regions desolated by the inhuman wars resulting from the detestable slave traffic. While his book, which had the advantage of being edited by the Rev. Horace Walter—who spent some years of missionary life among the people of the Shire and the Zambesi—was in the press, letters written by Livingstone brought assurance of his safety up to February, 1867, and confirmed the truth of much that Mr. Young had gathered from the natives, as well as the utter falsity of Moosa's story. A load was lifted off the public mind, and Livingstone's friends might again hope to see him and hear his reports of fresh discoveries.

How thoroughly and sincerely the whole British nation rejoiced at the good news of our great ex-

plorer's safety was at this period abundantly testified by the columns of the press. We might quote pages on pages bearing witness to the nobility of Livingstone's character and the importance of his work, but must content ourselves with a single extract from the pen of Elihu Burritt.

“Who that saw and heard Livingstone at the British Association at Bath, three years ago, will ever forget that face, or the accents of that voice, when he stood up before the great assembly and apologised for the obsolescence of his mother tongue to his lips? His very face showed the burning of twenty years of torrid suns; he had come out of the blistering heats of the fever-breathing miasmas of Central Africa, to tell in his quiet way and half-stammering speech what he had seen, suffered, and done in the wilds of that savage land, to add to the common stock of human knowledge. So long had he trained his lips to the uncouth languages of those heathen tribes, that his own seemed like a strange one to his tongue. How many who listened to that story, and looked upon that furrowed, sun-smitten face, said to themselves, ‘Enough! well done! no man could do more for science; now settle down to quiet rest in your native land.’ ‘Not so,’ said he, or thought it in his heart. The furrows of threescore years and more ridged his countenance, though he had seen but fifty. All the red blood of middle manhood seemed exuded from his system, or poisoned in it by the malarious breath,

of African morasses. But his work was not done. Once more 'to the breach! once more! Once more to make and mark footprints in the central sands of that unexplored continent that others should follow and name. Once more in the darkness of that hot-sunned land—once more with the lantern and mining-rod of science, to penetrate the hidden mysteries with gleams of light."

CHAPTER XXIV

LOST AND FOUND

UP to the month of February, 1867, as was stated in our last chapter, we had certain knowledge of the safety of Livingstone from letters written by his own hand ; but after that time, month after month passed away, and no further intelligence arrived. Once more were our fears aroused, and we eagerly longed for some scrap of information to assure us that the brave explorer was still alive and continuing his noble work. At length arrived welcome news from Dr. Kirk, the vice-consul at Zanzibar ; he had just received, through an Arab messenger, short letters from Livingstone, written in October and November at Marunga and Cazembe (places to the S. and S.S.W. of Lake Tanganyika), from which it appeared that the doctor was on his way to Ujiji, but, in consequence of a native war, had been detained on his road for three months, during which time he had been living with friendly Arabs. The bearer of these letters said that Livingstone had announced his intention of returning to

Zanzibar after exploring the country around Lake Tanganyika, 'Dr. Kirk added to this satisfactory news, that provisions, medicines, letters, and information had been sent to Ujiji to await the great traveller's arrival, and that he was aware of their being so. Now indeed it seemed that all was going well, and we almost expected to have the happiness of welcoming Livingstone to his native shores before Christmas. But we were doomed to disappointment; Christmas passed away, and nothing further was heard. Then came a letter from Dr. Kirk, dated the 5th March, 1868, sadly telling the president of the Geographical Society that no news of Livingstone had reached Zanzibar for a long period. Ivory traders who had lately arrived from Ujiji could give no intelligence of the great traveller, and it seemed difficult to conjecture what had become of him. At length, however, our anxieties were relieved; Dr. Kirk communicated the welcome news that letters from Livingstone, dated July, 1868, had reached the coast, and added that he had learned from a newly-arrived caravan that the doctor had entered Ujiji, where his stores were awaiting him. One of the letters referred to soon after reached England; it was addressed to the Earl of Clarendon, and dated from "Near Lake Bangweolo." In the early portion of it Livingstone thus modestly announces a great discovery: "I think that I may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between 10 deg. and 12 deg. south

latitude. Aware that others have been mistaken, and laying no claim to infallibility, I do not yet speak very positively." Further on he tells how, on the 2nd August, 1867, he discovered Lake Liemba. "It lies," he says, "in a hollow, with precipitous sides 2,000 feet down, and is extremely beautiful; sides, top, and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the water. On two rocky islands men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; the villagers ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the West Coast of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks, from twelve to fifteen feet broad, leap down the steep rocks and form splendid cascades, that made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder."

The next letter received from Livingstone was written from Ujiji, and dated May 30th, 1869. It was by no means a cheerful one. The Doctor stated that his stores had been plundered, and he was sadly in want of men and supplies. The Arab traders who were interested in the slave trade were anxious to thwart him, and no one would take charge of his letters. He had written thirty-four letters, all of which had been lost. While waiting for help, he intended exploring a country said to be inhabited by cannibals, called Manyema, and the lakes to the west of Tanganyika. On the

receipt of this letter, the President of the Royal Geographical Society at once petitioned Government to grant aid to the great traveller in his sore need. A sum of £1,000 was readily furnished, and it was arranged to supply Livingstone with fresh stores and men by parties of natives sent by the consul of Zanzibar to the interior. At the beginning of the year 1872 it became known that this method of relief had failed, and as more than two years had passed since a scrap of writing from Livingstone had reached the coast, although he was believed to be but a few hundred miles in the interior, grave fears were entertained that the great traveller might be detained in captivity, or prostrated by sickness. It was then proposed that an expedition should be fitted out for his relief, and the Geographical Society accordingly made an application to the Treasury for funds to enable them to carry out an enterprise in the success of which the whole nation was deeply interested. This application, strange to say, was refused on the ground that "the direction in which the proposed search was to be made seemed too doubtful to warrant public expenditure to be made upon it"; but the Geographical Society liberally contributed £500 out of their own funds, while subscriptions poured in from other sources to the amount of nearly £3,000. Sir Fowell Buxton, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and Miss Florence Nightingale, were among those who opened their purses for the support of the

movement. The latter noble-hearted lady forwarded her subscription with the following characteristic letter:—

“I send you my little mite for the Livingstone Search Fund. May God speed every effort to save one of the greatest men of our time; or, if dead, to save his discoveries. If it cost £10,000 to send him a pair of boots, we should send it. England too often provides great men, and then leaves them to perish.”

In a short time the expedition so liberally furnished with funds by the British public, was completely organized. Lieutenants Dawson and Henn, two young ardent and accomplished naval officers, were placed at its head, and were accompanied by a son of the great explorer, Mr. W. O. Livingstone, who was born in the Zambesi country about twenty years before. These gentlemen were the bearers of despatches from the Foreign Office, instructing Dr. Kirk to give “all the advice and assistance in his power in furtherance of the object of the mission.” The expedition left England on the 9th of February, 1872, and arrived at Lawistar on the 19th of April; here it was joined by Mr. Charles New, an African missionary of great experience, who volunteered his services as a member and interpreter. We should here mention, that it was well known in England at the time our expedition started that Mr. Henry Stanley, of the *New York Herald*, was then in Africa, endeavouring to find and succour Living-

stone ; but accounts had arrived of his being stopped by disturbance at Unyanyembe, and little hope was entertained of his ultimate success. And now to return to the English expedition. While men were being engaged and every preparation made for a start, vague rumours were heard to the effect that Stanley had succeeded in reaching Ujiji. They were not at first believed, but presently three messengers arrived from the interior with the startling intelligence that not only had Stanley reached Ujiji, but he had discovered Livingstone, and was then returning with all speed to the coast. A few days later the young American himself appeared on the scene, confirming the report of the messengers, and telling how, less than two months before, he had left the Doctor alive and well at Unyanyembe, properly supplied with provisions and all necessaries. The leaders of the English expedition now considered that the main objects of their mission had been forestalled, and determined to return home ; but Mr. Oswald Livingstone announced his intention of at once making his way to his father with such stores as, under the altered circumstances of the case, seemed necessary. This gentleman was, however, so strongly advised by his father's old friend, Dr. Kirk, not to enter the country during a rainy season unequalled in severity, that he, though with great reluctance, relinquished the idea. Mr. Stanley now disbanded his own forces and made ready a fresh expedition,

in accordance with wishes expressed by Livingstone. A large number of stores, consisting of writing paper, note-books, medicines, and other articles of which the Doctor was in need, were purchased; while guns, ammunition, cloth, etc., were furnished out of the English stores. Towards the end of May, Mr. Stanley had the satisfaction of seeing this expedition start from Zanzibar for the interior.

And now when the English papers announced the arrival of tidings that the great traveller who had been so long lost to sight among the vast forests, jungles, rivers, and lakes of Central Africa, had been found by Stanley, a feeling of universal joy and thankfulness animated the whole nation. Warm and enthusiastic were the praises showered upon the brave young American, who, it was felt, had thus laid not only Livingstone's relations, but the whole civilized world, under a deep and lasting obligation.

In order to render our narrative complete, we have now to retrace our steps, and give some account of the manner in which the American expedition was originated and so successfully carried out. For this information we are indebted to Mr. Stanley's own work, entitled, "How I found Livingstone." The idea of sending the expedition, he therein tells us, first occurred to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the young manager of the *New York Herald*, while staying in Paris. This gentleman telegraphed to Mr. Stanley, then resident in Madrid,

and on his arrival gave him directions in a few brief sentences to "go and find Livingstone." Whatever money he required would be forthcoming, and he was to carry out his plans in the manner he thought best. Acting on these instructions, the young American went to Zanzibar, and there organized a large caravan, at the head of which he started on the 5th of February, 1871. Many were the difficulties and dangers he had to encounter on the road, as may be gathered from the fact that he lost by sickness and accident one of the two white men who accompanied him, two of his armed escort, eight pagasis, or bearers, two horses, and twenty-seven asses; but on the 23rd June, 1871, he succeeded in reaching Unyanyembe. Here he found the Livingstone caravan that had started more than nine months before. After resting for a few days, Stanley prepared to push on for Ujiji, but found to his dismay that Mirambo, the king of Ujowa, had lately declared that no caravan should pass through his territory unless it went over his own dead body. The Arabs, whose trading parties were constantly in the habit of traversing this district, had taken alarm at Mirambo's announcement, and declared war with him. "Are we prepared," said they, "to give up the ivory of Ujiji, of Urundi, of Karagwah, because of this one man? We say war—war, until we have got his beard under our feet—war, until the whole of Uyoweh and Wilyankwea is destroyed—war, until

we can again travel through any part of the country with only our walking canes in our hands." Stanley thought of Livingstone. What if he were marching to Unyanyembe, directly into the war country? It would be cowardly to turn aside and leave him to his fate. Then consulting with the Arabs, and finding they were sanguine of victory, he came to the conclusion that his wisest course would be to unite his forces with theirs and at once attack the king of Ujowa. With this intention Stanley now proceeded to Mfuto, the rendezvous of the Arab army. After a few days spent in preparations for hostilities, the united forces, numbering upwards of 2,000 men, marched out of the town with banners flying, drums beating, and horns blowing. Three days more and Zimbizo, a stronghold of the enemy, was reached. After a severe struggle Mirambo's forces were driven out, while in the course of the same day two other villages were taken and committed to the flames. On the following day (the 5th of August), a strong party of Arabs and slaves scoured the country, carrying fire and devastation before them. But this success was of short duration, for soon after the Arabs were drawn into an ambush and defeated with great slaughter; they fled in all directions, and with them fled also the greater part of Stanley's escort. The young American was now placed in an extremely dangerous position, only one Englishman, named Shaw, an Arab boy, and

six of his followers, remaining with him. At midnight on the 7th of August he returned to Mfuto, where most of his men had taken refuge. The next day he made his way to Kwihara; and while waiting there to see what turn affairs would take, witnessed the destruction of a large portion of the neighbouring town of Tabora by the enemy's forces. Then came the alarming intelligence that Mirambo was on his road to attack Kwihara itself. Collecting all the fugitives he could find, and obtaining six days' provisions, Stanley now barricaded a number of houses, hoisted the American flag, and awaited the king's approach. Mirambo did not, however, make his appearance; and it became known soon after that he had been defeated in an attack on Mfuto, and compelled to fly into the forest.

Stanley now gave up the idea of attempting to make his way through the war country, and determined to endeavour to reach Ujiji by a more southerly route. On the 23rd of September the caravan started, but a large number of his men deserted, and his only English companion declared he would follow him no farther, and had to be sent back. Several hundreds of miles of country were now traversed—deserts, thick forests, and jungles scarcely known to the Arabs themselves. On the 3rd of November, 1871, a caravan was met with on its road to Unyanyembe; on being asked for news, the leader reported that a white man was seen by him only eight days before

at Ujiji. The stranger wore the same kind of clothes as Mr. Stanley, and the hair on his face was similar, only white. This was news indeed. Great was the delight of the American traveller, for the white man was doubtless none other than Livingstone himself. Two marches more brought the expedition to a country called Uhha; and a halt was made at Kawunga, where resided a chief who stated he was authorized to collect a toll from passing caravans for the Ring of the country. To this man Stanley paid ten doti of good cloth, upon the understanding that nothing more would be asked between Kawunga and Ujiji. Off started the travellers again on the next morning, but they had scarcely advanced an hour's march when they were stopped by a party of armed men, who demanded tribute on behalf of the king of Uhha to the extent of nearly two bales of cloth. Stanley tried to talk the chief into moderation; but his arguments were of little avail, and a bale and a quarter had to be paid. At a large village that was reached the next day, resided the king of Uhha's brother, and here another tribute of thirty doti was extorted. At this point Stanley lost all patience, and hearing that there were five more chiefs living but two hours from each other who would demand tribute, resolved on a desperate measure, which was thus put into execution. Having obtained a guide, he silently mustered his forces by night, and sending them out of

the village by four at a time, resolutely plunged into a bamboo jungle. By this means he hoped to take a short cut to Ujiji, that, avoiding the native villages, should enable him to escape from extortion that threatened to rob him of everything he possessed. The artifice succeeded admirably; and on the 10th of November the travellers, reaching the top of a lofty hill, beheld below them the town of Ujiji, "embowered in palms, with the tiny waves of the silver Tanganyika rolling at its feet." At this moment all the trials, difficulties, and dangers of the journey were forgotten; and one and all were straining their eager eyes to make out the hut or house in which dwelt the white man they had come so far to find. Stanley now gave his men orders to unfurl the flags and load the guns. Then one, two, three—fire! and a volley from nearly fifty guns roared over the valley. Again and again was the charge repeated, and it soon became evident that the inhabitants of Ujiji had awakened to the knowledge that a caravan was approaching. Up the hill they swarmed, shouting their cry of welcome, "Yambo, bana! Yambo, bana!" and yelling with delight at the sight of the American flag that was borne aloft at the head of the procession. When within three hundred yards of the village, Stanley was startled by a voice close to his ear, exclaiming,—

"Good morning, sir!"

"Turning sharply round, he beheld a black man,

dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head. A few questions were quickly asked, and answered; and Stanley knew that the object of his journey was nearly accomplished, for this man was none other than Livingstone's servant, Susi; and his master, the great traveller himself, was at that moment in the village below.

As the caravan wended its way into the town, Stanley observed a white man with a grey beard standing in the centre of a group of Arabs in front of a house. Pushing back the crowd, and making his way through a living avenue of people, he advanced near enough to notice that the white man was clad in a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of grey trowsers, and wore upon his head a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it. The American at once knew that this must be Livingstone; and as he drew closer, his heart beat fast with delight that the triumphant moment to which he had so long been looking forward had at length arrived. A few steps more, and, concealing all signs of emotion, he raised his cap and said,—

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," responded the great traveller, lifting his cap and smiling kindly. Then the pair grasped hands, and Stanley said,—

"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

— And was answered,—

"I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

Then Livingstone, having introduced his newly-found friend to the swarthy Arabs who stood around, conducted him to his house, made him sit down on his own particular seat (a straw mat with a goat-skin underneath), and placed himself by his side. Conversation began, and many were the questions the white men asked of one another. As they sat there, hour after hour, and night gradually closed around, Stanley heard from the Doctor's lips an outline of the strange story of his wanderings in that wild African land. After he had listened for some time to the narration, and the Arabs, who had been seated around, had withdrawn, Livingstone's letter-bag, that should have reached him long ago, but had been detained by the lagging caravan at Unyanyembe, was produced. The Doctor took the bag, opened it, glanced at its contents, and read with a beaming face one or two of his children's letters; then he put the rest aside and asked for news of the world, saying he had waited so long for letters that he had been taught patience, and could afford to wait a few hours longer. Great events had occurred since Livingstone had been buried in the wilderness; and Stanley had to enact the part of a newspaper to him, telling of the opening of the Suez Canal, the completion of the Pacific railroad, the war between France and Prussia, etc., etc. At length, late at night, the travellers retired to rest, each full of the strange news the other had imparted.

Although the main facts of Livingstone's travels were told in the course of this first memorable evening, it was not until several days had passed that Stanley was able to gather a complete and connected story. From the narrative of the great traveller's adventures and discoveries, which forms by no means the least attractive feature of Stanley's interesting work, we condense the following :—

• After leaving Zanzibar in March, 1866, Livingstone and his party travelled along the left bank of the Rovuma. The path lay for miles through dense and almost impenetrable jungles, and had to be cleared with axes at every step. To the difficulty of the route was added the unwillingness of a portion of the party to work. The Sepoys (who, as we mentioned in our last chapter, were enlisted at Bombay) gave the Doctor immense trouble ; until at last, unable to bear with their murmurings and complainings any longer, he sent them back to the coast. On the 10th of July the expedition, leaving the river's bank, entered on a desolate and uninhabited wilderness, during the transit of which both men and beasts suffered much from hunger. In August the territory of Mponda, on the borders of Lake Nyassa, was reached. Here, Wekotani, a protégé of the Doctor's, insisted on his discharge, alleging that he had found his brother, and wished to return with him to his family, a story that was found to be entirely false after the ungrateful boy had been sent away with a present of writing-paper, beads, and cloth. Living-

stone now proceeded to inspect the "heel" of the Nyassa, and remained for some time at a small village in the vicinity to treat a native chief for a dangerous skin disease. While staying here, an Arab arrived from the western shore of the lake with the report that he had been plundered by a band of Mazitu; and Moosa, the chief of the Johanna men, upon hearing the story, pretended to be so greatly alarmed that he begged to be excused from following the expedition any farther. Livingstone promised to altogether avoid the country of the Mazitu, and with that intention started in a more westerly direction than he had intended, but had not proceeded far when Moosa, with the whole of the Johanna men, ran away. It was to account for this desertion that these men afterwards invented the story of Livingstone's murder, that was disproved by Mr. Young's expedition. "I was now, fortunately," said the Doctor, in relating his story to Stanley, "in a country where the foot of the slave trader had not trod; it was a new and virgin land, and, of course, as I have always found it in such cases, the natives were really good and hospitable, and for very small portions of cloth my baggage was conveyed from village to village by them. In December a country was traversed that had been devastated by the Mazitu; provisions, cattle, and inhabitants were all swept clean away, and the expedition had to subsist upon such fruits and vegetables as they could procure on the road. Next, the country of Lunda was reached, where re-

sided the famous King Cazembe. Livingstone had an interview with this monarch; he was a tall, well-made man, and wore a peculiar kind of dress made of crimson print in the form of a prodigious kilt. His queen, who entered the house during the Doctor's visit, was a fine, handsome young woman, and carried a ponderous spear. In approaching King Cazembe's territory, Livingstone crossed a narrow stream called the Chambezi; and here he found himself in a great difficulty, being for a long time unable to discover to what the river belonged. Portuguese travellers had reported the existence of such a stream, but had described it as a tributary of the Zambesi; but Livingstone, doubting the correctness of their observations, determined to trace its course through its whole length. From the beginning of 1867 to the middle of March, 1869, he devoted himself to this task, and at length satisfied himself that instead of being a portion of the Zambesi, as had been hitherto supposed, this stream was nothing less than the head of the Nile. In the midst of his wanderings the great traveller discovered Lake Liemba, and traced its connection with Lake Tanganyika. He then re-crossed King Cazembe's country and made his way to Ujiji, where, early in 1869, he wrote letters to England and despatched them by messengers. After a short rest he made preparations for what he hoped would be a final journey. Starting from Ujiji in June, he soon reached a previously unexplored land named Manynema, which was said to be inhabited

by cannibals. During his wanderings here, Livingstone was greatly shocked and depressed by what he saw of the horrible slave trade. The inhabitants of the country, a fine and well-proportioned race, were constantly being pounced upon by the Arabs and carried off into bondage. Sad was it to see these poor creatures, with heavy yokes upon their necks, driven by the heartless traders from their own dear native land. Soon after his arrival in Manynema the great traveller was seized with an illness that for a time completely disabled him. Ulcers formed on his feet, and for six tedious months he was compelled to rest and wait. So soon as he had recovered he pushed on northward and reached a broad river called the Lualaba, which he afterwards discovered to be but a continuation of the Chambezi. He followed the course of this river for several hundred miles, and had reached a point within 180 miles of the Nile as already explored, when the men he had with him mutinied and deserted him. Sadly disappointed that he should be thus thwarted when the completion of his labours seemed so near, he was now compelled to make his way back to Ujiji, where he arrived only eighteen days before the brave American who was searching for him.

Livingstone was filled with gratitude for the timely relief afforded him by Stanley, and wrote to Mr. Bennett, the editor of the *New York Herald*, by whom, as we have seen, the expedition was originated, to express his earnest thanks. In this letter,

which was dated November, 1871, he says:—"I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between 400 and 500 miles, beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated, and forced to return when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves sent to me from Zanzibar, instead of men. The sore heart made still sorer by the truly woful sights I had seen of 'man's inhumanity to man,' reacted on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary, sultry way I was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones." Then, after speaking of the shameful manner in which the stores sent for his relief from England had been squandered, he refers to the arrival of Stanley, and says:—"Your kindness made my frame thrill. It was indeed overwhelming; and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours.'"

After Stanley had spent ten days at Ujiji, and Livingstone, cheered by his society and the knowledge that he was no longer destitute, had recovered his health and spirits, the two travellers started on an expedition, having for its object the exploration of the northern half of Lake Tanganyika, and the river Rusiza. Borrowing a canoe from one of the Arab magnates of Ujiji, and taking with them sixteen rowers, an Arab boy, a cook, and two guides, they pushed out into the lake, and for a long dis-

tance followed its eastern coast-line. The scenery was extremely beautiful and varied. Lofty mountains rising abruptly from the water's edge, broad swampy morasses covered with tall reeds and grass, far-stretching plains dotted with villages amid groups of palms and plantains, strips of sandy beach that glistened in the sunshine—such were the pictures presented to the travellers' delighted view as they glided day by day over the still waters of the lake. Sometimes a hippopotamus would lift his huge head above the water in alarming proximity to the boat, while at others a canoe filled with naked natives would be sighted close ahead, and the Ujiji crew, yelling their wild songs and choruses, would make desperate efforts to overtake it. At night, or when fatigued, the party went ashore and pitched their tents beneath a wide-spreading banyan-tree, or within a grove of palms. These excursions to the land were not, however, unattended with danger. On one occasion the natives surrounded the camp with no good intention, and all had to betake themselves to the boat and rapidly pull out into the lake for safety. Nine days after starting from Ujiji, Livingstone and Stanley reached the northern end of the lake, and leaving the canoe, visited a country called Mugihewa. At the principal village they were entertained by the chief Ruhinga, who presented them with an ox, a sheep and some honey and milk. From this amiable man they made inquiries concerning the Rusiza, being anxious to discover whether it

ran into or out of the Tanganyika; as, if the latter were the case, it seemed possible that it might connect that lake with Baker's Albert Nyanza. Rubinga told them that it ran into the Tanganyika, and gave them much valuable information about the surrounding country. After stopping two days at the village, the travellers set out to examine the Ruſiza for themselves. They found what the chief had stated to be correct: the river flowed with a strong current into the lake; it was very shallow, and swarmed with crocodiles. The object of the expedition being now accomplished, the head of the canoe was turned southward. Coasting along the western shore, the country of the Wasansi was reached; and here the party, having landed, only escaped an attack from the natives, who fancied they were Arabs, by taking to the boat. On the 12th of December, 1871, they entered the port of Ujiji, having been absent twenty-eight days, during which they had traversed more than 300 miles of water.

The travellers now rested for a while at Ujiji, and the Doctor was busy, day after day, writing letters to his numerous friends, and copying the scattered notes he had made in the course of his wanderings into a large diary. Often did Stanley urge upon him the advisability of returning to his home and friends; but the invariable answer was, "No; I should like to see my family very much indeed. My children's letters affect me intensely, but I must not go home; I must finish my task." For nearly six long years

had the brave traveller been wandering and working beneath a burning sun in a strange country, far from friends or even sympathising associates; constantly surrounded by dangers and impeded by difficulties; yet his energies were still unflagging, his ardour unabated. The work once commenced must be carried through to the very end; he felt it to be a great and noble work, and would allow no selfish desires for rest or comfort to interfere with its completion. It was now arranged that Livingstone should accompany Stanley on his homeward march as far as Unyanyembe, in order to procure the stores which had been forwarded from Zanzibar in 1870 by the British consul. On the 27th of December, 1871, the travellers left Ujiji, and proceeded by water to Utimba, where they were joined by a party that had been sent along the shore with the heavier stores. Starting in an easterly direction, the expedition, guided by the compass, made its way through the uninhabited jungles of Ukawendi. After suffering considerably from hunger, they arrived safely at the valley of Imrera ten days after leaving Tanganyika, and then followed much the same track as that pursued by Stanley on his inward journey. On the fifty-third day from Ujiji, the expedition reached Unyanyembe without any adventures of importance.

It was with no small satisfaction that the wearied travellers took possession of their comfortable quarters at Unyanyembe, and opened the stores that there awaited them. But their days were not spent

in idleness: while Stanley was preparing for his homeward march, Livingstone was busy writing letters and completing the entries in his journal. It was now that the Doctor fully explained to his companion the nature of the task he wished to perform before returning to England. It comprised a survey of the remaining 180 miles which lie between the spot where he had been compelled to turn back and the part of the watershed of the Nile already traced; a visit to four fountains, said by the natives to rise from an earthen mound near Katunga, and supply a large body of water to the Luaiaba; and an examination of certain excavations in Rua, reported to be inhabited by a large tribe, and to have running rills in them. The great traveller estimated that it would occupy him about eighteen months to carry out this programme. Livingstone now delivered into Stanley's hands twenty letters for Great Britain, two for New York, and one for Zanzibar, as well as his journal for conveyance to his daughter; and having accompanied him some miles on the road, bade him farewell. The journey to the coast was accompanied with many dangers and difficulties: the rainy season had set in, and swollen rivers and miles of inundated country had to be crossed; but, as we have already seen, Stanley reached Zanzibar in safety on the 7th of May, 1872.

CHAPTER XXV

THE LAST JOURNEY—DEATH

AFTER Livingstone parted from Stanley at Unyanyembe he never had speech with a white man. No doubt he had been inexpressibly cheered by the companionship for awhile with a friendly face and the sound of a familiar tongue; by the news from the outside world, and the intercommunication of heart with heart, from which he had so long been debarred; with the assurance that, although hidden from view in the wilderness, he was not forgotten; that his high aim and object were understood, and his arduous labours and sufferings were appreciated; that there were many ready to render help in the good work to which he had devoted himself if the way could be made clear to do so.

We may be sure that the lonely man, bent on great discovery, would be glad of the opportunity of unfolding his plans for ameliorating the condition of the human race to one who could understand and sympathize with them; and that he was strengthened and encouraged for the work before him. So he

turned his face once more to the pathless wilds; which seemed to have for him a strange fascination, and bade farewell to Stanley, and sent greetings to loving friends whom, as it proved, he was never to see or hear from again.

The Doctor left Unyanyembe with his followers, now increased in number by others sent by Stanley, with his stores replenished by the same generous friend. He went towards the south of Lake Tanganyika. This was in the end of August, 1872; his way being through Ufipa, crossing the Rungwa river, where they met with natural springs, bubbling up high above the ground. The river Chambeze Kambezi was crossed a week's journey to Bemba, but by the advice of one of the boys—Susi—Livingstone turned northward again, and re-crossed the Kambezi at the part just before the river enters the lake, and is called Luapala. Owing to the creeks and streams hidden by dense vegetation, it was found impossible to follow the borders of Lake Bemba; so a *détour* was made, and the travellers struck again on the lake where there was a village, at which canoes could be obtained, and so access to an island in the centre, called Matipa. Here the expanse of water is so great that the shores cannot be seen. The natives would not allow the party to get over to the other side by means of their canoes, so the Doctor seized seven of them; the passage, however, was made very difficult by obstacles thrown in the way of the travellers, so that much time was lost and

the shore was reached in a long valley. The rainy season had set in, and the caravan had to wade rather than walk amid swamps and blind streams filled with rushes and tall grass, the land being scarcely distinguishable from the lake itself.

The Doctor had been weak and ailing ever since he left Unyanyembe; the hardships and exposure to weather in this pestilential climate had told heavily even upon his iron constitution. So now, when passing through the country of Ukabende to the south-west of Lake Bemba, he told Majwara, his favourite boy, that he was unable to go on with his exploration, but would try to cross the hills to Katanga and there rest awhile. Ivory was cheap in this district, and with such as he could obtain he might return to Ujiji and recruit his health, and afterwards reorganize the expedition. But a difficult tract of country had to be traversed in an unhealthy season, and as the northern part of Bisa was reached, in the province of Ulala, the Doctor was obliged to give up walking and take to riding a donkey. Soon this mode of travelling became too laborious for him, and he had to be borne on a kitinda, a native bedstead, very much, as we may believe, against his inclination.

Probably the conviction had now come to him that "this sickness was unto death." The strong man, who had been so many times prostrated with fever and other illness, and had risen again to prosecute his work, was indeed stricken fatally. His brave heart, however, kept up, having the assurance that,

whatever might happen, he was safe in the hand of the Almighty.

Oh! for all those dreary, weary tramps, amid morasses and tangled forests, in burning sunshine and drenching rain; through days, weeks and months beset with dangers, with no one at hand who could understand his feelings at failure and express his yearnings and aspirations for a glorified hereafter, which now looked so near, and which was really so!

The faithful Nassick boys kept very close to the Doctor in his last days, especially Majwara and Susi were unremitting in their attendance.

There is no incident in this closing scene of an heroic drama more touching than the devotion and intelligence displayed by these boys, who followed their great master to the death, and after, when the living influence had ceased; their solicitude during his illness, and reverential care of his lifeless body. Surely he must have been a good master as well as a great one. "If one of them were ill in the course of their journeyings, he always waited for him; but when he himself fell ill or weak, he would push forward, and never think of stopping." This is the testimony of the boys. He had been a father to them in all their travels, full of peril and hardship, and they deserved to be called by him "good boys."

But the end had nearly come—the sick man borne on his rude bed through a strange country, often turned aside by natural obstacles, sometimes by unfriendly natives. So arriving at Mala, the sultan over

the district refused the party permission to remain, and they had to go back three hours' journey towards Kabende, and it was felt that death was at hand.

The patient suffered much pain and rejected all food; he prayed frequently, and wished to be alone. Travelling was out of the question, so they reared a rude hut, and fenced it in for protection and privacy. He told Majwara that he "should never cross the high hills to Katanda," and remarked to Susi, "I shall never see my river again."

The good father was dying, and his children would soon be without his guidance; they watched around with bated breath at a respectful distance; only once a day they came to say, "Yambo, bana"—"Good morning."

So he died in the wilderness, far away from the traces of civilization, deep in the heart of Africa, which he loved so much; passed away so peacefully and gently that Majwara, who was at hand, knew not when he ceased to breathe. Some hours before, sight, and probably the other senses, had become dim, and all was a blank to him. Afraid of disturbing his master, the boy had left him alone for awhile, but at length, in the awful silence, he ventured to approach the bed and touched his face, and then he knew that death had come.

This was on the night of May 4th, 1873; Jacob Wainwright made a note of the things about the hut, and thinking that his master had written in his diary

is lately as the day before his death, he put down the 28th as the date of death. Afterwards at Unyamwebe, on a comparison with other memoranda, it was made plain that the real date was May the 4th.

• The place of death is said to be the village of Chitimwa, or Kitumbo. The spot will no doubt be sought for, and marked by a monument as a memorable shrine.

Let us resume our sad narrative. The frightened boys, in the presence of the dead, knew not what to do; some of them were for burying the body, but then, argued others, what proof would there be of the story of Livingstone's death? Nay, the body must be carried to Zanzibar, somehow. They were very much afraid that Kitumbo, king of the country would order the party away at once, before the necessary preparation of the body could be made for conveyance; so they determined to keep the death of their master secret. Fragella, one of the boys, had been for awhile in the service of Dr. Christie, of Zanzibar, and had learned a process for preserving dead bodies; the internal parts were removed and put into a box, over which Jacob Wainwright read the burial service out of Livingstone's Prayer-Book; the grave was made at the foot of a large tree. Then they exposed the body in the hot sun for the space of five days, to make it thoroughly dry; then covered it with bark, making the package as unlike a corpse as possible.

Then, the preparations done, the boys took their

way with their sacred burden towards Ujiji. Many adventures befel them, and many escapes they had. At one village, the chief refused to sell them food, and as they were famishing they had to fight for it. The nature of their burden was probably suspected; for it was thought unlucky for a corpse to pass through their settlement, as they feared it would keep off the rain.

When the party had passed Ujiji, and were pressing on to Ufilyanyembe, they were in great straits for want of food, so one of the boys, Chumah, was sent off to find the camp of Lieut. Cameron, who they heard was out on an expedition: from this source came relief. Some days after the party arrived at the camp, dressed fantastically in skins and feathers and such rude attire as could be met with in their journeyings. Here they rested three weeks, and then they were conducted by Lieut. Murphy to Zanzibar, where they arrived on the 26th of October, having borne their sacred burden more than six months, and over a thousand miles.

When another chapter is added to the chronicle of human heroism, this march of the Nassick boys from the heart of Africa, with the dead body of their master, must not be forgotten.

In February, 1874, the body of Livingstone arrived at Zanzibar, and without loss of time was shipped for England, under the care of Mr. Arthur Laing, consul, who also had charge of the papers, books, and personal effects of the deceased explorer; with

him, too, went Jacob Wainwright, one of the most intelligent of the Nassick boys.

Great preparations were made for the reception of the body; and to Southampton, the selected port, gathered the relations, friends, and representatives of the various public bodies especially interested in missionary effort and geographical research.

The ship, the *Malwa*, met with bad weather, and was two days overdue; but at last it was signalled at Hurst Point, and on the 16th of April, 1874, Livingstone's remains were landed, just eight years and eighteen days since he had departed from England.

With the flags of the numerous vessels in the port half-mast high, with closed shutters and drawn blinds in the streets, and tolling of bells of the churches, with a sympathetic and reverent population, he was borne to the railway station, and thence to London, and deposited in the rooms of the Geographical Society, where, in the presence of some who had been near and dear to him in life, an examination was made, which proved past cavil his identity. The eminent surgeon, Sir William Fergusson, recognised at once the peculiar injury of the left arm, received nearly thirty years since, when a lion had his grip and splintered the bone.

On Saturday, April the 18th, the funeral took place amid testimonies of profound respect. Through the crowded streets the body was borne to Westminster

Abbey, and the most solemn ceremony of the Christian Church was performed, with all that was grand and touching. And this was the weaver boy of the Blantyre factory, around whom had gathered so many of the noblest and greatest of our land and of other lands, and also some of the humblest rank, united in love, respect, and admiration for the missionary explorer, who had given up his life for the down-trodden, slavery-cursed sons of Africa.

Let us pause for a moment as the coffin rests, nearly hidden by the floral offerings of the Queen and her subjects of all ranks, and scan the faces of the mourners who stand around the body. Here are the children of the dead explorer, Thomas Steele, Agnes, William Oswald, and Annie Mary Livingstone; the two sisters of the Doctor; the wife of the late Charles Livingstone; then we come to the white-bearded Moffat, who in distant Kuruman gave his daughter Mary in marriage to the young missionary, who was afterwards to be so famous. Moffat is thinking perhaps of another grave beneath the baobab tree at Shupanga, where Mary Livingstone was laid to sleep twelve years ago. Then come the Duke of Sutherland, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Lords Shaftesbury and Houghton, Sir Bartle Frere, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Sir H. Rawlinson, Lord Lawrence, Sir F. Buxton, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaid, and a long procession composed of philanthropists and geographical servants of Great Britain.

But who are those sun-browned men who have braved the dangers and known the hardships of African travel, worthy to be pall-bearers of the great captain of missionary work and discovery? Sir Thomas Steele and W. C. Oswell, lion hunters, who first with Livingstone crossed the wide Kalahari desert, and opened the way to the central region of lakes and rivers of exuberant vegetation, and thronging populations, hitherto unknown to the white man; and W. F. Webb, who has seen the track of the tawny desert king in the sands many times, and who stood by the grave of Mrs. Livingstone in the sad time of separation between husband and wife; Dr. Kirk, the botanist of the Zambesi expedition; Horace Waller, who assisted in the work of philanthropy on the Upper Shire; Young, the gunner of the *Pioneer* in 1861, and afterwards commander of the first search expedition to Lake Nyassa; Stanley, the young American special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who tracked the missing explorer so cleverly and successfully, and at Ujiji relieved his wants, and enabled him to set out on his last journey; and Jacob Wainwright, the representative of the faithful dusky followers, who kept close to his master in life and death; and he too is perhaps thinking of another grave under the tree at the village in the heart of Africa.

But we must not linger. The coffin of polished oak rests across the fopes, by means of which it will

be lowered into the grave, and on the brazen plate may be read this inscription;—

“
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
BORN AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND,
19TH MARCH, 1813;
DIED AT ILALA, CENTRAL AFRICA,
4TH MAY, 1873.
”

“ The wreaths of immortelles and of other flowers fall thickly on the coffin as it descends, and the voice of Dean Stanley thrills through every heart as the awful words are uttered: “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;” and all within the Abbey know that David Livingstone is at last laid in the grave.

